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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Hop, skip & jump

TURN UP *VOLUME* DONNA SUMMER

SET THE *TONE* SET THE PACE
by GAVIN MARTIN

CHECK *CONTRAST*

PHIL COLLINS
GREGORY ISAACS
RUSSIAN ROCK: COOL FOR COMRADES

Set The Tone get jumpy Pic: Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**THE BEAT SURRENDER**	**The Jam (Polydor)**	3	1
2	6	TIME (CLOCK OF THE HEART)	Culture Club (Virgin)	3	2
3	2	MIRROR MAN	Human League (Virgin)	5	1
4	4	SAVE YOUR LOVE	Rene & Renato (Hollywood)	5	4
5	5	TRULY	Lionel Richie (Motown)	4	5
6	14	OUR HOUSE	Madness (Stiff)	3	6
7	10	HYMN	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3	7
8	3	YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT)	Wham! (Innervision)	5	3
9	8	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	5	8
10	18	LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)	2	10
11	16	BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES	Modern Romance (WEA)	4	11
12	7	LIVING ON THE CEILING	Blancmange (London)	6	7
13	30	PEACE ON EARTH/LITTLE DRUMMER BOY	David Bowie & Bing Crosby (RCA)	2	13
14	11	WISHING (If I Had A Photograph Of You)	Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	4	10
15	17	WHERE THE HEART IS	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	3	15
16	13	THE OTHER SIDE OF LOVE	Yazoo (Mute)	4	13
17	21	FRIENDS	Shalamar (Solar)	2	17
18	9	I DON'T WANNA DANCE	Eddy Grant (Ice)	9	1
19	(—)	THE SHAKIN' STEVENS EP	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	19
20	26	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	Phil Collins (Virgin)	2	20
21	15	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	7	1
22	27	BUFFALO GALS	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	2	22
23	(—)	UNDER ATTACK	Abba (Epic)	1	23
24	12	YOUTH OF TODAY	Musical Youth (MCA)	4	12
25	(—)	IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	25
26	22	STATE OF INDEPENDENCE	Donna Summer (Warner Bros)	6	13
27	20	MAD WORLD	Tears For Fears (Mercury / Phonogram)	8	3
28	19	(SEXUAL) HEALING	Marvin Gaye (CBS)	6	4
29	28	IT'S RAINING AGAIN	Supertramp (A&M)	4	25
30	(—)	MELT	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	30

Siouxsie melts in at No. 30. Pic Peter Anderson

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**THE SINGLES — THE FIRST TEN YEARS**	**Abba (Epic)**	4	1
2	2	THE JOHN LENNON COLLECTION	John Lennon (Parlophone)	4	2
3	9	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	26	2
4	3	PEARLS II	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	5	3
5	7	CODA	Led Zeppelin (Swansong)	2	5
6	30	LOVE SONGS	Diana Ross (K-Tel)	2	6
7	15	CHART HITS '82	Various (K-Tel)	4	7
8	5	THE KIDS FROM FAME	Various (BBC)	21	1
9	8	HEARTBREAKER	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	7	1
10	6	GREAT LOVE SONGS	Nat King Cole (EMI TV)	4	6
11	4	FROM THE MAKERS OF	Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	3
12	28	THE KIDS FROM FAME AGAIN	Various (K-Tel)	9	1
13	(—)	QUARTET	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	4	6
14	12	HELLO I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins (Virgin)	6	2
15	26	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)	9	2
16	24	THE RISE AND FALL	Madness (Stiff)	5	7
17	(—)	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	1	17
18	11	I WANNA DO IT WITH YOU	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	3
19	19	LOVE OVER GOLD	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	12	1
20	10	SINGLES — 45s & UNDER	Squeeze (A&M)	6	2
21	17	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)	3	21
22	14	MIDNIGHT LOVE	Marvin Gaye (CBS)	4	11
23	(—)	RICHARD CLAYDERMAN	Richard Clayderman (Delphine)	1	23
24	(—)	THE STORY OF THE STONES	Rolling Stones (K-Tel)	1	24
25	(—)	THE BEST OF CLASSIC ROCK	Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (K-Tel)	1	25
26	23	GREATEST HITS	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	6	11
27	18	GIVE ME YOUR HEART TONIGHT	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	10	3
28	16	THE YOUTH OF TODAY	Musical Youth (MCA)	2	16
29	21	SAINTS AN' SINNERS	Whitesnake (Liberty)	3	11
30	13	REFLECTIONS	Various (CBS)	9	7

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**The Other Side Of Love**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(1)	**For You**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
3	(3)	**Give Me Fire**	GBH (Clay)
4	(4)	**Shipbuilding**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
5	(7)	**Save Your Love**	Rene & Renato (Hollywood)
6	(6)	**How Does It Feel**	Crass (Crass)
7	(10)	**Into The Abyss**	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
8	(8)	**Summer Of '81**	Violators (No Future)
9	(10)	**Heartache Avenue**	Maisonettes (RSG)
10	(12)	**Alice**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
11	(23)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
12	(16)	**Russian Roulette**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)
13	(9)	**Chinese Take Away**	Adicts (Razor)
14	(5)	**East World**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
15	(13)	**Drumbeat For Baby**	Weekend (R Trade)
16	(11)	**Shake Up The City**	UK Subs (Abstract)
17	(17)	**State Violence**	Discharge (Clay)
18	(—)	**Nirvana**	Icicle Works (Troll Kitchen)
19	(14)	**Groovin' In Green**	March Violets (Merciful Release)
20	(30)	**More Than A Dream**	Farmers Boys (Backs)
21	(20)	**Agents Of Change EP**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
22	(24)	**Burn 'Em Down**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
23	(—)	**Hooked On You**	Darkness And Jive (Red Rhino)
24	(28)	**Baby Turns Blue**	Virgin Prunes (R Trade)
25	(—)	**Telegram Sam**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
26	(26)	**Day Tripper**	The Wall (No Future)
27	(21)	**All About You**	Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)
28	(25)	**Lullabies**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
29	(—)	**Politicians And Ministers**	Threats (Rondelet)
30	(—)	**You're Nicked**	Laurel And Hardy (Fashion)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**La Variete**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
2	(2)	**Upstairs At Eric's**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(5)	**I'd Like To See You Again**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
4	(3)	**The Sound Of Music**	Adicts (Razor)
5	(7)	**If I Die, I Die**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
6	(12)	**A Broken Frame**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
7	(6)	**When The Punks Go Marching In**	Abrasive Wheels (Riot City)
8	(4)	**Voice Of A Generation**	Blitz (No Future)
9	(15)	**Christ — The Album**	Crass (Crass)
10	(9)	**Burning Ambition — The History of Punk**	Various (Cherry Red)
11	(11)	**Warrior Rock**	Toyah (Safari)
12	(8)	**Danse Society**	Danse Society (Society)
13	(13)	**The Maverick Years**	Wah (White Label)
14	(29)	**Live At Shepperton**	Damned (Big Beat)
15	(10)	**Pigs On Purpose**	Nightingales (Cherry Red)
16	(18)	**Songs To Remember**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
17	(14)	**UB44**	UB40 (Dep International)
18	(20)	**Garlands**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)
19	(22)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
20	(25)	**City Baby Attacked By Rats**	GBH (Clay)
21	(24)	**Bullshit Detector 2**	Various (Crass)
22	(—)	**Live**	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
23	(27	**Blood And Thunder**	Outcasts (Abstract)
24	(28)	**Room To Live**	Fall (Kamera)
25	(—)	**Where's The Pleasure**	Poison Girls (Xntrix)
26	(26)	**United Skins**	Various (Boots And Braces)
27	(—)	**Enter K**	Peter Hammill (Naive)
28	(17)	**Under The Flag**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
29	(16)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
30	(19)	**Dr John Sings Mac Rebennack**	Dr John (Demon)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**If This World Were Mine**	Dennis Brown (Tads)
2	**Wild Like A Tiger**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
3	**Reflections**	Barry Biggs/Ruddy Thomas (Upfront)
4	**Untrue Love**	Marcia Griffiths (Intense)
5	**Jah Love His People**	Sugar Minott (Music Works)
6	**False Rasta**	Naggo Morris (S&G)
7	**Isabel**	Don Carlos (Rusty Int)
8	**Badda Badman Style**	Mikey Dread (DATC)
9	**Happiness**	Bim Sherman (Shaka)
10	**Tu Shung Pen**	U Brown (Tads)
11	**Nice 'N' Easy**	Ruddy Thomas (Hawkeye)
12	**Sexual Healing**	Jimmy Riley (Taxi)
13	**Fly Me Away**	Jr Brown (Shaka)
14	**Trouble**	Junior Delgado (Incredible Jux)
15	**Pain**	Brigadier Jerry (Jwyanza)

ALBUMS

1	**Aces International Live**	Various Artists (Greensleeves)
2	**Harvest**	Don Carlos (Negus Roots)
3	**The Roots Is There**	Mighty Diamonds (Music Works)
4	**Dub Me Crazy Part 2**	Shaka/Mad Professor (Ariwa)
5	**DJ Explosion (Live)**	Various DJs (Heartbeat)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W1

US SINGLES

1	**Gloria**	Laura Branigan (MCA)
2	**Maneater**	Hall and Oates (RCA)
3	**Truly**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
4	**The Girl Is Mine**	Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney (Epic)
5	**Steppin' Out**	Joe Jackson (A&M)
6	**Dirty Laundry**	Don Henley (Elektra)
7	**Sexual Healing**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
8	**Rock This Town**	Stray Cats (EMI-America)
9	**Muscles**	Diana Ross (RCA)
10	**It's Raining Again**	Supertramp (A&M)

ALBUMS

1	**Built For Speed**	Stray Cats (EMI-America)
2	**Lionel Richie**	Lionel Richie (Motown)
3	**Night And Day**	Joe Jackson (A&M)
4	**Famous Last Words**	Supertramp (A&M)
5	**H2O**	Hall And Oates (RCA)
6	**The Nylon Curtain**	Billy Joel (Columbia)
7	**Midnight Love**	Marvin Gaye (Columbia)
8	**Heartlight**	Neil Diamond (Columbia)
9	**Get Nervous**	Pat Benatar (Columbia)
10	**The Nightfly**	Donald Fagen (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Billboard

AUSTRALIA

1	**Pass The Dutchie**	Musical Youth (MCA)
2	**Come On Eileen**	Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)
3	**Rock The Casbah**	The Clash (Epic)
4	**Solid Rock**	Goanna (WEA)
5	**The Girl Is Mine**	Michael Jackson/Paul McCartney (Epic)
6	**Maneater**	Hall and Oates (RCA)
7	**Hey Little Girl**	Icehouse (Regular)
8	**Shy Boy**	Bananarama (Liberation)
9	**This Guy's In Love (With You)**	Reels (RCA)
10	**Jack And Diane**	John Cougar (Riva)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Mull Of Kintyre**	Wings (Parlophone)
2	**Floral Dance**	Brighouse & Rastrick Band (Logo)
3	**How Deep Is Your Love**	Bee Gees (RSO)
4	**I Will**	Ruby Winters (Creole)
5	**Egyptian Reggae**	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)
6	**Daddy Cool**	Darts (Magnet)
7	**White Christmas**	Bing Crosby (MCA)
8	**Love's Unkind**	Donna Summer (GTO)
9	**It's A Heartache**	Bonnie Tyler (Arista)
10	**Dancin' Party**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Long Haired Lover From Liverpool**	Little Jimmy Osmond (MGM)
2	**Gudbuy T'Jane**	Slade (Polydor)
3	**Solid Gold Easy Action**	T. Rex (T. Rex)
4	**My Ding-A-Ling**	Chuck Berry (Chess)
5	**Happy Christmas (War Is Over)**	John & Yoko/Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
6	**Ben**	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
7	**Crazy Horses**	Osmonds (MGM)
8	**Crocodile Rock**	Elton John (DJM)
9	**Shotgun Wedding**	Roy C (UK)
10	**Nights In White Satin**	Moody Blues (Deram)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Hello Goodbye**	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**If The Whole World Stopped Lovin'**	Val Doonican (Pye)
3	**Let The Heartaches Begin**	Long John Baldry (Pye)
4	**Something's Gotten Hold Of My Heart**	Gene Pitney (Stateside)
5	**I'm Coming Home**	Tom Jones (Decca)
6	**Careless Hands**	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
7	**Everybody Knows**	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
8	**Magical Mystery Tour (EP)**	Beatles (Parlophone)
9	**World**	Bee Gees (Polydor)
10	**Thank U Very Much**	Scaffold (Parlophone)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Return To Sender**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	**Sun Arise**	Rolf Harris (Columbia)
3	**The Next Time**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	**Lovesick Blues**	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	**Guitar Man**	Duane Eddy (RCA)
6	**Dance On**	Shadows (Columbia)
7	**Bobby's Girl**	Susan Maugham (Philips)
8	**Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree**	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
9	**Let's Dance**	Chris Montez (London)
10	**Telstar**	Tornadoes (Decca)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Anarchy in N4

Crass seize the Rainbow

CRASS, disenchanted with the cold shoulder they've been receiving from venue managements in the London area, locked themselves into the deserted Rainbow Theatre at Finsbury Park last Friday — although the place was cleared by police on Saturday morning, the band still hope to play a free concert there this Saturday (18).

It seems there's been an unfavourable reaction among club owners, particularly on the London circuit, to the bad publicity Crass received over their controversial anti-Falklands single, 'How Does It Feel?' — even though the band fully justified their motives on radio, and all talk of possible prosecution was immediately dropped.

"We simply haven't been able to get any club work in London", said Andy. "So, as a last resort, we decided to squat the Rainbow. This way, we hope to give our followers the opportunity of seeing us perform on Saturday — which is something that's been denied them for several months."

Crass received support from various squatters organisations and other activists, several of whom joined them in the theatre.

But on Saturday morning, security forces broke down a door and, helped by the police, evicted the squatters. No charges have been brought against them, but some of the squatters are thinking of charging the police with unlawful entry.

Later, unknown to Crass, a few people reoccupied the Rainbow — but by Monday night, the venue was empty again.

Crass still hope to play a free gig at the Rainbow this Saturday, but have a list of possible alternative venues if this proves impossible.

To ensure that members of the public may obtain an up-date on the situation, and ascertain if the show is definitely going ahead, Crass have set up a hot line — and for the very latest information, readers are advised to phone (01) 881 2053.

The band stress that people should ring first rather than go straight to the Rainbow. They also say that they'll move on immediately if there's any danger of people getting hurt.

Meanwhile, Crass's leaflets, originally available free with their 'Christ — The Album' double LP set, have now been published in book form for "those who might like the ideas but can't stand the music".

Mad? Who us? Pic Anton Corbijn

NUTTINESS ARISING

MADNESS will be touring Britain again in the New Year, and have so far confirmed 14 concerts, including three major London shows.

The group have devised a completely new stage set for this latest outing, and they also promise various surprise guests and "other items".

A new single, as yet untitled, will be released by Stiff to coincide with these dates — however, there won't be a new album, as their current LP "The Rise And Fall" is still busily rising and falling in the charts.

They play Newcastle City Hall (February 21 and 22), Manchester Apollo (23 and 24), Liverpool Empire (25), Birmingham Odeon (27), Poole Wessex Hall (28), London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion (March 1). London Strand Lyceum (2 and 3), Brighton Centre (5), Glasgow Apollo (8) and Edinburgh Playhouse (9). A venue for March 6 has still to be finalised.

Tickets are on sale now — priced £4.50 and £4 at all seated venues, and £4.50 only at unseated halls. Tour promoters are MCP.

● The band's current chart single 'Our House' has now been made available by Stiff as a limited edition picture disc, at the same price as an orthodox seven-inch.

The book, titled *A Series of Shock Slogans And Mindless Token Tantrums* is published by the band's own Exitstencil Press and is available from them at PO Box 279, London N22 or from the distributors Housmans, Box 69, 5 Caledonian Rd, London N1 9DX (£1 plus P&P) or from all good bookshops.

Crass say they intend to begin publishing on a regular basis and two further tomes are promised for early in 1983.

A Crass chanteuse.

Fun Boys start swinging

FUN BOY THREE set out in February on their first-ever British tour, nearly 18 months after their formation — their schedule comprises 14 concerts, including two big London shows, and it's likely that one or two more dates will be added later.

The group are currently finishing work on their second album (as yet untitled) with producer David Byrne of Talking Heads, and this is set for January 28 release by Chrysalis. And just before their UK tour opens, they'll be appearing live on Channel 4's *The Tube* on February 11.

They visit Bristol Locarno (February 13), Cardiff Top Rank (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17), Poole Arts Centre (18), Brighton Centre (20), London Hammersmith Palais (21 and 22), Newcastle Mayfair (24), Edinburgh Playhouse (25), Glasgow Tiffany's (26), Manchester Apollo (27), Leeds University (March 1) and Sheffield Top Rank (2).

Tickets go on sale at all venues tomorrow (Friday). Prices are £4 only (Portsmouth, Poole and London); £3.75 only (Bristol, Cardiff, Newcastle and Sheffield); £3.50 only (Glasgow and Leeds), and £5 and £3.50 (Birmingham, Brighton, Edinburgh and Manchester).

Front Line goes festive

BRIXTON in South London — disillusioned three months ago by the closure of the Fair Deal, but now bubbling again with the emergence of the Ace Cinema as a leading rock venue — has further cause for satisfaction this Christmas as the Ritzy Cinema, just across the road from the Ace, stages a special five-night live season.

The Ritzy's first gig is a poetry evening with Roger McGough and Brian Patten on December 22, and the following night sees the opening of the Gladiators' UK tour with support from Benjamin Zephaniah. The Christmas Eve show features John Cooper Clarke and Irish band Big Self — and after the holiday break, the season resumes on December 28, with Poison Girls and Benjamin Zephaniah again supporting. For the final show (29), Richard Strange presents *Towards the Spring Offensive*, with The Nightingales and The Event Group, among others.

Meanwhile, back at the Ace Cinema, Depeche Mode headline on December 23 in one of the shows being filmed for transmission in Channel 4's *Whatever You Want* series and they're supported by Fad Gadget.

Pigbag have now slotted in a date at the Ace next Monday (20), as replacement for their scheduled appearance on December 1, which they were forced to cancel due to illness within the band.

Screw it.

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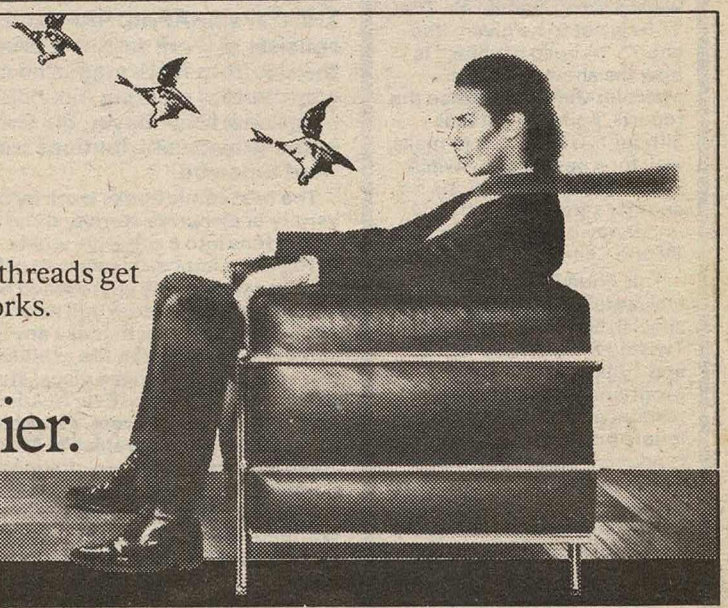

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Steel Yourself

☐ **Test Dept,** a 'heavy metal' group featured in last week's *NME,* go into **This Heat's** South London studio shortly to make a first record, with members of This Heat producing. In the meantime they have a cassette in circulation called 'Strength Of Metal In Motion'. Priced £2, it's available from Test Dept Productions, 8 Nettleton Road, London SE14.

Psychic Activity

☐ **Genesis P. Orridge** of Psychic TV has flown to Germany to appear in Klaus Maeck's upcoming feature film *Burgerkrieg.* He plays the role of an **anti-Pope** who lives in a bunker, directing teenage gangs with cassette recorders to short circuit the Muzak in fast-food burger joints. The movie, which is being shot in Hamburg's red-light district, co-stars **Christiane F** — who plays herself working in a nude peep show.

Thanks to the extensive publicity secured by their new Holophonic recording technique, copies of the new Psychic TV album 'Force The Hand Of Choice' sold out within 24 hours of release date — due, claims manager Stevo, to WEA being convinced that it wouldn't sell and consequently not pressing enough. And as the result of a crisis meeting, priority was given to manufacturing sufficient quantitites to meet the demand, and the LP has now returned to the shops.

The band have also been booked for two TV spots on Channel 4 in February, and they've landed their own weekly half-hour show on national cable TV in the States.

Strange Days

☐ **Richard Strange,** founder of Cabaret Futura and The Slammer, moves **Towards A Spring Offensive** with a mixed media event at Brixton's Ritzy Cinema on December 29. It features, alongside himself and Rene Eyre, The Nightingales, The Event Group, Iron In Flesh and Ian Smith. The last, we presume, has nothing to do with Zimbabwe.

Natty Christmas

☐ **Bunny Wailer** makes his first stage appearance in several years at a massive festival planned for Christmas day in Kingston, Jamaica.

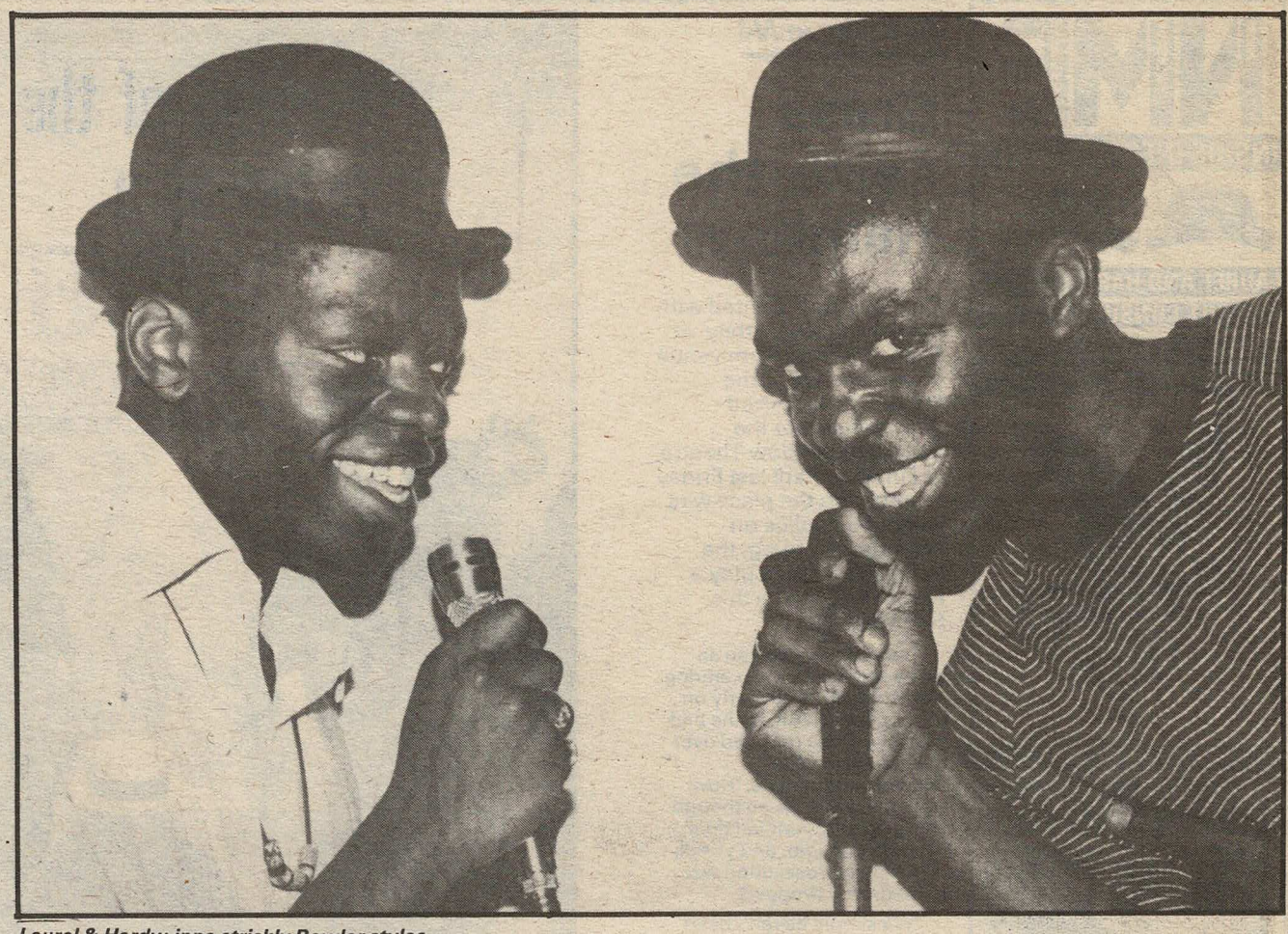
Dubbed the Festival of Youth Consciousness and organised by the Wailer, partially in response to the recent tourist-oriented Jamaica World Festival in Montego Bay, the bill also includes **Jimmy Cliff, Peter Tosh, Rita Marley** and more.

Tube Switch

☐ Despite reports in last week's *Sun,* Channel 4's *The Tube* is not to be given "the chop". "A heap of shite," is how the show producer **Malcolm Gerrie** described the reports, pointing out that although The Tube is to make way for a new show, *Switch,* in the spring negotiations for another series were already underway between Tyne Tees TV and Channel 4.

This Friday's *Tube,* incidentally, is a heavy metal special, featuring Iggy Pop, Twisted Sister, Motorhead and Tygers Of Pan Tang — a programme put together in response to the deluge of letters received by the producers requesting more headbanging on the box. If the studios are still standing after the barrage, the following two shows will both be seasonal specials, going out live on Christmas and New Year's Eve.

Image trafficking with Stan 'n' Ollie



Laurel & Hardy: inna strickly Bowler stylee.

THAT'S ANOTHER FINE MESS YOU GOT REGGAE OUT OF...

IN THE beginning they were Little And Large. Then they donned a pair of dog collars and called themselves Pope Paul and Reverend T.

They met each other at the south London church in which they were both choirboys and they list their prime influences not as Big Youth and Dillinger but Benny Hill and Lenny Henry . . . Right from the outset, Laurel and Hardy have done it in an English stylee.

Tonight at The Venue, they stroll imperiously onstage in bowlers and bowties and introduce themselves as the Cockney Rappers. At most there are only a couple of hundred people in the theatre, something of a comedown from the audience of millions that saw them recently on *The Tube,* but the two rhyme-time toasters adapt to the circumstances with wit and warmth. They might lack the manic onstage fire of Eastwood and Saint, but their subject matter stings the senses with a poignancy that few home-grown toasters can equal.

Take a song like their recent Fashion Records single 'You're Nicked'. Or the chirpy 'Hands Orf, She's Mine'. Or the pertinent 'Video Trafficking': *"In America they thought they had tight security / When dem release the film they call ET / Two hours later, me friend grin his teeth / 'Cause him buy a private copy down Oxford Street."*

"The main reason we came onto the scene was that there wasn't enough being said about this country," explains Hardy. "Why do all the English toasters have to sing about Orange Street in Kingston when there's so many things happening over here to sing about?"

"It's really silly when you get English deejays making up toasts about the West Indies," agrees Laurel. "Most of them have never even been there. When they talk about JA all the time, not only do they alienate a lot of white people, they also alienate a lot of young blacks who have never lived anywhere else apart from England."

The single 'You're Nicked' was inspired by last year's riots, although it doesn't reflect precise personal circumstances.

"Neither of us have ever actually been nicked," says Hardy, "but we knew a lot of people who were getting — nicked during the riots and we wanted to say something about that in a very English way. The record hasn't sold that well, but the general reaction we've got from it has been good. We're a lot more well known since that single.

"The single has shown that we're not your usual talkover act. We're doing something different. A lot of young kids don't relate to really heavy reggae. I'm not saying that there's not a place for it, but there's a whole new generation of record buyers that have come up in the last few years that want something other than heavy roots music. Obviously we can't change the style totally, but we have to offer something a bit different. If it is going to survive and appeal to a new audience, reggae must change. It has to become more aware of what is happening in pop music."

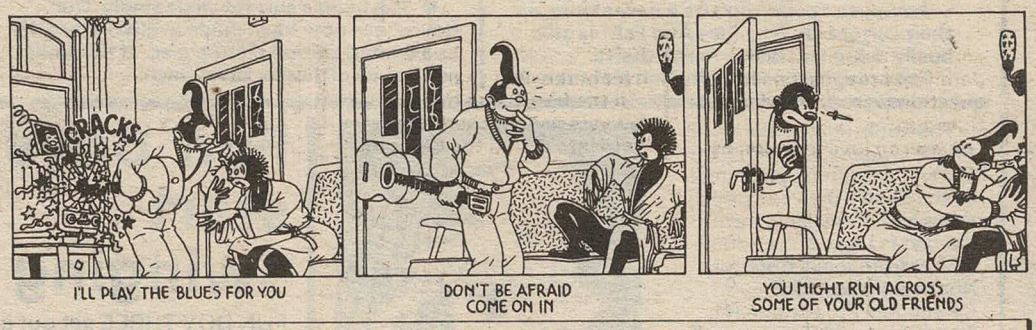
What sort of reaction have their humorous toasts had among the reggae purists?

"I don't think we're very popular with a lot of them, but we're deliberately going for a wider audience. Your Mr Roots And Culture doesn't like it 'cause we're not talking about the West Indies and Rasta all the time. They don't like the fact that we'd rather sing about video trafficking than ganga trafficking."

Laurel and Hardy's thirst for a broad audience has already seen them following the trail of the lonesome skank to support slots with Culture Club and Funkapolitan and there will no doubt be more to come in the new year when they abandon their current set of dub-wise backing tapes for a full-time band of their own. There are also plans to expand the line-up with the introduction of guest female toasters Mother Nature, Diana Ross and Marilyn Monroe.

"It's all going to happen next year," predicts Hardy. "Once we've gained a bit more confidence there'll be no stopping us. If you're looking for the ideal English deejays, you'll find them here. Just keep 'em peeled."

— **ADRIAN THRILLS**



Joost Swarte illustrates Albert King, from the ICA comic catalogue.

COMICS RAP BACK...

THE ICA's GRAPHIC RAP exhibition consists of work selected, primarily from the US, from *RAW* magazine and contributors working individually, *PIM* magazine, Mark Beyer, Bill Griffin, plus home-grown contributions from Biff and Hunt Emerson.

The best comic books work by combining a variety of disparate stories, styles and techniques into a cohesive whole.

The ICA's impossibly diverse collection can only be rewardingly approached by seeing it as a comic itself; better still as a comic anthology. It's futile to make any qualitative comparisons between the exhibits. How does one compare the urbane visual style and wit of the dual persona of Ever Meulen/Eddy Flippo to the very private, disturbing yet humourous psychodramas of Mark Beyer? Joost Swarte's recurring, prehensile pompadoured black dude inhabits a 'Metropolis' that is worlds apart from wartime Poland where Art Spiegelman's Jewish allegory *Maus* is set.

As with many anthologies, a feeling of frustration may result from some of the pieces being only fragments of the original strips and stories. This selective approach is, in fact, in keeping with the spirit of much of the work on shows; as many of the originals as they appeared, in *RAW* for example, are designed, one feels, to frustrate preoccupations with the traditional, self-contained beginning, middle and end narrative. Similarly, the catalogue, with its 'Favourite milkshake' approach gives away few clues about the artists or their work. Ultimately, one is presented with glimpses of either very individual views of the world, or insights into very individual worlds; most of them humourous.

Showing the work of some of the most creative artists using the comic book formula, Graphic Rap is currently the best exhibition in town. The show continues until January 2 at the ICA, the Mall, London SW1. Subsequently, it will visit the Watershed, Bristol, the Bluecoat Gallery, Liverpool and the Midland Group Arts Centre in Nottingham.

RICHARD KRZYZAK

Knockabout offend back ...

PUBLISHERS and distributors Knockabout Comics were raided last July by the Obscene Publications Squad who seized a quantity of drug related material. In preparation for possible legal proceedings, they have produced an 'Obscene Issue' of *Knockabout Comics,* as a means of raising funds.

It features strips that mainly deal with the subject of censorship, and includes the work of comic book luminaries Robert Crumb, Gilbert Shelton and S Clay Wilson. It is particularly worth acquiring for Hunt Emerson's potted history of comics and the law.

Hunt Emerson throws some shapes in Knockabout's 'Obscene Issue'.

'Obscene Issue' is available from Knockabout Comics, 249 Kensal Road, London W10 for £1.25 (inc p&p) or from alternative bookshops.

— **RICHARD KRZYZAK**

... Brit comics plan escape

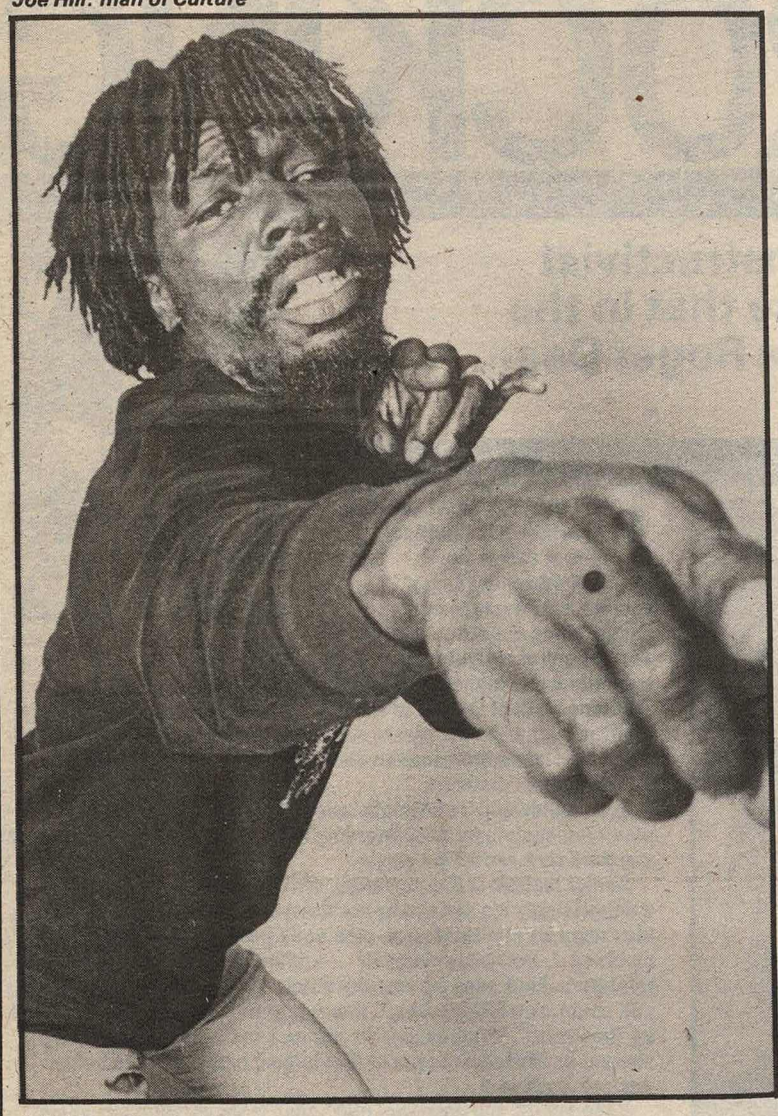
NME'S SERGE CLERC is only one of several cult figures from the graphics overground who will be interviewed by *Escape,* a new independent British story-strip magazine to be launched next month by co-editors Paul Gravett and Phil Elliott.

Issue one of *Escape* also showcases popular Briton Mick Kidd of Biff Products (with both an interview and a new strip), and will contain features on Bazooka Joe bubblegum art, George Herriman and his creation Krazy Kat and the debut of Shakespeare in comics — compared with the old *Classics Illustrated* series.

Escape will be published every three months, and costs 95p from Escape Publishing, Dept S, 156 Munster Rd, London SW6.

— **CYNTHIA ROSE**

Joe Hill: man of Culture *Pic: Dennis Morris*



portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

JOE HILL

SINGERS
No favourite, I'm a wide listener

MUSIC
Love reggae to my heart
Calypso
African
A soft music which is telling a true, natural story

CLOTHES
Those that fit me best and are plain

PEOPLE
I love everybody

HATES
I hate bad habits
I hate to be provoked

RELIGION
Ethiopian Orthodox otherwise Rastafarian

BOOKS
International history

FILMS
Documentaries

Sea life

COLOUR
Blue
Militant green

FOOD
Organic

DRINK
Likewise

SPORT
Football

TRANSPORT
A reliable car

LOVES
I love a good active woman
I love when any man, no matter what colour, uses his head to survive
I love to see when wrong things are brought to be judged according to any just rules of any law

ARTS
I love 75% of all artworks I see because I myself is an artist

Chart laundry—still dirty

SCOTLAND YARD continued to insist this week that they are not investigating a new round of hyping on behalf of chart-compilers, the British Market Research Bureau (BMRB), and nor would they do so.

The statement cuts across assurances made last week by the Bureau. At that time they revealed how a member of their staff had been dismissed following an internal investigation and that "information is being placed in the hands of the police."

While refusing to improve on this oblique comment, the BPI — one of the bodies that commissions and pays for the weekly BBC charts compiled by the BMRB — assured *NME* that they had been told by the BMRB that papers *had* been sent to the Commissioner of London police as a prelude to anticipated criminal charges.

One week later the Commissioner has still not received the vital documents. "We are not investigating chart hyping," said a police spokesman. "We will not be investigating chart hyping. Nor have we been asked to investigate it."

When pressed whether this meant no letter or papers had been received from the BMRB the spokesman said: "It would seem so, wouldn't it?"

Back at the Bureau, chart director Guy Sutcliffe would do nothing to lessen the confusion. "Matters," he said mysteriously, "had been put in the hands of the police and there it remains. Thereafter I cannot comment."

But did *matters* mean a letter or some such had been sent? This is what the BPI say they had been led to believe. Sutcliffe refused to do more than repeat his earlier comment with the added detail that the *matters* in question were "placed some time ago."

It was an investigation by the BPI's own unit which uncovered the latest alleged chart tampering. They noted erratic behaviour by certain chart records and later a handwriting expert confirmed that false entries had indeed been made in chart diaries. Afterwards came the dismissal of the BMRB worker.

Having spotted the malfeasance in advance of the nationals or TV, the BPI are now considerably irked that the BMRB should act so strangely. It could be they suspect them of heel-dragging — or worse — in the final stages of the BMRB's contract: Gallup take over in the new year.

If the BMRB and their lawyers do fail to jerk the Yard into action the BPI could themselves jump forward for the kill.

— ANDREW TYLER

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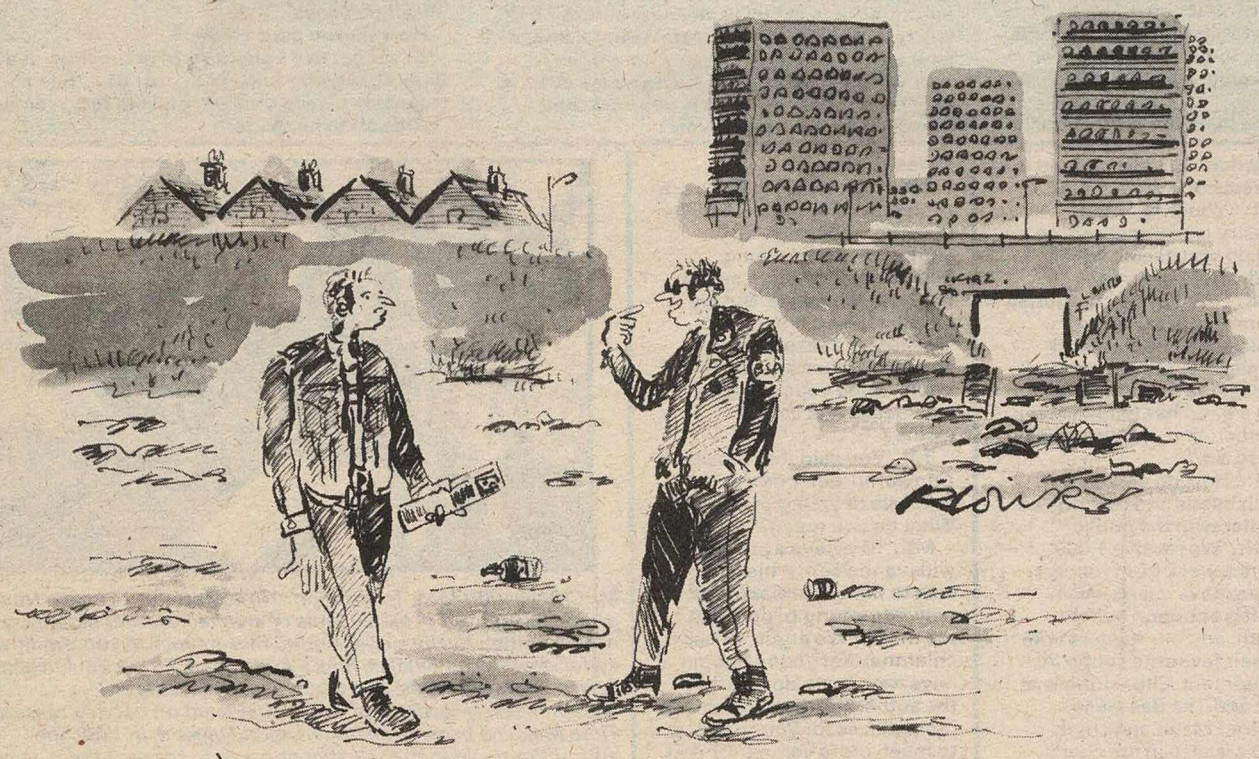

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POSTCARDS FROM ROCKING

If this is Eastern Bloc rock, where's all the Constructivist graphics, Ivan? Well, actually, it's not quite like that in the Soviet Union. Maybe a splash of '70s Yes-style Roger Dean artwork might fit the bill better . . .

Above: top Russian rock star Valery Leontiev — "presence like Rod Stewart".

INEVITABLY, SOVIET ROCK is a creation of its political, cultural and social circumstances. Soviet society is different to other Eastern Bloc countries in that social control is tighter and surveillance is higher. Its vast size (one sixth of the world's land mass and 12 time zones) and cultural diversity (126 languages) make official communication daunting, let alone an embryo "underground" network.

Even bands who're officially tolerated have difficulties in obtaining equipment and recording as there's only one international standard rock recording studio.

Social realism is the prevailing official ideology and unsurprisingly it's defined by the Communist Party. This results in a bias towards classical rock, clasically trained musicians and lyrics confined — but not exclusively — within Marxist-Leninist terms of reference. Punk runs against the official grain both in terms of style and content and Baltic bands like Aquarium are officially regarded as "bad taste". 'Progressive' Soviet rock is Genesis orientated but sharper as Wakemanesque self-indulgent half-hour solo ballast is pitched overboard.

As in the UK, the dominant pop sound is disco. Whether Soviet rock is about fans being socially conditioned or lack of choice is difficult to assertain, but Western rock influences varies from heavy metal and new wave synthesiser to UB40 and The Beat. Ironically, The Fun Boy Three's single 'The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum' is one of Radio Moscow's theme tunes.

Traditionally, the authorities have at best been suspicious and ambiguous, and at worst hostile towards rock music — "bourgeois decadence". But their attitude is changing as Societ society changes beneath their feet. Soviet youth are a problem for them, and this is highlighted by growing vandalism and the birth of graffiti.

Young Soviets are into rock, style, non-conformity and they're frustrated and bored. Old notions of healthy table-tennis playing youth hold as much appeal as bubonic plague and their culture and material expectations outdistance those of older generations. They see traditional ideas of authority and self-discipline as a challenge rather than a fixed norm.

Official attitudes towards rock are still ambiguous. Rock is seductive as a social control mechanism but the authorities remain wary.

THE RUSSIAN PHIL SPECTOR

IT'S A WARM winter Moscow afternoon, only minus 4. We stand huddled outside the pre-revolutionary grandeur of the National Hotel peering at the commanding presence of the Kremlin, each tower topped with a giant red neon star. A black car pulls up and we pile in the back and drive westwards out of the city. Moscow soon diappears and we're gazing at a sea of snow and pine trees. The ice is broken: "Brezhnev used to live near hear."

David Tukhmanov is obviously choosy about his neighbours. We turn down a dirt track and come to an isolated walled villa. The driver swears; his wheels are skidding in the snow. We stumble across the snow towards the spike-top walls and are greeted by the sound of dogs barking. David obviously values his privacy.

Inside the villa, we're ushered into a football pitch of a room: mirrored and soundproofed at one end, with Persion carpets, icons and carved furniture at the other. Coffee, brandy, vodka, rose water and chocolate appear on the table.

David flicks on the video and Valery Leontiev materialises: world-wide Top Ten fodder like a cross between Julio Iglesias and Iron Maden. Naturally, it's written and produced by David. He plays a demo tape of a new album 'UFO' by a band called Moscow — musicans playing his material and moulded and controlled by him. 'UFO' is standard synthesiser '80s rock. Next, a mid-'70s track, 'Ode To Shelley', Yes at their best, if that's not a contradiction in terms.

The message is crystal clear: David turns his pen from classical rock to pop to new wave. The bands are superfluous, only David Tukhmanov matters.

How did you become involved in rock music?

"Originally, I was a classical composer, but The Beatles made me interested in writing rock music. I prefer their later material .. they were very raw until 'Sergeant Pepper'.

What Western bands influenced you?

"Rod Stewart .. as a performer he's talented."

As a musician?

DT: (shrugs shoulders) "He's ... nothing."

What Western bands are you listening to at the moment?

DT: "Some new wave. I like The Clash. They're musically crude, but their lyrics are strong. New wave is a reaction against complexity for its own sake. It's more emotional and childlike. My new album 'UFO' will reflect this trend. I like the general image of new wave."

Why do you work with such diverse atrtists; like Valery Leontiev, who is pop-rock, and Moscow who're new wave?"

Left: top Russian producer David Tykhmanov — the bands are superfluous.

DT: "Valery has presence like Rod Stewart. He's a great live performer. He's easy to work with and he likes to experiment with different sounds, such as reggae; and we work successfully together.

"Moscow came about through my friendship with Alexei Belov, their lead guitarist and singer, although Moscow comprise different musicians playing on different tracks on 'UFO'. I gather musicians together and we work here in my studio."

How would you describe 'UFO?"

DT: "In the spirit of new wave ... Soviet new wave. Traditional rock made easy and combined with new sounds; for example we experiment with electronic sounds on the track 'A Million Years BC' and with Russian soul on 'Playing at Love'."

How do you earn a living?

DT: "I get five kopecks (4p) in royalties every time a band plays one of my songs or one of my records is played on the radio. I'm lucky (smiles) .... this often happens."

THE RUSSIAN NME

EDITOR IN CHIEF'S office, *Moscow Comsomol* — organ of the Young Communist League, a voluntary organisation to which 99 per cent of Soviet youth belong (sic).

TJ: "What Western rock bands do you listen to?"

MK: "Mainly British ... bands like Genesis, Yes, UB40."

TJ: "You've heard of UB40?"

MK: "Yes, we publish a monthly column on Western rock music. We have published for example, articles on Rock Against Racism and on UB40 .. what I believe you call dole queue bands."

TJ: "Is Russian rock a copy of British rock?"

MK: "No. It is distinct. We borrow from Western artists, but we have a separate style. Our artists sing mainly in Russian and, musically, we prefer classical rock like your band Genesis. But for us, the lyrics are very important: thus our leading band Time Machine touches upon important problems. Their most popular song last year was 'The Turn' which is a protest against conformism; when young people just want to get married and have nice place to live and nice things ... UB40 are popular because of their lyrics. We also have bands who are in bad taste."

TJ: "What is the role of *Moscow Comsomol?*"

MK: "Articles about rock musicians appear first in *Moscow Comsomol*. We promote certain groups, for example, Time Machine, Autograph and Valery Leontiev — our first real showman. We also defend the interests of young people."

TJ: "Your recording industry is nationalised, so how do you decide which bands make records?"

MK: "We have a committee comprised of leading musicians — not just rock nusicians — and artists, and they decide on merit. How long a band has been playing together, their musical ability and so on."

TJ: "How do you know which bands and records are popular with the public?"

MK: "We receive 1,000 letters a week from readers, and we have charts. We publish a coupon every month, and our readers vote on their favourite songs. At the moment, Elton John is at No.2 and The Bee Gees, Manfred Mann and Uriah Heep are also in the charts. The other songs are by Soviet artists."

TJ: "Do you have specific styles of dress?"

MK: "No, because there are problems with the availability of certain clothes in our shops, but some young people copy Western styles like your mod style. But we have a fashion creater, Viacheslav Zaitsev, who designs clothes just for our youth. Most young people wear jeans and casual clothes."

TJ: "You said that *Moscow Comsomol* defends the interests of young people. What do you mean?"

MK: "We have a problem with vandalism, which can lead to *misunderstandings* between young people and the militia. We argue, in our columns, that young people have nothing to do and that the authorities should provide more places for young people to meet, more venues for rock concerts and discos because disco music is very popular in the Soviet Union."

MACHINA VREMENI. Translation: Time Machine. Russia's No 1 group. Composed of ex-students of architecture and biology, their music, written by the singer Andrei Makarevitch, is reportedly an awful stew of The Beatles, Pink Floyd, Dylan, King Crimson and The Doors. During the '70s, as a result of some scattered live appearances, recordings of which circulated on bootleg cassettes, Time Machine became an underground legend. In 1980, the authorities decided the safest option was to sponsor them. Under the watchful guidance of the Ministry of Culture, Time Machine now spend six months out of 12 on tour. Last year, Time Machine recorded an album in New York. The title: 'Chasing After success'.

RUSSIA

Autograph: Moscow Conservatoire graduates

THE RUSSIAN GENESIS

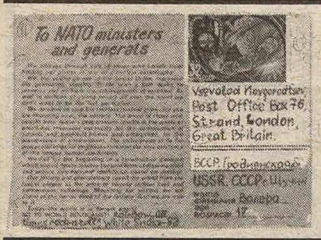
MOSCOW UNIVERSITY'S sports complex, a spin-off from the Olympics. We're shunted into two front-stage seats, the only empty seats in the theatre. A mixed audience: families, a block of Red Army squaddies and a forest of short-haired, bedenimed youths struggling to discover style.

Spotlights flare and we suffer 40 minutes of Russian stand-up comics, "Have you heard the one about the Estonian, the Latvian and the Georgian," and Soviet Travolta clones. The squaddies roar, Autograph fans look bored. A laser flicks into action, an explosion, rising smoke and Autograph are into their first number.

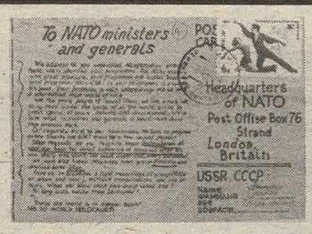
Autograph are Genesisesque, but crisper, sharper and better. Sergei Brutian's vocals are neatly complementd by Alexander Sitkovetsky on lead guitar and a skin-tight rhythm section consisting of Leonid Gutkin, bass, Viktor Mikhalin, drums, and Leonid Makazevitz, keyboards/synthesiser. The gig ends and the youth erupt into stamping and cheering. Bewiidered families peer at this spontaneous anti-social mass hysteria. Fast hand-clapping is the norm.

Alex and the Leonids are graduates of the Moscow Conservatoire and Victor is a graduate of the Gnesin Music School; only Sergei has no musical training. They became known through live gigs — they're on the road 10 months of the year.

They write all their own music but most of their lyrics are written by the well-known Moscow poets Boris Barkas and Margarita Pushkin, though two of their numbers are based on the book *Martian Chronicles* by the American SF writer Ray Bradbury. Obtaining equipment is a hassle, and most of it is built by themselves or imported from Britain and the States, though Mosconcert (Soviet record label) provided 20,000 roubles for a laser. Autograph's current pre-occupation is getting studio time to cut their new album and persuading the authorities to let them tour in the UK



A postcard to Seva Levenstein, at 'Nato HQ', BBC Bush House. The postcard (right) has been written so as to look like an open letter printed in Comsomol (right), which readers were invited to send to Nato generals as an anit-nuclear protest. A busy censor didn't notice.



THE RUSSIAN JOHN PEEL

SEVA LEVENSTEIN is one of the BBC's rock DJs. He does a half-hour show three times a week; playing chart hits, new releases, featuring groups like The Human League, and responding to his listeners' requests and letters.

If you've never heard Seva's show, don't be too surprised. Seva broadcasts in Russian to up to 40 million listeners to the BBC's External Service behind the Iron Curtain.

For ten years, Seva Levenstein was a musician and bandleader in the Soviet Union, five of them spent touring the country in a dance band called The Young Blades. In 1975, due to his Jewish heritage, he was alloed to leave Russia on an exit visa to Israel.

In 1977, he got a job as a translator and broadcaster with the BBC, whose rock slot has long been a feature of their regular six hours a day of Russian language transmissions. Seva's producer, Barry Holland, hosted the shows between 1964-71, and also produces a jazz show that has a wide audience in Russia, where modern jazz is seen as a vigorous symbol of free expression.

Seva, who grew up listening to jazz and R&B on the US Radio Free Europe and Voice Of America, is a vital link for his listeners with a colourful and enviable culture.

"Rock is a ten times more powerful emblem of freedom and fun and style in Russia than it is in the West," says Seva. Across such a great divide, it needs to be writ large to be understood. "For two or three years since I took over it was Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple and their splinter groups like Gillan that people wanted to hear. But recently there has been interest in new wave groups like The Clash and synthesiser groups like The Human League."

Correspondence reaches Seva by roundabout means (see above). He estimates that only five per cent of what is sent passes the censor. Letters are posted abroad by merchant seamen. Some are disguised as tirades against him and his show but contain key phrases that he has passed out on the air as a kind of code. "They are using the Russian thing of expressing between the lines," he says.

In a society where Orwell's Ministry of Truth holds the reigns of expression, pun and inference have become the *lingua franca*. Seva has been condemned in the Soviet press as a vile traitor. His broadcasts, and the music he plays, are branded a CIA plot in much the same way as CND is smeared as KGB subversion in the West.

Rock in Russia seems strangely potent. It is still part of an underground, and it still carries a message. The authorities realise this, and try to control it, offering a watered-down version to their disaffected youth.

"The records that are on sale are all old," says Seva, "Paul McCartney, Elton John, early Beatles, and a lot of Soviet stuff that is horribly produced; very bland and insincere. That's because the higher you go, the more conformist you have to be. The artistic committees become more and more involved. You have to submit your song lists for approval."

In 1974, Seva himself fell foul of this overt sort of bureaucratic censorship. He lost his job when a local party official attached to the Ministry of Culture heard him playing Creedence Clearwater Revival songs.

Creedence Clearwater Revival. It would be funny if it wasn't so sad.

Report: Trevor Jones and Diana Gilhespy

Seva Levenstein interviewed by Paul Rambali

Next week in NME

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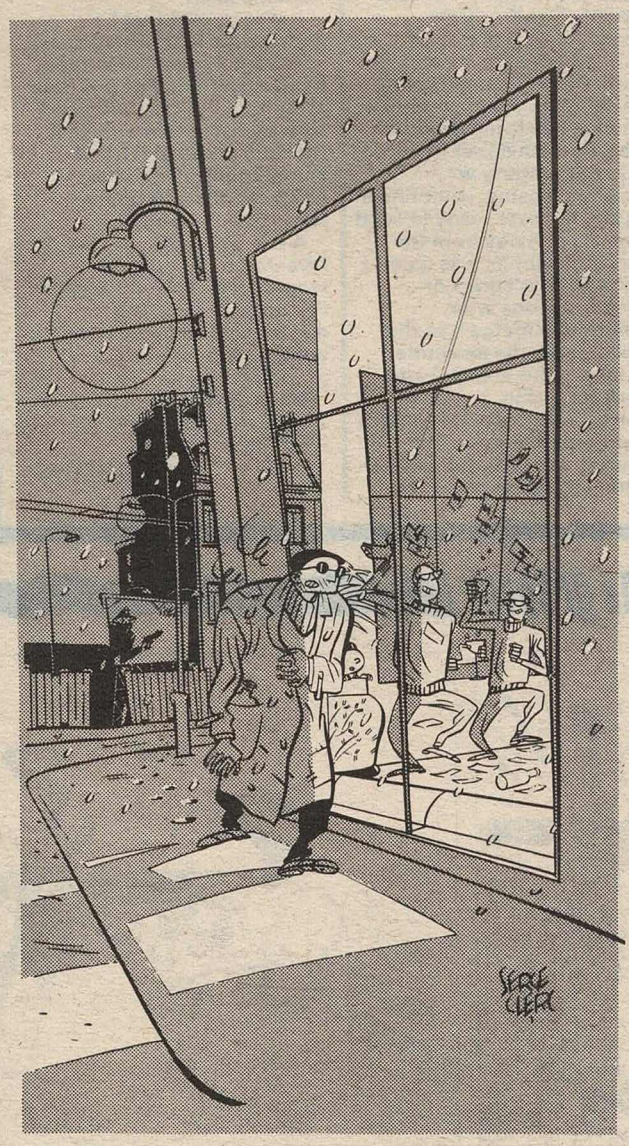
1982 IN ITS OWN WORDS

Exclusively for you, a complete retrospective of the year, written by the people who made it the muddle / marvel / mess you think it was. Including contributions by Yazoo, Crass, Soft Cell, Imagination, Culture Club, Keith Allen, Wham!, Ultravox, ex-police chief John Alderson, Mikey Dread, Malcolm McLaren, Julian Cope, Grandmaster Flash, Birthday Party and many more.



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Why stay outside looking in?

UK Decay — the cult that came before the cult.

UK Decay — tempestuous youth. Pic: Peter Anderson

LUTON & BURNING

MY FRIEND, come with me into the forest tonight, deep down into its heart where there is a clearing. Yes here, where the heat howls and the electric tension crackles all around until you are lost, alone, in the sizzling atmosphere. Suddenly thunder and lightning shatter the gloom illuminating some sort of path; an escape. It begins to rain, a cool refreshing rain. Yes, as the saying goes, sometimes you've got to lose yourself in order to find yourself. Now, come and meet UK Decay my friend . . .

The band have been working for three years now as the purveyors of a heavy, harsh and sometimes discordant musical style that has suddenly been picked up by the like of The Sex Gang Children, Danse Society and Ritual and made into a cult. Furthermore, the black, almost mystical imagery has also been echoed — but whereas some of the siblings seem to use the darkness purely for stylistic effect, portraying only the superficial, negative values, the men from UK Decay — Abbo, Spon, Steve and Eddie — amplify the shadowy trappings in an altogether more optimistic way.

"Out of the darkness. It's a battle that's been going on in the human race since man first started scribbling on walls. Man is infatuated with extremes — good and evil, light and dark — a lot of people will see us as evil and menacing whereas it's quite the opposite. What we are in fact saying is that you've got to choose for yourself. Every individual has got to choose his own right or wrong and face the consequences."

Spon talks about the concept of individuality with pride; the band, in his eyes, are the manifestation of this ideal. They've fought their way out of the wastelands of Luton with no manager or record company, basically doing it all by themselves until now, with their records selling well and their gigs selling out, they're a force to be reckoned with.

Spon gushes excitedly, "It's within everybody to do something. They can either go ahead and perform these instincts or they can sit back, get depressed and do nothing or maybe take drugs to subvert the natural need to go out and progress. It would be good if everybody stood up and thought, well, I am . . . me! I don't believe in all the shit; authority, government, communism, capitalism — it's basically down to the old human ideal of coping for yourself."

The UK Decay line of thought appears to go through and beyond the heartless politics that are woven around people's lives, keeping them in the dark, as it were. Theirs is a basic, day to day view of reality but one charged with an optimism and flair that in its simplicity seems mysterious. Which is, after all, what mysticism is all about; the return to a basic, underlying, but hidden motor-current.

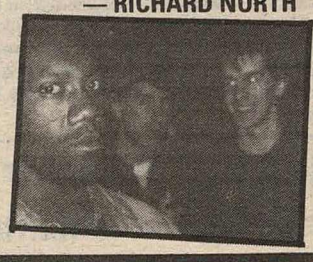
It's a current that UK Decay seem to have tapped. Their later records reflecting that power — especially the last one, the 'Rising From The Dread' EP, an exciting and invigorating spark of creative noise. 'Testament' is the standout track and the one that sums up their positive tone.

"Walking through the garden, the garden of temptation, tempestuous youth seeks the testament of truth," quotes Abbo, the cheerful, extrovert singer. "Youth has always been a time for rebellion. Everyone rebels in their teens but settles down later — it's bullshit. Their power is diluted by various apples in this garden of temptation — join the SWP, join the NF, join the ANL . . . religion, whatever. It's like a garden where people find their reason to exist by joining organisations; living to become part of a group to justify their self-existence. All you need is your own conviction, it's got to be an inner feeling — *But when rebellion's the cause, like a Spartacus it's yours,"* he finishes the quote.

Rebellions may come and rebellions may go but human aspiration for individuality and light remains. UK Decay have rejected both faith and reason as the ultimate answers to the problems of existence. Faith because it may be a faith in the wrong god or wrong teacher. Reason because it cannot get beyond the permutations and combinations of its own axioms. There only remains the method of experiment and mystery.

The path out of the forest passes through this way.

— RICHARD NORTH



MARTY ROBBINS 1925-82

MARTY ROBBINS, one of the most popular figures on the country music scene and a headliner at the last three Wembley Festivals, died in Nashville, last Thursday, following a heart attack.

One of the numerous country headliners born into poverty — he was a member of a one parent family, the 'family' comprising nine kids — Robbins later dropped out of high-school and hitched around his home state of Arizona, digging ditches, driving trucks, delivering ice and even spending a few rounds as an amateur boxer.

A regular spot on a Phoenix radio station led to a recording career which flourished during the '50s and '60s when Robbins, whose style transcended categories, found himself a teen-market hero through such massive hits as 'Singing The Blues', 'The Story Of My Life', 'A White Sport Coat', 'Teenage Dream', 'She Was Only Seventeen', 'Stairway Of Love', 'Devil Woman' and 'El Paso', the last-named being the definitive Robbins single, a kind of Mexican flavoured John Ford movie set to music.

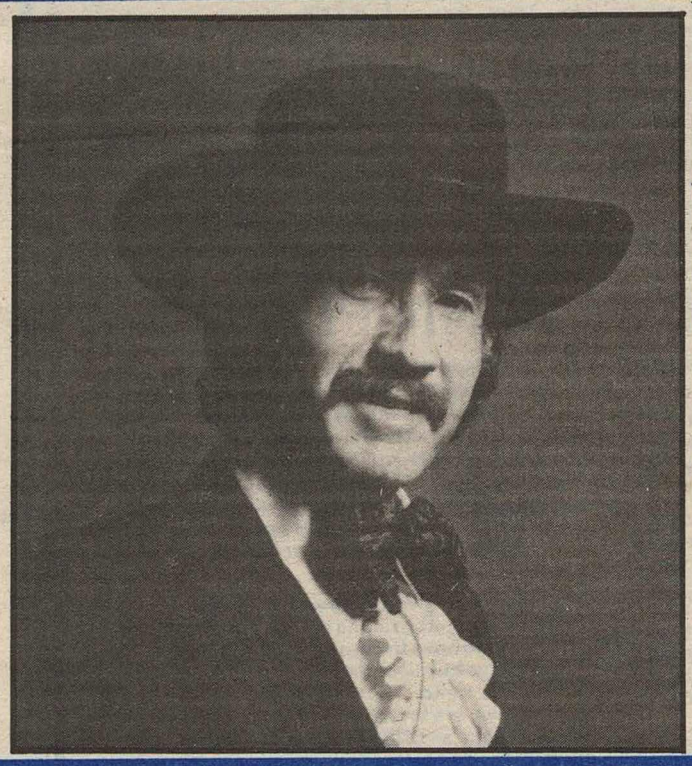
Onstage, Marty was sometimes camp, sometimes macho, but ever ready to send himself up. Away from the Opry limelight he was quiet, a guy who didn't drink or smoke, and one who preferred to merge into the background, the one outlet for his surplus energy being stock car racing, a sport in which he gained something of a reputation for totalling vehicles with alacrity, once writing off three cars in an equal number of consecutive races and managing to demolish a wall while driving at 150 mph during a North Carolina meet.

It was in 1969 that he suffered his first heart attack, surviving a seven-hour open heart operation. But this time around, in the very year that he was elected a member of the Country Music Hall of Fame, country's greatest accolade, Marty Robbins failed to pull through.

A few years ago, he said: "If I wanted to, I could quit recording and live off what I've done already. But that doesn't appeal to me. I still want to do a lot more and I have the drive to do it."

Now, at 57, he's gone. And it's not only country fans who'll miss him.

— FRED DELLAR



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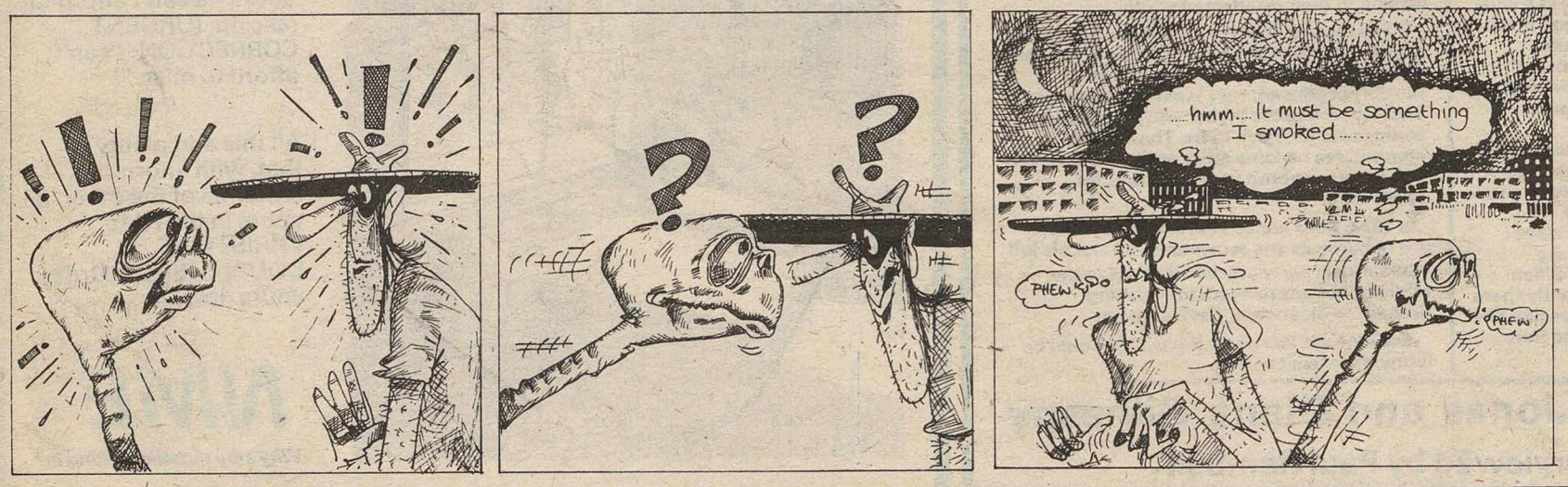

PRINT WONDERS & HORRORS

LIVING WONDERS
by John Michel and Robert Rickard *(Thames and Hudson, £8.95)*

WEIRD AND WONDERFUL WILDLIFE
by John Marten, John May & Rosemary Taylor *(Secker and Warburg, £6.95)*

FROM THE double act that produced *Phenomena* comes a far wordier tome addressing itself to the "mysteries and curiosities of the animal world."

It is called *Living Wonders* and the intention, as before, is to flob one in the eye of the scientific orthodoxy by demonstrating that the earth's creatures do not necessarily act according to agreed formulae.

Fish rain down from the sky. Cats talk and crocodiles and wild boar turn up in rural England. Reports of such activity are as ancient as they are contemporary and there are still more profound mysteries of 'cryptozoology'.

The word has been coined for a range of species that will neither vanish nor stand about long enough to be catalogued in the annals of respectable zoology. They include apemen, birdmen, sea serpents, dragons, "devilish black dogs with blazing eyes", werewolfs and shapeless hair-covered lumps from the deep called *globsters*.

Animal behaviour can be equally oddball. There are, for instance, persistent accounts of public assemblies or courts held by monkeys, turkeys and rooks. Witnesses say they have seen death ceremoniously meted out.

Then there are the animal wars between species of birds or between the likes of bullfrogs and mice. Hundreds die in these terrible massed battles.

Theories have naturally attached themselves to such a catalogue of irrational happenings. Teleportation is said to be at work where fish pelt down from the sky (God's method of efficient redistribution) while the appearance of monsters like Sasquatch or Yetti have been attributed to the impact of human imagination. That is to say they are literally created — in whatever *real* or *unreal* form — in and by the force of the human mind. The creative act lies with a group or could be vested in a specialist such as witch or shaman.

Michel and Rickard offer their alternatives not because they want them to replace the existing orthodoxy, nor because they particularly believe them. They take the view of that earlier phenomenologist, Charles Fort (who Rickard alarmingly resembles), that the world is so bizarre an organism any one theory is as good as the next. Fort believed there is no truth except the universality of all life. Nothing is separable. Everything is linked.

Living Wonders is not a coffee table job. Its authors are probably the most respected researchers on the case. Michel has written numerous articles and books on ancient mysteries while Rickard is founder editor of the phenomenologist's thrice or four times yearly companion, *Fortean Times*.

Seven pounds ninety five is not an inconsiderable sum but for some festive stimulation to both mind and gut it is recommended.

Something of a companion piece is *Weird And Wonderful Wildlife*. Here is an album of 300 or more colour portraits featuring some of the world's strangest creatures — those who were ready to face the camera.

They range from luminous, microscopic ocean life to the slow-moving, two-toed sloth which lives upside down in trees, sleeps 15 hours a day and shits once a week.

Many of the creatures are shown in massive blow-up and, like the giant spiny stick insect or the brown headed tamarin, you'll already have encountered them in your worst dreams.

To go with the pictures are short, elegant captions. Some entries seem less than extraordinary at first sight but when you do get down to studying, for instance, the southern elephant seal or the two-ton African black rhino and read that both face extinction due to a plague of humans then they do become literally wonder-full.

The book managed to produce in me some nostalgia for the whole menagerie of creation. And sure enough a liberationist message is to be found in the introduction.

The chastisement is aimed at zoo faddists and animal experimenters. "Science has shown that animals are also capable of suffering pain and fear and the traumas of imprisonment. Therefore the same morality that condemns oppression and exploitation of other races or classes of humans should condemn oppression and exploitation of other species . . ."

Above all though the book is a celebration of the incredible diversity of life.

— Andrew Tyler

The well-preserved hands of what is claimed was a young ape-man, killed by villagers in eastern China in 1957. The palms are 5½ inches long. (From 'Living Wonders').

THE FIRST GUIDEBOOK TO PRISONS AND CONCENTRATION CAMPS OF THE SOVIET UNION
By Avraham Shifrin (Bantam, £2.95)

THE WORLD'S great powers are never friendly to their own masses. As in America (Alcatraz, San Quentin, Sing Sing, Parchment Farm etc) so in the Soviet Union — but, by degrees, even more so.

Here is a guidebook to the penal institutions of the USSR by a man now living in Israel. Avraham Shifrin suffered 10 years internment in a Soviet camp, then a further four in exile. His crime was the catchcall — "anti-Soviet activity".

Shifrin's father also served 10 years for having told a joke about Stalin. He died in his forced labour camp.

No wonder the book is riven with anti-Soviet and anti-communist sentiments, with the author imploring the indulgent westerner to understand that while Stalin's era has passed, circumstances are still savage for an estimated two million incarcerated Russians.

The volume takes the literal form of a guidebook. There are maps, train routes, bus routes, photographs and data on inmates held in some 2,000 institutions.

Many, he says, will have a slogan posted at their gates bearing an eerie resemblance to one used by the Nazis at the entrance to their own concentration camps. The Russian version translates as 'Honest Labour: The Road Home'. The German one said Work Will Set You Free.

The crimes of the imprisoned, says Shifrin, might be to have read a "forbidden" book, to have posted up a notice, raised a flag, demanded religious instruction for their children, or undertaken "a commercial initiative".

He lists 119 camps and prisons exclusively for women and children. There are also charted 41 "extermination camps" where prisoners, he reports, are forced to undertake fatally dangerous work often connected with the Soviet war machine. This might be in uranium mines, enrichment plants or involve cleaning the nozzles of atomic-powered submarines.

It is a world, says Shifrin, of watchtowers and machine guns; electrically-charged barbed wire, starvation, humiliation, torture, hunger strikes and suicides.

What Shifrin asks of his readers is that if they are visiting the Soviet Union they call in at one or more of these places. Congregate at the entrance. Ask permission to look around. The visitor might be denied but word will reach the inmates and they will be morally uplifted.

To check the veracity of Shifrin's data we contacted London School of Economics lecturer in Soviet political science, Peter Reddaway. He called Shifrin's work a "maddening mixture of authentic material and other elements that are unauthenticable. Almost certainly it includes a lot of exaggeration."

There *are* extermination camps where prisoners are forced to undertake fatal work frequently connected with the nuclear industry, but far fewer than suggested. The number of camps for women and children — 119— is reliable, but the figure of 2,000 institutions in all should be roughly halved.

Nonetheless, the psychiatric prisons are "absolutely horrifying, far worse than in the Stalin period" and the Soviets still hold three to four times more people in captivity per capita than the US. We in Britain are roughly 2½ times less jail happy than the Americans but seven times more severe than the Dutch.

— Andrew Tyler

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set the tone

dirty talk in popism!

EVELYN, KENNY & CHRIS

SET THE TONE —bright new hopes for '83, or are they just lowering the tone of Britfunk? GAVIN MARTIN investigates. PHOTOS: ANTON CORBIJN

FOR THE umpteenth time this evening Chris Morgan opens his mouth and pours a considerable quantity of golden liquid down his throat.

He leans over my shrimp cocktail and whispers in my ear, "This is a nice place, they've got a lovely waitress — big legs, short skirt, frilly knickers, suspenders, the lot. And she doesn't mind you putting your hand up the back ..."

Pop stars — such a nice class of person, I always find.

Chris Morgan is the front man and lyricist with Set The Tone, a group he formed two and a half years ago with drummer and musical director, Kenny Hyslop (formerly with Slik and Simple Minds). You may have seen them on *The Tube:* a bright, bouncy, synthesised-percussive dance group, part of the inevitable British response to the New York disco / rap beat of the past few years.

I wasn't convinced by Set The Tone — they look and sound too much of an obvious prepackaged chart band to present a challenge. They stay too near their sources (mainly Kraftwerk and New York's new beat) to be original and travel too far from them to grasp any crucial essence and impact.

But it seems inevitable that next year they'll be battling it out for chart places with the likes of Wham! (more fresh faced distilled white funk), so I travel to their Glasgow base to find out why and fill in a few character sketches.

WE'RE MET at the airport by Gary McGrotty, the group's manager and a consultant for several night clubs in the Glasgow area. McGrotty was Slik's agent during their heyday and tells me that what they had really wanted to play was "Average White Band-style funk", but because of contracts and managers couldn't branch out into that field. McGrotty's interest in Kenny's new venture was kindled when he turned up at some of his clubs 'scratching' and remixing various records.

McGrotty is a garrulous salesman bending my ear every now and then with stories about Kenny's "commitment" or Chris's "charisma" and his uncompromising attitude to music, the business ... hell, *to life itself.*

We meet up with Kenny and Chris in Glasgow's local rehearsal rooms / recording studio, The Hellfire Club. The group's third member Evelyn is on holiday and the fourth (their bass player) is in the process of leaving, to be replaced by someone they met in the Bahamas.

I was sorry Evelyn wasn't there, she seemed to be a vital dimension to the group — a springboard for Morgan's paeans to lust, a visual focal point and after all, you don't get too many Ayrshire born gals of Ghanaian descent living in Glasgow.

Somewhere, sometime during the inebriated evening. I ask Chris if she's his girlfriend.

"We lived out a lot of fantasies together, she's nearly as dirty as I am. If she was here she'd be laughing her head off ... That's why you

CONTINUES OVER

set the tone

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

came up, isn't it? You want to knob her.

"No, actually she's really fast — too fast; if we were lovers I couldn't keep up with her. She calls me Peter Pan because I haven't grown up yet."

We leave The Hellfire Club, amply quench our thirst at a nearby hostelry and eventually end up back at my hotel room where the mini bar just about satisfied Celtic cravings for more liquor.

Kenny is quiet and modest, at 31 perhaps he's seen enough to know when and when not to open his mouth around a journalist. Chris is 24, altogether more extrovert, he's dressed in a bright blue baby stretch-and-grow jump suit and an oversized red cardigan knit for him by his sister-in-law. His heroes are Stan Laurel and Charles Hawtrey, which must count for something.

The name Set The Tone comes from the inside sleeve of *Andy Warhol's Popism*, revealing Kenny's background in art and design. When he originally put the idea for the group together with Chris they had, he says, a definite idea what they wanted but lacked the finances to get there. A temporary residency on a Simple Minds European tour proved lucrative and informative.

Kenny: "What really gave me the spark for the band was going into discos in Berlin and seeing all these kids jumping round to a great beat, what you might call a disco beat though I'd prefer to call it a beat that everybody needs, really hard dance music. And what I heard these people dancing to was definitely white, like a more commercial D.A.F. without the heaviness or the mind-games in the lyrics.

"I used to walk through each town we played in and the feeling you get from them was a general brightness and a modern attitude from the street kids. There was lots of primary colours and it charged me right up — I came back with a red yellow and blue attitude."

Chris liked that idea as well. "It makes sense using primary colours; no matter how dirty or shellshocked they get they still stand for the same things. You can wear something for days and days and really get into a feel on it, it doesn't matter how dirty it gets. With any of us when we're performing or living our lives we want to be accessible, not fashionable.

"If you've got an attitude to life then clothes are secondary; you wear clothes that fit that attitude. Innovation in music implies breaking rules in clothing — you don't want to be the same as everybody else so you juggle with what's available."

All of which is redolent of the new European dream hatched by McLaren around the time he gave the world Bow Wow Wow. These days, worse than art-imitating-life, or life-imitating-art, it sounds like art imitating a back issue of *Smash Hits*. But Set The Tone are a few steps removed from the Modes, Durans and Images.

Kenny: "I think Kraftwerk are absolutely great and they weren't really appreciated in their time. There's two albums — one was David Bowie's 'Scary Monsters', the other was 'Computer World', and I think that what they were saying is right for the next two or three years and they'll come back into vogue."

SET THE TONE music is dotted and dashed toytown funk, too much fidgeting with electronics and experimentation to impress with a central core or *song* structure. The experimentation is evident on their single released in the new year ('Dance Sucker'). They see it as provocative and motivating; to me it sounds flatulent and ill-conceived.

Kenny: "I don't think we've got a lust for innovation. We've got a lust for some sort of power, excitement again. I haven't felt that for sometime in music, except in some of the 12" imports from New York. I'm not into heavy metal, but I get a real kick off that power feeling. I just think it could be done with more meaning.

"We're really getting into a different bass and drum thing — a pumping attitude, shifting air type of thing. Trying to see how heavy you can get the bass and drums and see how much you need on top of that."

With that in mind they went to the Compass Point Studios in the Bahamas to record their LP, a process that "elasticated the whole bottom of their sound". Chris and Evelyn didn't lay down their vocal tracks until they returned home, however.

Kenny: "There's a spirit in Chris's songs that he has to be on his home ground to deliver. We worked with blacks over there and it was an overpowering atmosphere. The backing track was really happening, and you'd get one of the big black engineers singing his version of the song. And to me that seemed overpowering for Chris to deal with because the guys are leaping, dancing and doing somersaults. It's a fun attitude to recording that you'll rarely encounter in Britain."

Chris: "They could have got a black guy, or for that matter a white guy off the streets from round there and it would probably have come out better, but then it wouldn't have been Glasgow music. The soul that got us there is from Glasgow, we only went there for the power in the music. But then we wanted to bring it back and put a British or Scottish feel to it. I think that's my job."

I find it strange Chris saying this because of the three songs I've heard, the vocal mannerisms and gesticulations and the lyrical language seems to emanate from America — the phoney forked foreign tongue underlining what I feel to be the weakness in the music.

Chris: "If I use any language it's an international language — a looseness about consonants that's worldwide, not just American. The English language is becoming more widely used all the time because it's the obvious one. You can't pin it down anymore, there's people in Russia who speak English better than we do and by the time we start communicating totally with computers its going to be the western language."

DESPITE THEIR love of American attitudes and lifestyle, Chris and Kenny remain in Glasgow, which they find a lively breeding ground for the ideas they are starting to expound.

Chris: "There's a wealth of talent in this city. There's a lot of people doing things we aren't interested in, but there's lots feel what we've been feeling for a long time, something that is harder to put a finger on. We went for something two years ago that the whole of Glasgow was shocked by , but has now become common practice in the charts."

Kenny: "At that time I was a DJ and you could have played Joy Division all night and no-one would have complained. It was really heavy; by the end of the evening you could have cut the atmosphere with a knife."

They dismiss the common picture of Glasgow as a town stuck in deep depression.

Kenny: "No, the kids of 15 and 16 have a whole new lust for life. The 24 and 25 age group have been through all that Joy Division gloom and doom stuff and they're starting to settle. Most of them are pretty fucked up."

Chris: "But the younger kids don't care about the things the last generation cared about. It's not optimism or anarchy, it's just apathy for things that are beyond your control and enjoy what you have. Like Kenny says, it's basically a lust for life."

Kenny: "There's nothing in Glasgow for anyone to be depressed about; there's pubs open all day, about 20 discos, lots of youth clubs and sports are becoming very popular."

But Chris's songs dispense with any political insight or dictates and concentrate solely on (surprise surprise) sex.

"Now that is politics: sex is politics. You can't deny that sex is real these days."

Whereas before it was only pretend I suppose? Is that why you got Evelyn in the band, I ask?

"It was for him," says Hyslop.

"Nah, come on now be reasonable," says Chris. "She was simply the first girl that I'd met in a long time that understood the softness of the lyrics and their honesty. It's a joke, right? Anything I write is a joke, it's not meant to be taken serious. Everything I say is taking a chance, saying something more outrageous each time."

There's a lot of innuendo in the songs. Does he want to sound dirty?

"I am dirty. I don't want to sound dirty, I just am. I'm a sexually orientated person and it's good to be able to get away with savoury words; it makes me laugh. But with everything I say there's no facade. I wouldn't write lyrics if I didn't mean them."

Kenny: "We argue about what words to leave in and which ones to leave out. When the music's saying something it's down to letting it breathe as well."

'All Tied Up', one of the songs they performed on *The Tube* seemed to follow that tack — a crude musical esperanto for sex.

Chris: " 'All Tied Up' is about how hard it is to have a relationship these days because of the independence of women and the subsequent reaction of independent men. But I didn't sit down and think that out before I wrote it. It's just something that a person feels these days. I wrote it and automatically Evelyn came up with that *'bouncy bed'* thing, which was just a reaction between our two personalities. We took the song stage by stage, pushing each other to see what came out next. It's that kind of attitude that you can't plan."

IT MUST be getting on for 3 o'clock in the morning when the policeman pops his head round the door of the deserted nightclub. He clocks the four or five after hour revellers at the side of the dancefloor and, like his colleagues earlier that evening, he joins them for a swift dram. It's common practice in these parts, not exactly corruption, but rather an understanding arrangement that keeps everybody happy.

Kenny Hyslop has left sometime ago, but Chris Morgan is still hanging in there although things haven't been going the way he planned. An attempt to buy some dope earlier in the evening proved fruitless, he ended up going to a restaurant rather than a curry house. Now sitting sozzled at the side of an empty dancefloor he doesn't seem to have any chance of having his third and final wish granted.

"I want a tart," he grunts.

Someone reminds him that he has to be up early tomorrow for photos.

"But I like tarts," he complains.

Five minutes later he's bent double, half empty pint glass wavering in one hand, fast asleep. Gary McGrotty turns to me and says, "You see that bloke there, he may not look like much now. But he's going to be a big star."

He's obnoxious, loud, boorish and he stands out in a crowd ... with all those essentials he can hardly fail to be anything else, I thought.

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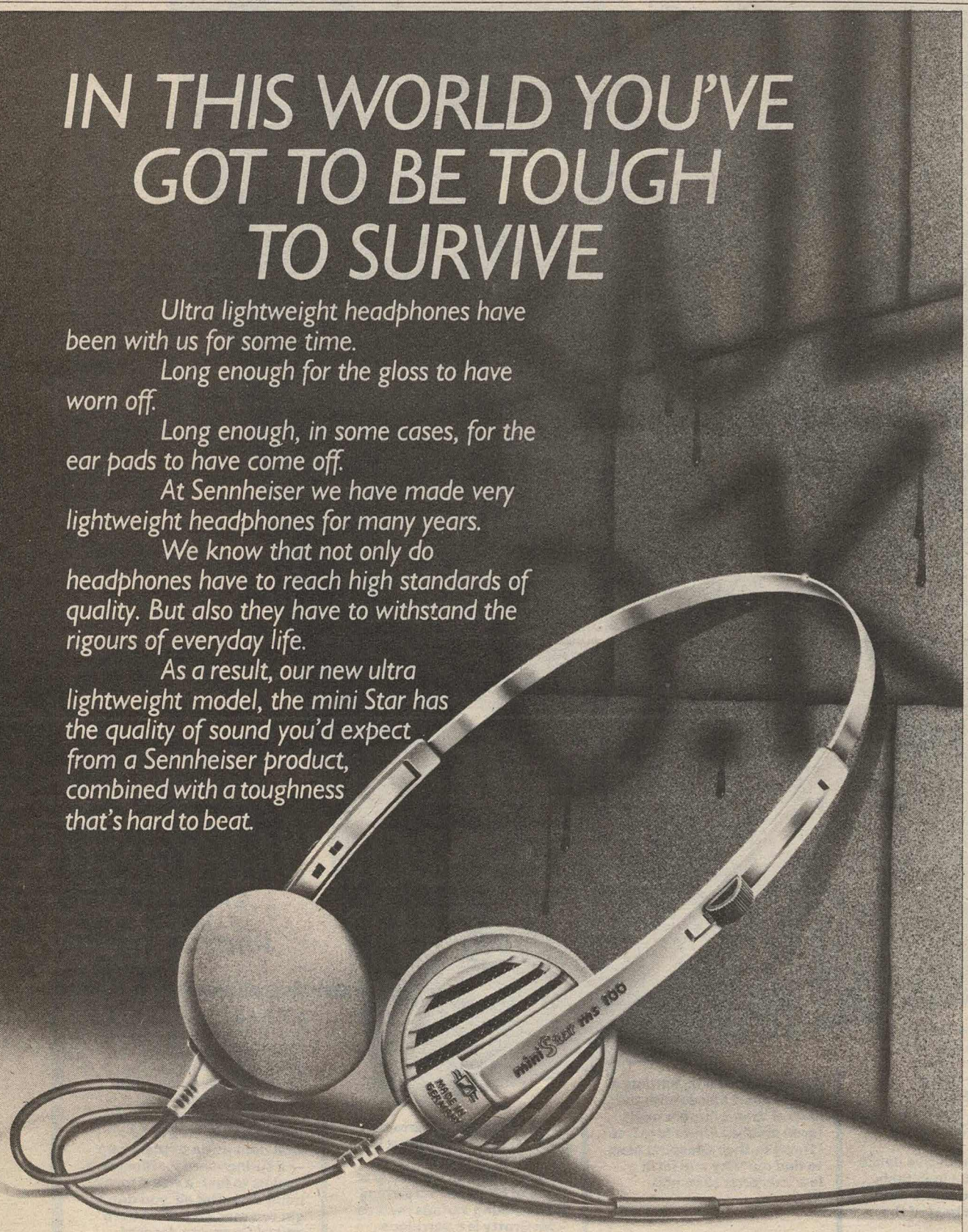

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I KNEW SHE WAS A FELINE/SHE MOVED WITH EASE AND GRACE/HER GREEN EYES THEY HELD MYSTERY/NO EMOTION ON HER FACE/THE **EUROPEAN FEMALE** *SHE IS HERE/SHE SPEAKS HER LIPS ARE KISSING/THE AIR AROUND HER FACE/I DON'T ALWAYS UNDERSTAND HER/BUT I LOVE HER AIR AND GRACE/ THE EUROPEAN FEMALE'S HERE/WE'LL BE TOGETHER/FOR A THOUSAND YEARS/AND DO YOU REALLY FEAR/THAT YOU MIGHT FALL/ISAWALLER IN THE STRASSE/AND IN THE RUE AS WELL/PLUGSHAFT/HELD ME IN HER ARMS*

SHE'S HERE AT LAST 'EUROPEAN FEMALE'

THE NEW SINGLE IN PICTURE BAG.
EPC A2893

Epic

SINGLES

HACKED OUT BY DANNY BAKER

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION:

Hack: Er, er . . .er . . .
Editor: What do you want Roy?
Hack: What's your name again?
Editor: Neil.
Hack: Look Neil — there's no new singles this week.
Editor: So what? This close to Christmas who's releasing?
Hack: But what about the singles page? The readers won't stand for another whiney intro about the state of the art equals no single of the week and ooh isn't it terrible and ooh isn't it typical and ooh remember Otis Redding and Stax and—
Editor: Do people really talk like that?
Hack: I suppose not but litotes bores me.
Editor: Let's see. Do we still have anyone on our books who reviews the group names, record sleeves and irrelevances that fill up the (highly paid) column inch?
Hack: There's -
Editor: YES! I know! Quick get him on the line!
(A phone rings inside a handsome high rise flat in sweazy South London)
2nd Hack: Hello?
Editor: Is that the second hack in this skit?
2nd Hack: I have rarely heard such an outrageous suggestion.
Editor: I'm offering money.
2nd Hack: Then may I say that of all the second hacks in this skit I am the second hackiest.
Editor: Good. Take this 50 pound note sir.
2nd Hack: Well that won't go very far.
Editor: Why not?
2nd Hack: Because I'm now standing outside your office door.
Editor: Listen, 'Mad' Dan *(for it is he)*, how does a brand new singles column sound to you lad?
2nd Hack: It sounds like the week before Christmas, sir.
Editor: What a fine ear for music you do have . . .
2nd Hack: Where do I find these "singles" then sir?
Editor: Ah now that may prove tricky. You see these, um "singles" as you say, are of such quality that uh . . .
um . . . well they are perhaps not the pick of the crop, what I mean to say is that whilst not overtly 'bad' neither are they what might be termed . . .
2nd Hack: Just tell me where I can find them sir.
Editor: They're currently being surrounded by 2,000 angry women who are demanding they be removed from this country.
2nd Hack: Leave it to me sir. I think I know what you need.
Editor: Good show lad.
(He leaves)
1st Hack: Poor sap. You know I could almost feel sorry for him. What was it that Tears For Fears said about this life?
Editor: They called it a 'A Mad World'.
1st Hack: Who could have put it better? How much we owe them.
Editor: Careful Roy. All our thoughts should now be with that little hunched figure battling against the odds in sweazy South London, suffering what can only be described as the tortures of the damned . . .
(Cut to a little hunched figure battling against the odds in sweazy South London suffering, what can only be described as, the tortures of the damned. He writes:)

TOY DOLLS: Nellie The Elephant (Volume)

And so my career as a journalist reaches its apex. A writer is only as mature as his chosen field and with Toy Dolls' 'Nellie The Elephant' I feel as one with all of rock's sombre majesty. When I was a lad I often marvelled at the prospect of one day being able to discourse at length about the ins and outs of a leading artist's latest work, to be 'in the chair' with a captive audience tossing around theory and controversy, penning the kind of stuff that pub fights and live debate have thrived on since the written word began. Never once did it occur to me that there would come a day when I would begin my hour of strut and fret upon this stage with a copy of Toy Dolls' very punk reworking of 'Nellie The Elephant', originally a 1958 hit for Mandy Miller, written by Hart-Butler and originally produced for record by George Martin.

I wonder, whose fault is it? Should I pan this awful group for being stupid — a mere accident of genetics — or do I shame myself for entering this pea-pod brained arena in the first place? Reviewing singles: What Intelligent People Do? (Discuss). In the old days, people who were weak in the head were used for entertainment and could be viewed at Bedlam for just tuppence door admission. The obvious rejoinder here is that *little ever changes* but I suppose I miss the security of knowing on which side the bigger idiots play. Toy Dolls are not very intelligent that much is concrete.

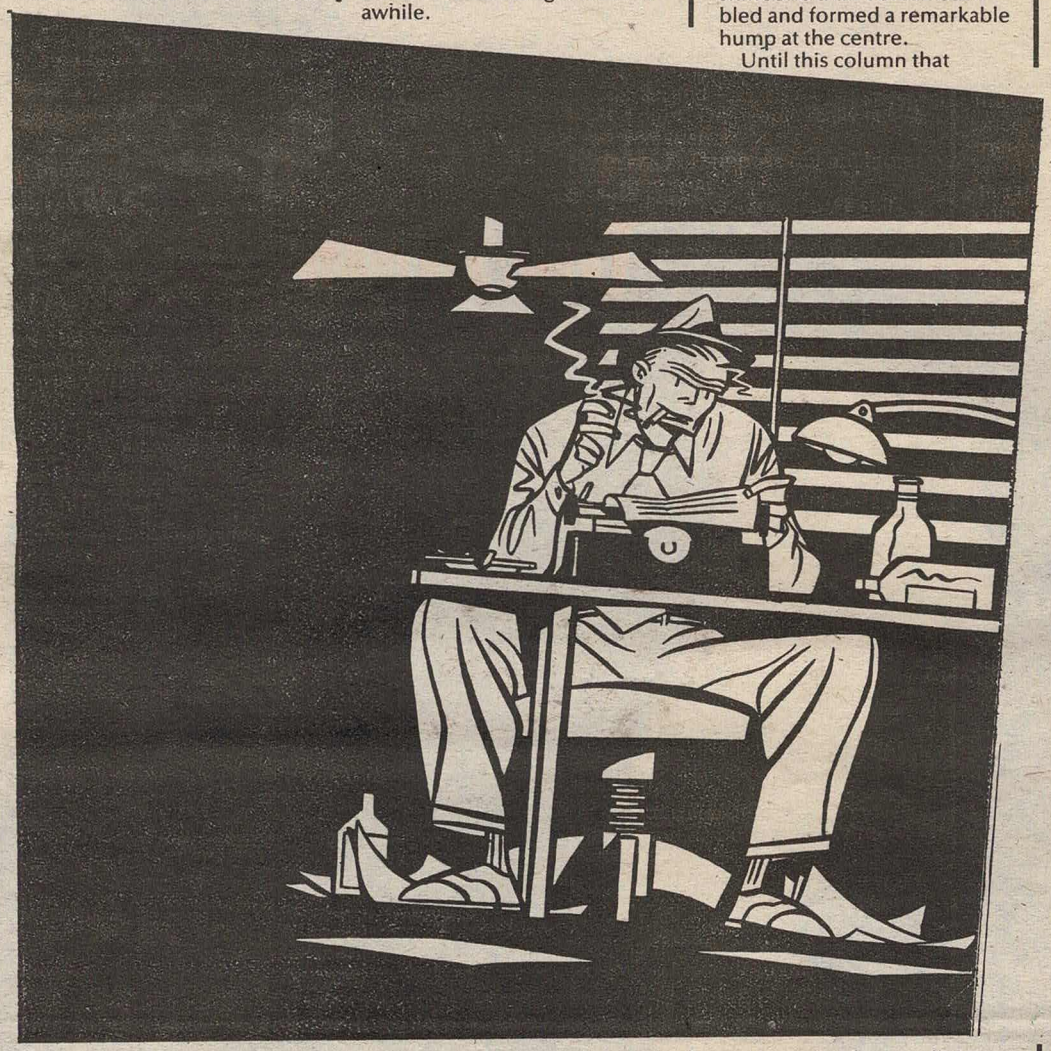
UV POP: Just A Game (Red Rhino)

First Verse Lyrics: *"I cried for the child who played and shot down/that is/every one of his mates/Any adults who just happen to be in the vicinity/Were also wiped out."*
Imagine you're at your cousin's wedding, you've had a few drinks like everyone else and you're known for having a fair voice. The groom has just sat down after a wobbly but passable rendition of 'Everything's Up To Date In Kansas City' and all attention focuses on you. "Come on you old charmer," they holler, "come on — don't let us down! Stop being daft and giss a song". So you reluctantly stand up, the babble settles down, you peer out at all your nearest smiling goodwill and then pipe up the immortal lines, *"I cried for a childAH/Who played andah shot down/that is/every one of his mates/Any adults who just happen to be in the vicinity were also wiped outAH".*

To be faithful to the original sound you must sing these thought provoking words through an exhaust pipe filled with Brillo pads in a high wind. Quite naturally it is accompanied by a grating tuneless saxophone and a bass line that worked best before it was torn out of Dr Feelgood's 'Roxette'. This earnestly backward experiment was produced by Cabaret Voltaire who've always believed that songs shouldn't rhyme, have a tune, be in key, make sense but, however, *should* be bought for real money.

THE KILLJOYS: This Is Not Love (Clay)

So far I've reviewed Toy Dolls, UV Pop, and now The Killjoys. By this time in my previous column I'd done Shalamar, Culture Club, Dexys Midnight Runners and Diana Ross. It's a fine line. The Killjoys play cheap rockypop that borrows in weeny slices from the early Police. It's a weak record. My story on this one concerns their name. How many of you still have your copy of Raw Records' 'Naive' by The (other) Killjoys when a cropped young Kevin Rowland was their maestro in 1977? It's a flipping well had it with this blimmin' column. I reckon you've a ruddy cheek asking me to rescue something out of it. I should have let those 2,000 angry women keep them.
Editor: Ah yes, the women. How did you get rid of them?
2nd Hack: I just told them there was a super sale of nice new winter hats in the high street and they dispersed immediately!
Editor *(hand over phone to 1st Hack)*: He's started doing dubious liberal bating jokes. I don't know how much longer he'll hold out.
1st Hack: Get him to review an Earth Wind & Fire single! That always appeases him for a while.
Editor *(hand off phone)*: Listen mad Dan. Isn't that an Earth Wind and Fire record there? You know, *Maurice White's Earth Wind & Fire . . .*
(The 2nd hack appears to go into a spasm which settles into a trance like state.)
2nd Hack *(monotone)*:
Oh-yes-so-it-is. Good-bye. Thank-you.
Editor: He'll be alright now for awhile.



very funny 45 that sees Kev — who once saved my life — gnarling, spitting and growling out some ridiculous lyric as though Rotten was only his warm-up man. Whenever I take a few of the youngsters, who regularly camp outside my front door in for a warm I invariably find us cosetted in an embarrassing silence within minutes. I can't think what to say to them and they are in awe of me. It's then I say "Do you want to hear Dexy & His Original Runners?" They always say yes and soon our uproarious laughing has broken the ice. I make more penfriends this way than any other.

BRIAN BRAIN: Funky Zoo (Secret)

Brian Brain are Ringo Starr's new group. No . . . hold on they're nothing of the sort. 'Funky Zoo' is an ordinary record made by a limited bunch of minds and I find my fuse getting shorter and shorter with this column.

1st Hack: Ed! Ed; It's . . . HIM on the red phone for you.
Editor: Hello. Hello? There's nobody here Roy.
1st Hack: Er . . hold it. What colour are tusks?
Editor: Why ivory.
1st Hack: Sorry yeah that's what I meant. The ivory phone.
Editor: Hello 'Mad' Dan, what's the beef m'lad?
2nd Hack (on distort): I've

EARTH WIND & FIRE: Boogie Wonderland (CBS)

This is the best record ever made. Earth Wind & Fire deserve most of the gold and precious jewels on this earth. It is the least we can do to send them all our money and devote our lives to loving them. Maurice White is a very holy man indeed. Once again, I thank you.
(FX: The tangerine phone rings)
Editor *(on distort)*: Hello Dan! How do you feel?
2nd Hack: I feel at peace. I feel made over again.
Editor: Good lad! Feel like plugging on with the old singolas then?
2nd Hack: Yes. Yes I do.

BRIAN BRAIN: Funky Zoo (Secret)

Brian Brain attempt the Ohio Players. A parallel: There's a showbusiness story that once a touring company was performing the play *Goodnight Vienna* all over Britain. The play was bombing out everywhere, disastrous reviews, attendances, everything. The production manager had had enough. One day he called the cast together and explained that the backers were not prepared to lose any more money on the show. "This Saturday's performance in Walthamstow," he told them, "is make or break night. If we die there then that's it". So anyway, they get into the Walthamstow Palace and do a full dress rehearsal for the house manager. After the performance the production manager takes the house manager on one side and says, "Look forget showbiz George, I need a straight answer. How well do you think *Goodnight Vienna* is going to go here in Walthamstow?". George looked at him for a moment and said, "Just about as well as *Goodnight Walthamstow* would go in Vienna." I leave Brian Brain to cut their own losses.

WARP 9: Nunk (Arista)

Once, when I was about eight, I was kicking my way viciously through the deep piles of leaves that had been heaped together in Southwark Park. Unfortunately hidden beneath these harmless Autumnal deposits was a very low brick wall. I remember the searing agony as, while attempting some invisible half-volley, my shin thundered against the brick at a cracking speed. The shinbone didn't break but it bled and formed a remarkable hump at the centre.

Until this column that moment stood as my all-time number one Big Pain. This thing starts vaguely optimistic like a moogy 'Funkin' For Jamaica' but opens it's vocal account with the astounding exclamation: *"Girl — I wanna nunk with you!"* That's *nunk*. N-U-N-K. It has probably lain undisturbed in the singles pile for many months, correctly passed over when things were hot, but now it romps in. Like a housebrick to the shin, THWAACKK. I am not bleeding yet but I confess to a spiritual hump growing at my centre.

CARLY SIMON: Come Upstairs (WEA)

Well at least we've heard of her. I admit I was properly bored of the ponderous 'Why' long before the end of it's interminable chart run, it's basic riff sounding more and more like a barrel organ recently humoured by an 18 pound sledge hammer. 'Come Upstairs' sounds like most mid-70s LP tracks albeit salvaged by a vigorous drummer. A flop, how sad. Maybe she might take it back 'into the studio' and rewrite the lyric to include the fashionable verb 'nunk'. 'Nunk Upstairs' or better yet, 'Come Nunk'. I wonder what time the copyright offices shut?

TERMINAL FUN: Twist & Survive (Projected Image)

I'm sorry to keep on but thick-eared lyrics slay me! This one has: *"Wake up to the sound of chaos,"* and the superbly clumsy, *"Images that dance in motion"*. That last one's great isn't it — *"Images that dance in motion"!* If the author was twice the man he is now he'd be a half-wit. It's sung by a thin reedy girl over a Banshee-type backing that sounds fourpence short of two-bob. The options here suggest 'Nunk & Survive' or perhaps 'Twist & Nunk' — a hark back to the Isley Brothers on that one. Actually I can't let that Banshee reference pass. I hate that crumby outfit and wish they would vanish from this earth with an audible pop like in cartoons. Gone bye-bye!

POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS: Dancing With Ideas (Melodia)

Shouldn't this be 'Dancing With Ideas & Images In Motion With Particular Regard To This One Siouxsie'? A complete moody production thing with anyone and everything being echoed until the tune sounds like it's wavering up from the bottom of the Thames. Opening line: *"I get so tired of misogynists in music,"* and then goes rambling on about *"dancing to positive emotions"*. The singer patently thinks David Byrne is the charlatan between them, although I can see the funny side of calling a send-up record 'Dancing With Ideas'. (Of course it's not a send-up I just said that to annoy the brains behind this.) I shall further cheapen this leaden egg with some nunk jibes. 'Dancing With Nunks' on the Nunk label is by A POPULAR HISTORY OF NUNKS and is available nunk; price two nunks.

DEATH IN JUNE: State Laughter (NER)

I'm trying to figure out why it is that all these dim people find comfort making this sort of shadowy sooth-saying square-bashing. Here we go again, drums thundering around way up front, one string of a bass plucking out some echoey frame and a toneless singer hollering from centre about how this cruel world has forced them into making this statement. Were Joy Division that influential or did they just knock-out imbeciles like Death In June? The sleeve, as usual, is printed on hard cardboard in dull neutral tones only this one has a skull and crossbones in the corner. Perhaps the message is: We're All Gonna Die, y'know, Sooner or Later like. Or are Death In June demanding our respect as men who have Been There for rock and roll and now present the Awful Truth about life On The Edge. Or maybe these piss-ants have no talent and, in a brazen case of the stupid leading the stupid find solace in churning -

(FX: Mauve phone trills)
2nd Hack: Hello, yes? Be brief I'm getting into this.
Editor: That's it, that's enough. Good boy.
2nd Hack: But I'm just starting to open all my doors here.
Editor: Well you'll just have to close them all again won't you.
2nd Hack: Hey look I really think this stopping suggestion is, how should I put this, like Death In June's philosophy, perhaps An Idea Whose Time Has Not Yet Come.
Editor: Let me put it this way: You Writea Some Morea, Wea No Paya You.
2nd Hack: Is *that* the time? My oh my I must go.
Editor: Have you a pay-off line?
2nd Hack: No.
Editor: Then that's it.
2nd Hack: Yes.
Editor: Oh. Well, sorry about the standard of material you had to work with.
2nd Hack: I'll let you into a secret.
Editor: What's that?
2nd Hack: The shin hurt worse. Much, much worse . . .

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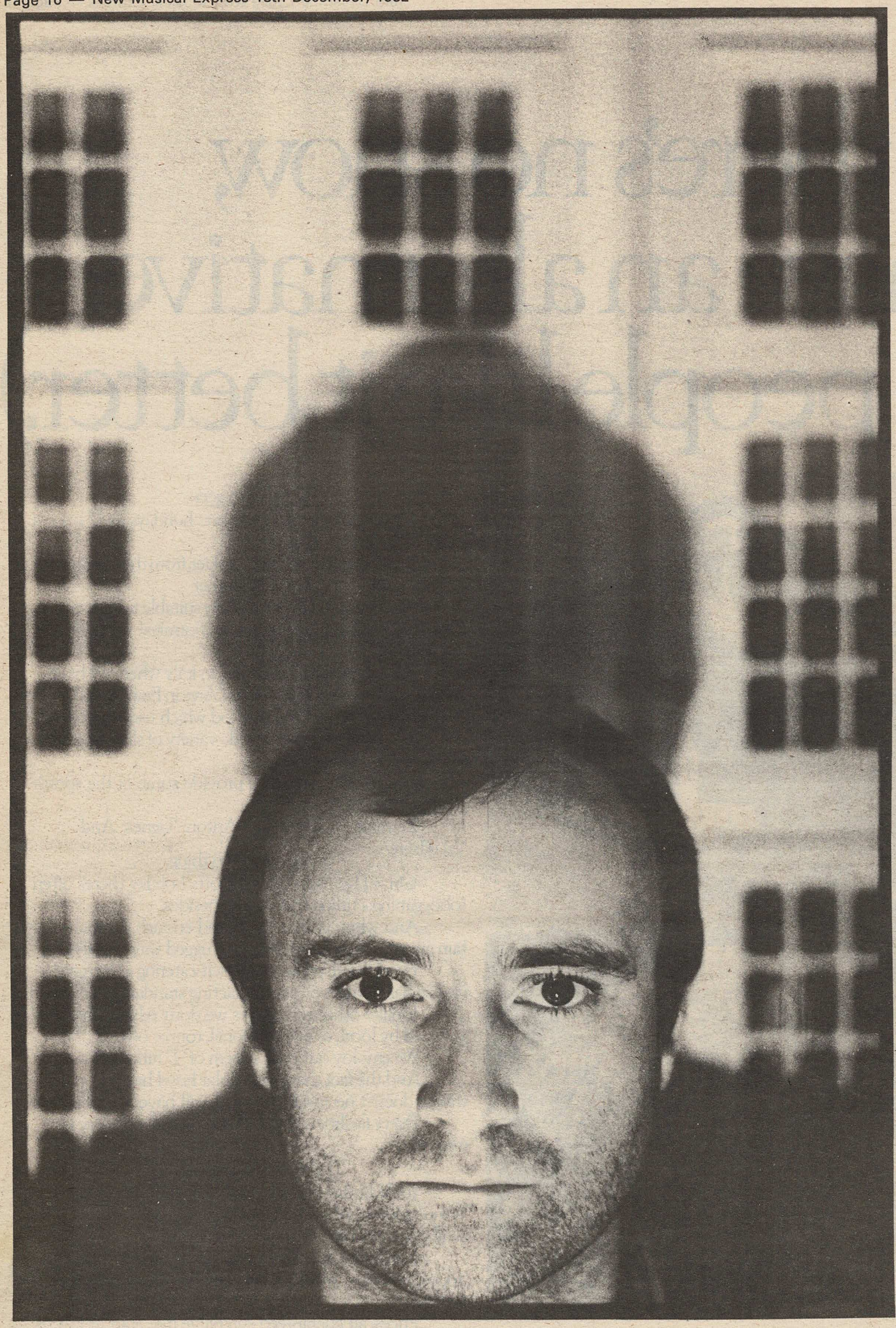


NUMBER ONE IN A SERIES OF FOUR... Paul Morley confronts the MOR superstar PHIL COLLINS to discover the dilemma of being unfashionable while wanting respect and love

PHOTOS
ANTON CORBIJN

THE SOFT AND bitter Phil Collins has a punishing hangover.

He was up until six in the morning drinking and watching exclusive videos, celebrating with friends his successful solo performances at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

Ten hours later, a dark anxious afternoon, he's blending rough and smooth into the warm roomy furniture of his extremely comfortable hideaway house — a Sony Trinitron in the lounge, and one in the kitchen, perhaps just because Cleese acts for Sony.

Collins is edgy and over-cautious. At first every question I ask — favourite soap, preferred skin — provokes a response centering on the fantastic aspect of Genesis' secret trendiness.

There is, he needlessly gloats — though I suppose some people are impressed — a surprising number of unexpected musicians who have approached him, made sure no one was looking, then confessed to being a fan. People like Topper Headon, The Dead Kennedys . . .

There is, he says, a powerful club of what he calls closet Genesis fans.

Not even the fast realities of world-wide success and a beautiful house in Guildford can stop the hard hurt of his group Genesis being considered by many as the crushing bores of our time. Perhaps Collins would rather be super-trendy than hopelessly popular: somewhere stirs faint understandings that pop is a matter of factless unpredictablity.

The dull daft hysterical ravings of critics and writers as they crudely distinguish between 'brave new things' and 'cowardly old things' reaches even the still, safe place where Collins reclines.

Soon, it's not as though I begin to believe in him, just that I feel strangely sad for him. Is he on the edge of being found out? Quite rich, nearly lost, wanting to laugh with him not at him, half heartedly expecting considerable generosity.

I lean forward in my chair: he's laid back. It would suit him to be sucking on an antique pipe with a shining golden labrador curled up at his feet, as sleepy and dutiful as his fans. There would need to be a coal fire about to burn out.

FROM JOHN Martyn to Frieda . . .

Via Mike Oldfield, via Robert Plant, with Eno and Gary Brooker thrown in . . . if I was to talk about all the LPs I've played on, producing John Martyn and Frieda . . . well, it isn't that far apart . . .

JUST WHO the hell do you think you are?

Well . . . I've had this running battle in *Melody Maker* with the letters . . . . It's actually come as quite a shock to learn *just how many people don't like me.*

We did this gig in Philadelphia with Elvis Costello, Flock Of Seagulls and Blondie; it was a carefully planned bill, everybody wanted to play with each other. But in the press it was just Elvis having *a complete break down of taste by wanting to support Genesis.* It wasn't even support; it was just a bill and we happened to be last.

And then there was this letter in *Melody Maker* saying how great Elvis's music was, and this reply by Adam Sweeting was something about how more people should think that way and then Elvis wouldn't have to debase himself by playing with Genesis.

This came in the same week as Julie Burchill calling me the ugliest man since George Orwell, which I took notice of. It all came in this week when I thought, fuck, is this abuse for no reason? It was all totally out of order I thought.

And then Gabriel gave an interview to Richard Cook, and Cook said it was a magnificent gesture for Genesis to play Milton Keynes, but he was sure that we looked at our wallets first. Which I thought was a really stupid thing to say. We did it so the fucking bands could be paid.

Anyway, I wrote this letter to *Melody Maker* saying. Please, I know Elvis, I know his drummer, we had a great time after the gig, no-one felt it was debasing — so fuck off! Get off our backs! And leave the little digs at the door! Right? For Christ's sake.

The next week there was a flock of letters saying how dare Phil Collins, the egotistical megastar . . . It was very anti and I was amazed that there was that much venom from people. And I read that letter about me being an egotistical megastar while I was on a tube . . . nine o'clock in the morning, on the tube, *not being driven about in a chauffeured Rolls Royce . . .*

I'm surprised you pay much attention to the careless drifts of today's pop writer, let alone know the names of even the minor ones.

Well, I do. Someone said, does criticism bother you? Well, of course, everyone likes to be loved. You wouldn't like it if you went out of the door and I said to my lady what a wanker...you wouldn't like that would you? So for something to be printed, and for it to be a stupid misrepresentation is very frustrating and upsetting.

I mean, Julie Burchill, I don't know why she wrote that, it was an extraordinary thing to write . . . and knowing where I come from, knowing where my heart is, to have Cook saying they must have checked their wallets first . . .

The Burchill comment I can sympathise with, if you'll pardon the expression . . . the thing that Phil Collins becomes, or anyone in your position, he becomes a symbol of banal security. I don't want to be too straightforward about this, but he is no longer a human being, he is a target, a representation of something somebody might not believe in . . .

Sure . . . but doesn't . . . . well, in this case she obviously doesn't believe I'm going to read it . . .

Exactly — you're a target, you're not real . . .

Right . . . . but when you read something that hundreds of thousands of people are going to read — and now the boring single from the ugliest man since George Orwell — you just think . . . why?

You're not 'allowed' to feel that way.

Well, it's extraordinary . . . and of course I read the fucking papers.

EVEN

I rang up Richard Cook after this thing with Peter Gabriel and I asked to speak to him and he wasn't there and I spoke to Danny Baker and he said, what? Phil Collins the drummer, on the phone now? And I said, yes can I speak to the editor, and Baker was shocked that I'd rung. Anyway, I spoke to Phil McNeill is it? And he was going, well, this is all very unlikely, and I said *well, if you think this is unlikely I'll ring up every time I get pissed off . .*

Do people forget that you're real, a soft fleshy human being with ups and downs and ins and outs, not a hardboard target?

Possibly . . . but what really annoys me is that people assume that I'm something I'm not. I'm not what people think. Definitely not.

But it's one of your functions to let people take it out on you.

Yeah . . . huh . . . *but I'm not that unfeeling.* People who know me know that.

Maybe reducing everything to mean spirited gossip puts people like you in your place. Or again maybe the trivial, thoughtless attacks get in the way of the serious criticisms and considerations of what it is you do . . . I would want my displeasure with your operation to be taken as something a little more serious than just another undramatic spiteful jibe, for it to be clear that I'm more concerned with the *neutrality* of what you do rather than your baldness

Sure . . . I said to Virgin that I wasn't overkeen on opening myself up to someone who appeared to be overfriendly but who then butchered me afterwards . . .

One of the silly sly tricks of the profession I'm afraid.

It's happened lots of times . . . I said what I would like to do was find someone who wasn't particularly a fan and to actually . . . I wanted to give it one more chance otherwise I wouldn't bother doing these sort of things anymore. What's the point?

But really I suppose I can *never get used to how important I might be,* or how important the group is. I can never see it lasting.

I THINK my music is different from a lot of people's music, purely because I'm taking black and white and making it something different . . . *maybe I'm kidding myself* . . . I don't think I am. Hopefully it's something that's worthwhile. I believe that it is.

When you use a word like 'worthwhile', what do you mean? It's one of those words that in a rock context or conversation has no meaning whatsoever, it's just a dribble. It's a nothing word, like 'commitment' or 'honesty' or 'original'.

Well . . . of some use to somebody is what I mean . . .

So you do want to be of some use to people?

Well . . . I've never really thought that I wasn't, I suppose. The couple, for instance, who are sitting in the audience. When I'm singing 'If Leaving Me Is Easy' it's a curious thing, but I know the guy has got his arm around her and he's almost saying to her let's not have this happen to us . . . *it's a corny thing,* and again I wonder, should I be embarrassed by it?

It's not a public service that I'm doing, but presumably you can be of use to people . . . but 'worthwhile' was just a word I slipped in because it's a word that I usually use and, yes, you're quite right *it's just one of those words .*

MY AUDIENCE last night was made up of like 18 year olds in Motorhead T-shirts and 35 year old couples . . . so I mean I've no idea of the type of audience I appeal to . . . really . . . I don't even really think about it . . . one writes one's music for oneself . . . it's a natural thing, it's there. But that sounds a very negative thing, that's not what I mean . . .

There's two sides to it — well, there's more than two sides to it: there's the Genesis side, which I'm not really interested in talking about because I feel it's just . . . something we do for pleasure . . . Oh . . . . *I'm not making sense.* To be quite honest, I don't think too much about what people are listening to my music for.

Do you do it, this, whatever it may end up to be, for it's own sake?

Yeah . . . I suppose so . . . I don't know anything else. I play music for its own sake, that's why I don't strive to get away from it . . . I don't ever try to get away from it. If I'm not doing something by myself or with the band, then I'm invariably doing something with somebody else . . .

So it's not like music is what I do when I have to do it; it's what I do all the time. So when somebody says to me what do I do apart from play an instrument? Or, what do I do apart from music? I don't do anything. *Which can be described as boring,* but at the same time . . . inside that there's a lot of different things that I find don't make it boring . . .

If what you do apart from music is very little then what kind of experience, attitude, perspective, thought enters into the music to give it any unusual appeal or interesting energy?

Well . . . *I wish I'd been more together for this* . . . I dunno . . . I don't know what I think, this is awkward . . .

My music is written as a result of the things that have happened to me. There's two ways of looking at music; well, there's lots of ways, but lyrically, for instance, there's the music that takes you away from what's going on . . . and with the band I think we have got ourselves a tag of being a band that takes you away from what's going on.

So The Clash remind you of what's going on . . . and with us it's good old entertainment. You come to see us to forget what's going on; it's an escape . . .

Those two sides, legends in their way, for me Genesis do neither — they neither take you away in the way that ruptures reality or enriches experience, and they don't point their fingers . . . it just hovers.

What we're doing is just for us . . . We write our music not to help anyone, *not to encourage anybody to do anything,* we just get together and we write music. We do it for us, so I don't feel any responsibility to help kids get out of their situation or whatever. People happen to like our music, and that's a happy coincidence . . . it means . . . *that people enjoy us!*

Why? Well, you should have a dozen fans in here and ask them I suppose.

Don't Genesis just add to the dead weight of it all, and contribute mightily to that deadening, taking music and its implications for granted?

Well . . . mm . . . the thing's . . . I dunno . . . There are certain elements of Genesis that I don't like. There's bits that each of us don't like. There's one thing I would like to stress and that's . . .

Well, there's 75 per cent of me that believes passionately in what Genesis do, and I care totally about what I do personally. I just sit down and analyse it too much. It's too much of a natural thing for me to go in and write with these guys . . . uh . . .

So what don't you like about Genesis?

Well . . . the sort of . . . *grandiose stuff* . . . A lot of Genesis fans like that area of our music . . . Really it's just entertainment, that old word, *I don't see why everything has to be used to move forward* . . . I mean, I am getting better at what I do, so I'm moving forward in my eyes . . . maybe I'm not capable of doing much else . . . it's quite possible I'm not. I obviously don't think about it.

IT'S LIKE at some of the big gigs *you can feel that you're insignificant* . . .

I went to see Bad Company in Dallas and I was surprised how many people were throwing up. There were 15,000 people: 5,000 of them were throwing up; 5,000 of them were there to score dope, and the other 5,000 were there for the music. That was a rock show as such. We attract people who like the band a lot, so they come and listen to the music . . .

WE USED to be a band to take notes to, and a lot of people still think of it as being like that . . . We used to hate playing universities because you felt like you were being marked for each song, eight out of ten for this, nine out of ten for that. There are many people who eventually get to see the band who come away saying it's a lot less pompous than they thought. I do feel with the Genesis fans that there's *something of a reverence* . . .

Do you find that reverence disappointing?

In some respects it's great that it is here and there, but at the same time it gets depressing when you think well, *are they really listening?*

There's a certain type of fan, in the old days it used to be the trench coat and the fishing hat with the albums under their arms . . . but they're the guys, even though they're caricatures of themselves, that did help us carry on doing what we wanted to do. So we feel very grateful to our fans. Let's face it if the band doesn't sell records, if no one comes to see the band, then you can't carry on. They helped us carry on, so we do the best we can for us and for them as well, I suppose . . . but . . . erm . . . sometimes it gets annoying . . .

WHAT IS the value of entertainment?

Well, I don't know. What I find curious . . . For instance, on my records I have pictures of my kids, and that to some people is very soppy; it's embarrassingly trite. But I don't see why one has to be embarrassed by that sort of thing. I'm not, and it's like not . . . *it's not a hip thing to do I suppose* . . .

Would it be more embarrassing to you if you felt your music could be explained away as extraordinarily non-extreme — the embarrassment comes in that your music is trite and cosy.

I suppose some of my music is cosy.

And that doesn't embarrass you?

No . . . I'm not embarrassed . . . A song like 'Why Can't It Wait Until Tomorrow', which is a pretty cosy song, but it's got a nice feeling to it, and I get the required reaction from people. So somewhere along the line I'm hitting a nerve. Obviously there are some people around not moved by that, yourself being one of the,. But . . . *I don't consider it safe* . . . not myself. I'm just trying to do the best I can.

So in the context you're in, you take risks?

I don't think about it in terms of taking risks. To be honest, something like 'In The Air', it's as simple as hitting a chord and thinking, well, what sounds good coming after that? That'll sound nice coming next . . . So, it's just interesting for me to do it. I don't think of it as being . . . I don't take gambles or anything. *I just follow my nose a bit.*

Don't you feel because there's so much competent, adequate music about — I'm using those words as prime insults — that it's important for you as a skilled musician with interesting contacts and a massive audience to possess a greater urgency in what you do?

Well, I'm not complacent about what I do at all . . . I mean, I live and breathe the thing, I do love what I do . . .

THE PAUL MORLEY PROFILES

INTRODUCTION

DURING the next four weeks I'll be asking just a few more questions.

I don't know why — perhaps it's just one last, longing, loving attempt to destroy all the dour, bright truth within pop music; perhaps I still somehow believe it's possible to discover who's real and who's made up.

Some can suppose I'm still trying to find out if anyone has any idea — straight, narrow, buckled, cloudy; what has happened, is happening, and will happen.

Between sense and nonsense my heart aches, proudly, softly, inaccurately. I look at all the fuss and wonder — are we just too fussy? I hear the pop movement and I wonder — is anything really moving? I remind myself not to try and make up my mind.

Somewhere between the slick annoyance of McLaren, the peevish intolerance of Weller and the banal acceptance of A Flock of Seagulls and Phil Collins exist the ordinary enigmatic facts of pop life.

Whether it's Weller or Oakey they all compete for your attention, so that they can display their version of this world and announce it as *the only way.* It's a battle: the prize is your trust. This little pop world is packed with causes: lost and found, small and grand. Perhaps it's all too much, maybe it can never be enough.

While you still care to turn to these pages I'll ask a few more questions — not to break the ice, but to (you never know) see if anyone is still alive. I'm not being dramatic, just business-like. I'm not over-serious, just under done. I'm not wearing big boots, just a few days' growth. During the next four weeks I'll be saying to entertainers ranging from the rich divorced man to a Swiss oddball, just who the hell do you think you are?

Phil Collins will admit that he's boringly normal, and hardly notice that you're there. DieterMeier will confess that he yearns to be as lovable and secretive as Boy George, and that there's still a whole world to be opened. In between, Phil Oakey and Martin Fry will worry at the daft dangerous details of pop success in 1982/3/4/5, and anticipate a life of riches, fame and sweet serious romance.

They all admit to a great faith in the future of pop music. What's in it for you? Thin air? Do you care? I ask some more questions.

I'm aware that by inviting a writer like yourself into my home I'm laying myself open to you going out and looking at my Mercedes, looking at the decoration of the house, and seeing it all as being a kind of, I'm all right Jack, and saying that the complacency which might appear in the house is reflected in my music . . .

Look! I've never done anything else except be a kid actor for a while, y'know? *I'm a very simple kind of person* . . . I've got a son and a daughter, and my son hasn't got a father anymore, cos I'm not his dad anymore and therefore I get very upset, and I'm a romantic person, and I am a sentimentalist in a way so therefore I like to give a little bit and reflect that in my music because that is something that is . . . that is *me* . . .

And so my albums come out in that shape and *it might seem cosy, it might seem trite, but that's me,* and if people don't like it they don't have to listen to it. I make records for me primarily, y'know? And after 12 years of being with the band — and it seems like a sentence but it isn't, you know — I've got a few things together . . . This house wasn't expensive when I bought it, and it's only my girlfriend who's got it to look like a house, because she's a lady y'know, and she makes it a house. But it's not like . . . *the complacency that appears in this house is not in my music.*

HOW SERIOUSLY do you take yourself?

I think I take myself very seriously . . . I'm cynical, but maybe that's good . . . I'm not as good one-to-one as I am in front of 20,000 people — there's a certain kind of, y'know, if you put on a funny hat and coat then the person will become different . . . And I like to go through that, it's why I wear braces on stage. It's like it makes me feel I'm a bit . . .

Well, they do say comedians are the most miserable people in the world . . . I'm not sure if I take myself seriously or not . . . I should know.

Do you take yourself seriously in as much as you take seriously the public image?

Oh no. In reply to that, I don't take myself seriously at all.

What do you care about?

. . . *I'm still saving up for a rainy day.*

That doesn't quite answer your question . . . I'm convinced that what's happened to me won't last . . . so there's no way I'm going to sit back and relax. Maybe I should enjoy life more . . . I don't buy much. Most of the things you see here I've had for years . . .

I took very seriously my marriage breaking up; I took very seriously what was happening then . . . I used to go upstairs and cry my eyes out over my son, because I was thinking that he would no longer have a father and *everyone wants to love their dad.* It's the normal way of growing up, you have a mum and you have a dad . . . and suddenly I was thinking, Christ, this is my heir and he ain't going to have me. Like I take that seriously but . . . *life just goes on.*

You're not a great theorist.

I'm a man of principles, I think . . . I'm not a very cosmic person, *I'm not a great thinker or intellectual* . . . I'm a believer that if you treat someone with a bit of respect, then they will give you respect back . . . I'm constantly amazed that people kick me in the teeth cos, I don't think I deserve it. *I believe in fair play.*

You're a very decent man.

I'm a boringly normal guy . . . I don't listen to records much. I've just got a music centre, not an expensive system, and it took me ages to get round to buying a fan heater . . .

I like to go down to the pub for a couple of pints of Guinness with my mates, who are mostly older than me . . . and I like the fact that I can get on with guys down the pub who are 65 and not talk about music . . . It's a great leveller my pub actually, I'm going to buy a pub for the landlord, cos he's such a great bloke; it's like a living room . . . you go in there and you talk to people at face value and you either get on with them or you don't. And if ever someone comes in and says, oh, Phil can you sign this! I clam up . . . it embarrasses me . . .

Pushing further out that idea of you as unashamed entertainer, can we begin to explore the possibilities of a new kind of middle of the road that you represent?

Well . . . should I be embarrassed that couples come to my gigs? That this guy has his arm around his girlfriend . . . I don't think I should be . . . But what I do has a harder edge than Barry Manilow . . .

How does this harder edge manifest itself?

The harder edge is in the music.

A quality or complexity?

Well, there is a depth to the thing . . . I've written some nice love songs though, ballads — the word ballad again conjures up Barry Manilow or Jack Jones.

What would be embarrassing to you about being compared to Jack Jones?

Well, there's the schmaltz side of it which I

CONTINUES PAGE 36

FAME IS A PAIN

TRUE GREG

Night Nurse . . . only you alone can quench dis ya thirst . . .

WATCH HERMAN NOW. It doesn't take any superhuman degree of insight to tell that the man is starting to worry a little bit. Herman is tour manager for Gregory Isaacs, employed by The Cool Ruler's manager Don Taylor, operating out of Miami.

Herman, a big overstuffed man with a neat pompadour and the air of affable caution that seems to come with the job, operates on American time. Gregory Isaacs and his accompanists Roots Radics are operating on Jamaican time. A certain amount of conflict is therefore inevitable.

This is the afternoon of the first night of Gregory Isaacs' three-night stand at The Venue. In ten minutes the musicians are due to depart for the gig to commence their soundcheck. Outside, the afternoon is turning a greyer shade of blue and a punitive rain lashes Gloucester Road. Inside the luxurious service flat with its living room picked out in opulent chocolate and gold, Herman is drumming his fingers on the glass-topped table and working on the phone.

"Style is *where?* You don't know where Style *is?* Hey, *listen* . . ."

And if the temporary vanishment of the Radics' drummer isn't enough, Herman also has to deal with prising The Cool Ruler himself out of his lair to come and chat awhile. Isaacs is — according to his rep — not exactly Greg-arious with new people, and today he has showtime on his mind and is therefore lurking down the corridor.

Finally the conjunction of all the spheres is achieved. Style Scott once again manifests himself in Herman's universe, the Roots Radics are transported to Victoria to supervise the brewing of their special sound, and a tall thin locksman clutching a can of Coke and a packet of Rothmans slips into the room.

I hear you bin smoking cigarettes by the pound . . .

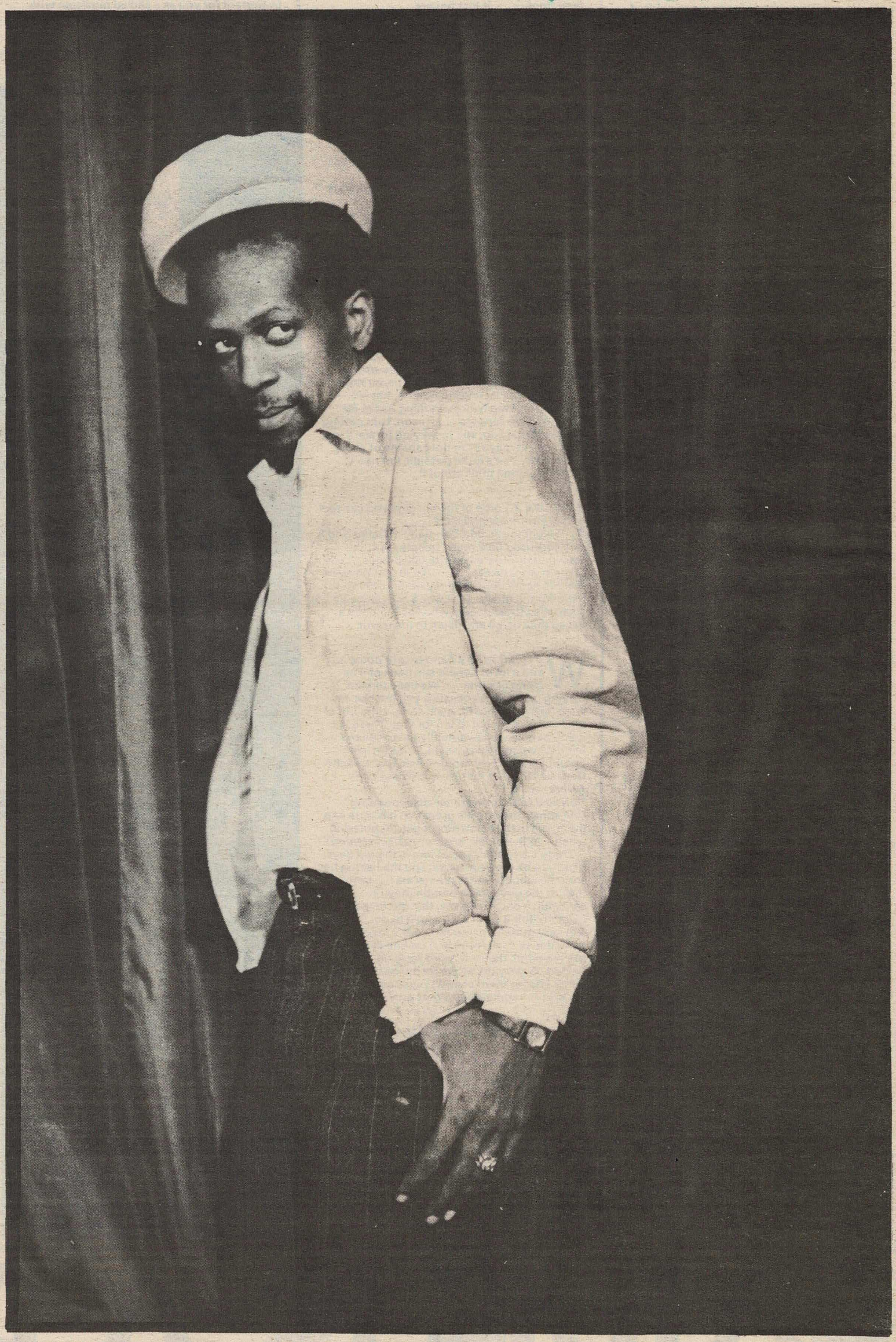
GREGORY ISAACS has many nicknames. Sometimes he's been known as Jah Tooth because the sweet, nagging pain in his voice digs in like toothache and it won't go away. Sometimes he's called the Cool Ruler because he completely eschews the messianic shamanism of other reggae men; no double-time skanking, no flailing of locks, no shouts and screams. Gregory Isaacs skanks lightly, sings sweetly. When the show is reaching a climax or a tune is at its crucial moment, he may grind his hips a couple of times, or maybe he will just put his head on one side, raise one arm and let it fall, thereby provoking an appreciative chorus of squeals from the young laydeez.

Now they call him The Godfather Of Cool, a term that suggests the kind of weight, power and solidity that men like Marvin Gaye and James Brown have in their particular spheres of influence. This suggestion is by no means inappropriate, since Gregory Isaacs is reggae's premier singer of love songs and — by extension — one of the finest balladeers alive. Supporters of Dennis Brown (and Isaacs himself supports Dennis Brown) will point to their man's pre-eminence in the reggae charts, where he always has at least two tunes on at least two labels, but Isaacs remains I-preme.

And — of course — he's also known as The Lonely Lover, but it would be a serious mistake to write him off as a mere dreadlocked Johnny Mathis. His current album 'Night Nurse' on Island displays him dressed way past the nines, togged out in a superb cream suit and hat and enough personalised cold trinkets to sink an LA pimp, but check back through the files and you find some very different album covers depicting a young sufferer in cut-off jeans, spliff in one hand and bible in the other.

Like Bob Marley and Bunny Wailer, Isaacs was — and presumably still is — able to conceive a unified vision in which the classic love songs can blend with the militant tunes. Isaacs' catalogue includes tunes like 'Mr Cop', 'Black A Kill Black', 'Rasta Business', 'Slave Master', 'Handcuff', 'Slave Market' and 'Black Liberation Struggle', but these days he's happy to sing for the lovers.

On still another level, he has maintained control of his own career almost right from the start, producing himself in between stints working with producers like Lee Perry, Niney and Sly'n Robbie. As a producer, he's also been responsible for 'Slum', a fairly crucial dub album just reissued by CSA Records, and for giving Big Youth his first studio break. He sold out two nights at the Venue so fast that a



Mr. Isaacs, London 1982

INTERVIEW: CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

PHOTOGRAPHY: PENNIE SMITH

third went in instantaneously; he could probably have jammed the place solid for well over a week. His records mash up the reggae chart with monotonous regularity; the same number of records sold in chart shops would probably result in respectably sized national hits. However, chart pollsters never check black shops, which means that the dread(ed) crossover becomes necessary for Gregory Isaacs to impinge upon a different set of consciousnesses.

I don't wanna be lonely tonight . . . but I would rather be lonely than live a dirty life.

THE GREGORY Isaacs who enters the room and lopes over to the sofa does not seem particularly cool; the over-riding impression is one of nervousness and of not wanting to spend the next 40 minutes being interviewed. His replies and responses are brief and to the point, reluctant to vault off into realms of flamboyant discursiveness.

He wears a sweater and slacks, his features impassive and bonily elegant beneath the tied-back locks. I ask him about the ever-increasing proportion of love songs in his repertoire.

"From time to time I like to sing a lot of love songs. Sing about a lot of other things too, but so far is love songs which really gather my interest."

Periodically the love song comes under attack as reactionary from militant like Michael Rose . . .

"Weeeeellll . . . they have them people want show them murder system an' t'ing . . . but I don't hear it. We never come to argument about that, because I sing songs on a universal basis. I sing certain amount a militant, and even the love songs are militant also . . ."

And your militant songs are very loving.

"True!"

Isaacs' music has always had a far more positive and accommodating attitude to women than is customary in reggae music.

"Yeah! Justice, y'know? Everybody need and deserve justice out deh,y' understand? The way I check it, man come from the womb of a woman and woman must be respect, y'understand? True. Behind every good man in life is a woman — true — and that's why I sing a lot of love songs. Man must be a *lover* . . . and so they're day to day everyday songs. I sing songs that will make people happy."

Yeah true, but surely your choice of songs does more than merely reflect the market; it must reflect *you* as well, must be more than just what you think will sell.

"True . . . well for the people I sight myself like a messenger. I get message from the father and deliver it to the people."

And if I don't get my desire, I will set the plantations on fire, my temperature is getting much higher . . .

LIKE MOST Jamaican musicians, Gregory Isaacs professes a complete lack of faith in the ability of politicians to change the circumstances of the people for the better. However, he notes positive changes in Jamaica despite the accession of ClAga's right-wing regime.

"Plenty of people in my surrounding are realising themselves more an' more," he says. I tell him how much I want to visit Jamaica and he chuckles — "Yes, take the trip man" — but then I get tangled up in all my white liberal STUFF about holidays in other people's misery.

"But y'see God create the *world,*" he replies. "He create the whole wide world, he create England, America, Jamaica, all dem t'ing the same. Your father create you an' he create the world for you to go anywhere."

This internationalism informs many aspects of Isaacs' life. "I listen to classical music, to soul music . . . I listen to music on a world-wide basis. Soca? Yes man, all dem t'ing. Toasting is a form of works, deejay business, sing the riddim and find words. I like Lui Lepke an' Yellowman . . . some of the songs."

Isaacs has just completed a lengthy and successful US tour. How does he feel about America?

"We just done a lotta shows deh . . I feel irie about it, man, I travel a lot, go to a lot of countries, but most of the time I don't go out much. I stay alone. I like to have time to concentrate. I like to be with people too, but there are times for concentration, to write . . ."

Isaacs sights 'Love Is Overdue' and 'My Only Lover' as his favourites from his repertoire, and acknowledges the solidity of his relationship with Roots Radics. "I found that band, y'know? True. Organised 'em together, got 'em together, is a *good band,* man. Flabba Holt (bass player) and Bingy Bunny (rhythm guitar) came first. Me and Flabba grew up together."

Who were your favourites before Roots Radics?

"Sly an' Robbie! I *love* working with them, an' could happen that we will work together again."

Isaacs admires Sly and Robbie's more *outre* work with Grace Jones, but doesn't consider that it has practical applications for him. "I sing strictly roots reggae," he says firmly, "but I see advancement in reggae, true. Forward, true."

White bands using reggae ideas?

"Dem sound good, true . . . but *I* represent reggae."

How did you find The Clash when you gigged with them in the States?

"Arright . . . I met a couple of them. They showed respect."

How does Gregory Isaacs see the future of reggae music?

"More and more international with each day that go by, true. I see signs of improvement."

British reggae bands like Aswad and Steel Pulse?

"Dem *nice.* Nice, nice, *nice!* Yes man! Dem just good, man, dem just great, I find naw fault in dem. Can I tell is not Jamaican? Not all the time, but it's usually the mixing. I like to hear a song mix the proper way. There is a technique in mixing a song, some song mix lighter than other. It depends on the producer . . . but Jamaican reggae is *heavy.* British reggae is arright . . . like in Jamaica, some heavy an' some is light.

"Who is my favourite producer? To producer *me? I* like to produce me, but Sly an' Robbie are good producers. I like to produce any good artist man, *any* good artist. The best I have produce is Dennis Brown, an old friend. We go back years, years, *years* . . . donkey years, man."

Would you like to work with him again?

"Would be a pleasure, man. We love an' respect each other, true. He is a *nice* singer, man, seen? He is one of *my* artists, man, one of my personal artists. I love 'im a lot."

What next for Gregory Isaacs as an artist? What's the dream, the goal?

"To uplift the people both mentally an physically, y'know? I like see everyone live as one. I personally don't want to lose communication with the people. I love the people an' I represent John Public, y'understand? True . . ."

Out of all the places where Isaacs has been thus far, where has he felt most at home?

He grins and sinks further into the sofa. "I am at home everywhere, man. I make myself at home. My father has created the whole world for me. True . . ."

I heard you say to me you wanna be my number one . . .

IN A packed room, Roots Radics file on stage and hit the downbeat. Instantly, the room is changed. Their sound isn't the heavy heavy pressure sound that Sly and Robbie create for Black Uhuru, but something very different. It is cool and sticky, heavy and sweet and the room goes, "Aaaahhhhhhh" and everybody seems to breathe out. The Radics are by no means innovators in the way that Sly and Robbie or the Barrett Brothers are, but their sound is pure and dense and satisfying. Bingy Bunny sings his current solo single and then they launch into an elegant little overture, a medley of great Gregory intros before The Man steps on the stage.

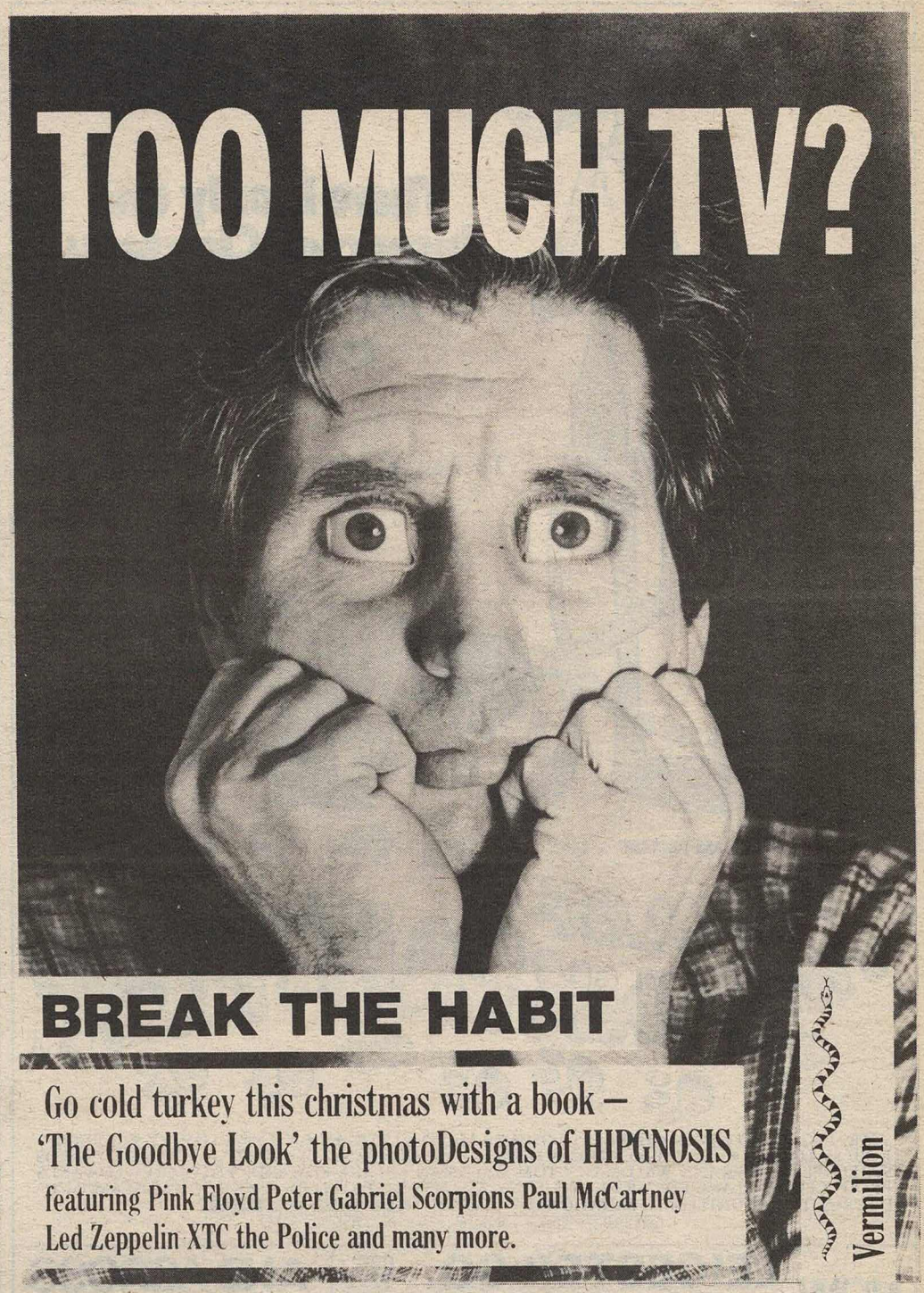
Now *this* is The Cool Ruler incarnate. Our interview had ended with Gregory begging off to wash his hair for the night's show and signing off with an effusive handshake that belied his verbal curtness. Just as the door was about to swing to behind him, his foot jammed into the gap and one hand scrabbled frantically in his pocket. "Me keys . . . where me keys dem?" he asked, a note of real panic entering his voice. The keys found, he finally allowed the door to close behind him, secure in the knowledge that he could get back in.

But here on stage, his demeanour is extra classic, simultaneously shy and pleased with himself. He is wearing the ice cream suit from the album cover, a shirt with bold black and silver diagonal stripes and his locks crammed into a broad-brimmed pimp hat that matches the suit. He completes his third encore with that heart-string tugging voice caressing the lines, *"I don't wanna be lonely tonight . . . but I would rather be lonely than live a dirty life."*

He carefully places the microphone onto the stage and skanks off, as a girl from the front row hauls herself onto the stage and trots off in his wake.

It's almost enough to make you forget the rather unfortunate choice of a sickly green spotlight to shine on him when he sang 'Night Nurse.'

Gregory Isaacs cools down the pace and reveals what it means to be a member of the ruling class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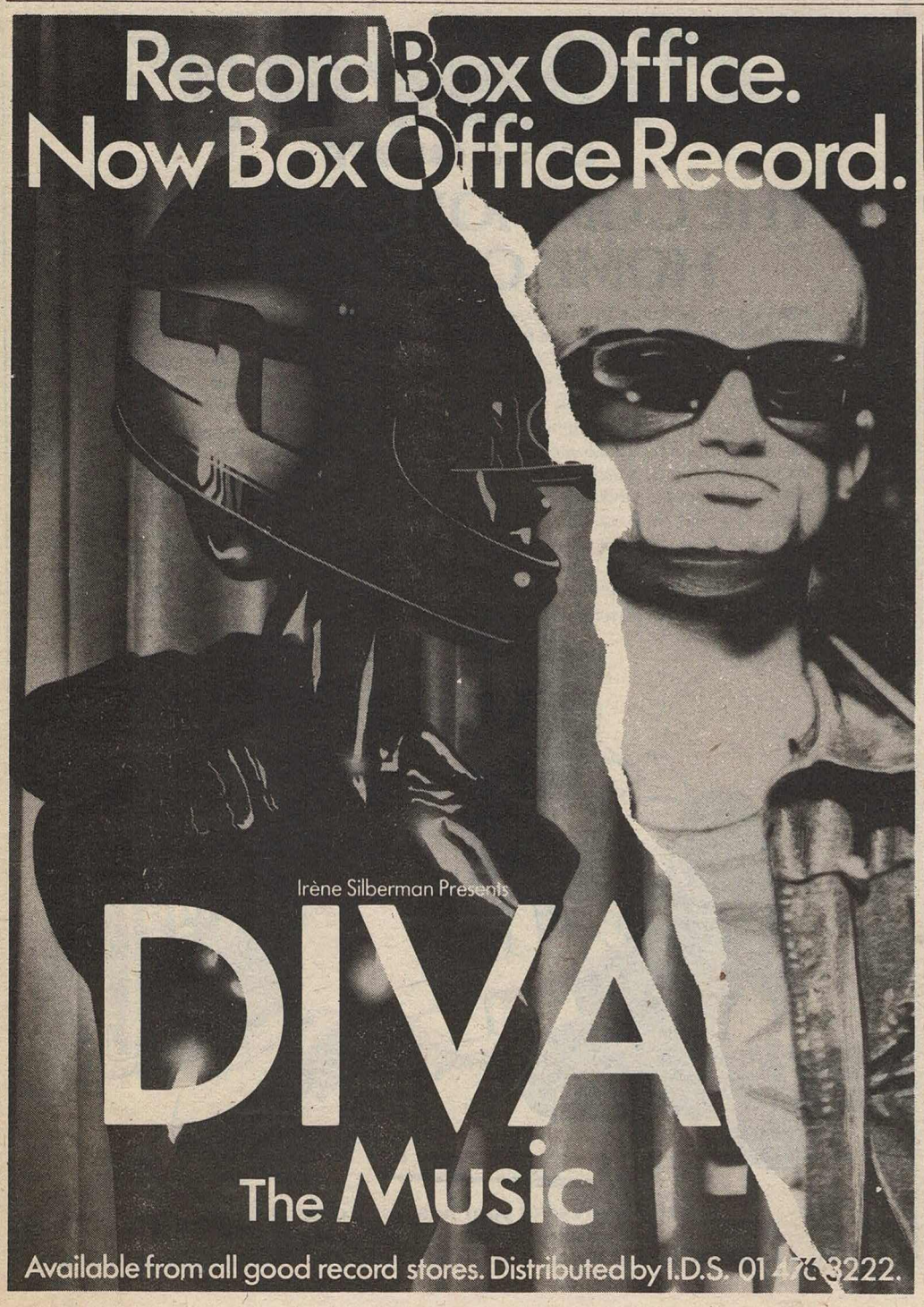

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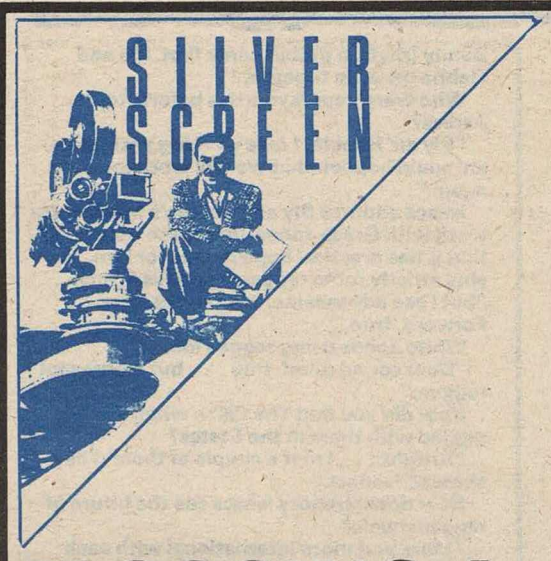


FLOGGING A DEAD PANTHER

The Trail Of The Pink Panther

Directed by Blake Edwards Starring Peter Sellers, Joanna Lumley, David Niven, Herbert Lom (UIP)

WHEN PETER Sellers died in 1980 it seemed that his alter ego and classic caricature of bumbling incompetence, the hapless Inspector Clouseau, was destined for the dust-sheeted hall of memories to which all the best screen heroes retreat in time. His genius was crystallised in five feature films spanning 14 years — from *The Pink Panther* and *A Shot In The Dark* in '64, through *The Return Of The Pink Panther* and *The Pink Panther Strikes Again* in '75 and '76 respectively, to *The Revenge Of The Pink Panther* in '78.

The release of *The Trail Of The Pink Panther* and next summer's *Curse Of The Pink Panther* will therefore take many people by surprise. Shot simultaneously at Pinewood Studios, both films consist of snippets of unused footage from the previous pictures pieced together with fresh performances from other, mainly past Panther, characters.

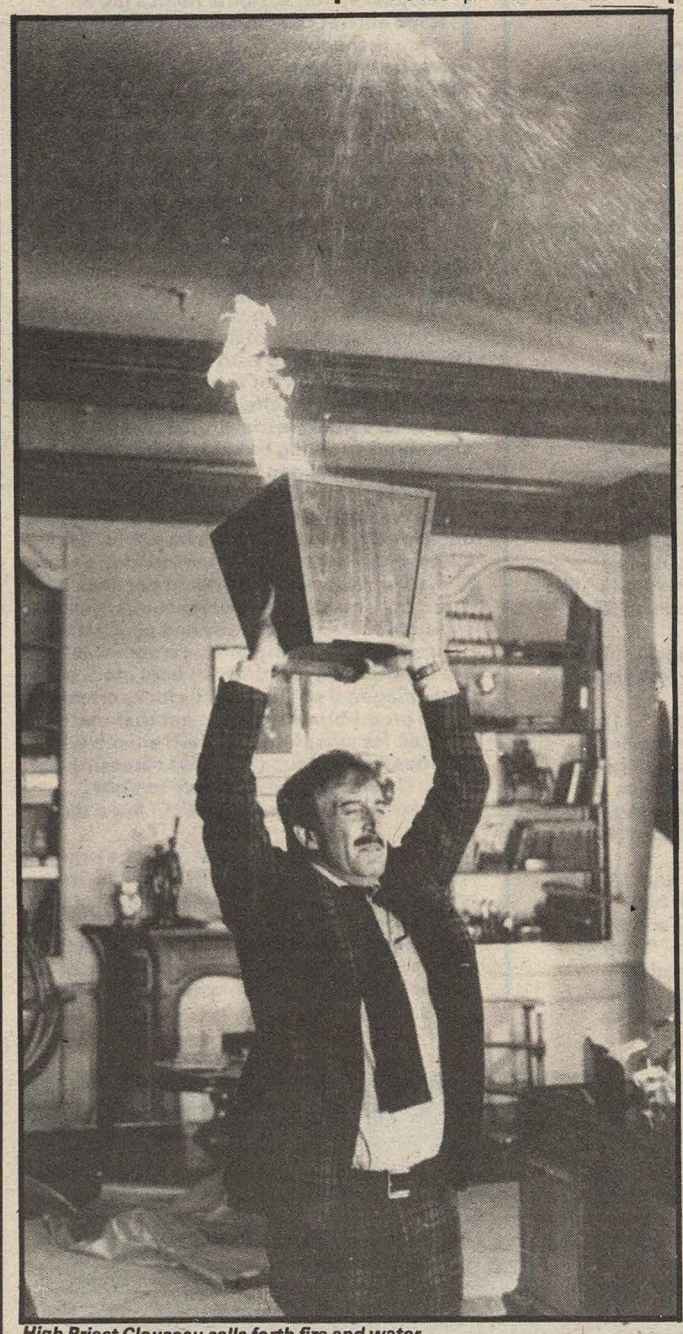
The film starts off in much the same way as its predecessors. The Pink Panther diamond is stolen from Lugash and Clouseau is called in by the President to investigate the theft. He stops over at London to make enquiries, then leaves for Lugash, unaware that the President has since decided the insurance money is a more attractive prospect than the return of the diamond. With a hint of a plot against Clouseau hovering in the air, his disappearance comes as no surprise. A French TV reporter, Marie Jouvet (Joanna Lumley) appears on the scene to investigate Clouseau's disappearance, a course of action which leads to her interviewing his past associates, who recall him via flashbacks both to the skimpier of the unused shots and to actual clips from previous Panthers.

The first part of the film features the best of the unused footage. The hilarious opening scene in Auguste Ball's disguise outfitter's evaporates any initial apprehension, and dispels fears of the film being a *total* rehash job. The office and Dreyfus / psychoanalyst scenes that follow, though obvious variations on similar scenes from other Panthers, still retain enough humour to see them through, though Edwards may not have been so lucky with anyone less than Sellers shouldering the responsibility.

It's about halfway through that the seams really start to show. Clouseau's disappearance is evident as the end of the *bona fide* story and the beginning of some frantic, and admittedly, clever, stitchwork. The role of Marie Jouvet as interviewer is apparently meant to justify airing of shots which would otherwise be impossible to coax into the storyline. She serves as a backbone for the entire second half of the film, her talks with Clouseau's comrades being little more than a feeble excuse for nostalgic reruns of classic scenes from the previous films. These shots introduce an unnecessary sentimentality that evokes the atmosphere of a lame tribute — reverence only cheapens the memory of a legend.

Edwards tries in vain to perk up the proceedings with the last of the unused footage, succeeding only in the introduction of a tottering Clouseau senior, since the rest of the surfacing remains seep *deja vu;* an obvious example being the blueprint for the "follow that car" gag, here the driver taking off in an empty cab where in the original he'd run off on foot. It is this step beyond moulding story around available footage — already a gamble — to an insistence on stretching old material as far as possible that causes the final topple from skilled craft to sharp opportunism. Thankfully there's enough classic comedy to pull it through. Next year's sequel may not be so lucky.

Leyla Sanai



High Priest Clouseau calls forth fire and water

First Blood

Directed by Ted Kotcheff

Starring Sylvester Stallone, Brian Dennehy and Richard Crenna (EMI)

FINDING Sylvester Stallone suitable parts outside Rocky is proving a tough task, but in *First Blood* it seems that his real if restricted talents are at last given a sensible milieu.

In fact, the craft that's gone into it makes the film a model demonstration of lifting potboiler material into a modest and pleasing success. We've had enough post-Vietnam soul-searching to have sated the most Calvinist of American consciences by now, and the premise here sounds depressingly familiar; ex-Green Beret vet John Rambo is mussed up by obnoxious small town cops back home, snaps his leash on private citizen equilibrium and wages a savage one-man act of guerilla vengeance on town and sheriff.

As if to trick expectation, the story doesn't so much dwell on isolated anguish as explode into primordial violence. A handful of flickering flashbacks are enough to turn Rambo's trained mind on his oppressors, and they in turn — led by the bloated figure of Sheriff Will Teasle, excellently played by Brian Dennehy as a hard man totally without sympathy — respond with blunt, obsessive aggression. Except Rambo's good enough to take them all out if he wants.

Ted Kotcheff is a minor talent but an interesting one. His direction fashions a breathlessly fast and

Sylvester Springsteen searches for The Boss

ROCKY ROLE

iron-hard amalgam of *Chato's Land, Southern Comfort* and *High Plains Drifter* out of a script that cunningly confines Stallone to being a characterless tornado of action and for portraiture prefers glimpses of little league bigotry. Regrettably, it also finds room for a father confessor figure in the shape of Rambo's old service commander, a jarring humanist sop in a narrative of crazed vindictiveness. It inevitably leads to a climax of almost surreal violence being capped by an epilogue of full-blown (if genuinely felt) bathos.

Best to disregard that discordant note and observe the more subtle uses the backwoods imagery is put to, hinting at a once-removed grunt scenario that ripples more tellingly than any extended soliloquy on the cost of war. Stallone is fine and never out of his depth: those lapdog eyes have never looked so cold. In the two levels here, straight forearm action picture and simplistic but expertly honed suggestion of the haunting of war, the movie comes close to centre-target.

Richard Cook

ON THE BOX

Thursday December 16

Best Boy (Ira Wohl 1979). Did you see *Did You See* Saturday night? If so, did you make any sense of *Guardian* film critic Derek Malcolm's tirade against documentaries that carry commentaries? Words, he suggested, somehow render the image suspect, because through them the film-maker attempts to manipulate the viewer's reception of the material. Nonsense! The very process of selection and editing of footage decides how the film is to be received long before any words are added. A commentary simply makes the film-maker's position clearer. Film-making must be a subjective process — I'm far more suspicious of anything making claims to objectivity. Anyway, I digress. Ira Wohl's *Best Boy* — about his 52-year-old retarded cousin — is an object lesson in personal film-making. Personable without being sentimental, it records small heartrending events in the 'boy's'' life without trivialising or tampering with them. **(Channel 4)**

Friday December 17

Excuse Me, Is It Here They Beat Up People? (Marek Piwowski 1976). Here being somewhere in Poland, the answer — we are led to assume — is yes. Whatever, Polish crime movies are genrally of a sufficiently high quality, their line of inquiry going deeper than the case at hand, for me to blindly suggest you take a look. **(BBC2)**

Saturday December 18

Cry Of The City (Robert Siodmak 1948). Victor Matures into a tough cop, Richard Conte into the copkiller he gives chase to. Hackneyed though the storyline might be, it is a thriller executed with some considerable style — the style being *film noir. Film noir,* for those who don't understand French, is the mood brought to the brutal and seamy recesses of the American criminal mind by German expressionist emigres such as Siodmak, in this case, and Fritz Lang. **(C4)**

The Ghost Breakers (George Marshall 1940). Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard establishing an early bridgehead in Cuba to prepare the way for Castro and his revolutionairies. Es funny, yes? **(BBC2)**

Sunday December 19

Hollywood Cowboy (Howard Zieff 1975). Pleasantly nostalgic comedy about early Hollywood, featuring Jeff "Gee ain't it great to be alive" Bridges as a naive western writer and Alan Arkin as a neurotic, nothing director. Talking of which, what has Zieff been up to since? **(BBC2)**

The Weavers — Wasn't That A Time (James Brown 1981). The surprise hit of 1981's London Film Festival was this straightforward recorded set of reminiscences from the American folk group whose hits, such as 'Goodnight Irene' and 'Tzena Tzena', were judged subversive by McCarthyite America. It climaxes with a surprisingly unembarrassing reunion concert at Carnegie Hall in 1980 — shortly before their gabbiest, funniest member Lee Hays died. **(C4)**

The Conductor (Andrze Wajda 1979). John Gielgud stars as the internationally famous conductor who returns to his native Poland, bringing with him a distinctly western perspective. **(C4)**

Monday December 20

Buster Keaton season: As if in response to those critics who've decided Channel 4 has no sense of fun, the station is launching a festival of Keaton shorts, culminating with the full length *The Navigator* and *Seven Chances* over Christmas. It opens tonight with *The Electric House,* followed by *Paleface* (tomorrow) and *The Playhouse* (Wednesday). **(C4)**

Tuesday December 21

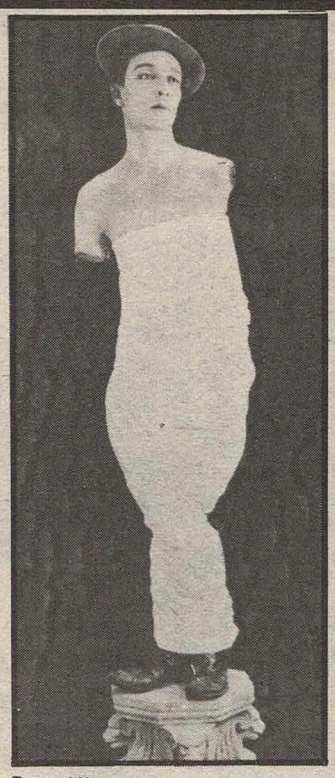
French Connection 11 (John Frankenheimer 1975). Poppies for Popeye Doyle. One of the many intense sequences in Frankenheimer's superior follow through to a stunning first round features Gene Hackman, as the foulmouthed cop agonising through addiction and withdrawal in the space of days — all in the name of duty, of course. **(BBC1)**

Alice's Restaurant (Arthur Penn 1969). Arlo Guthrie's slight ballad blown up to *Zeitgeist* proportions. Nevertheless, it speaks better for its time than *Woodstock.* (C4)

Wednesday December 22

Experience Preferred But Not Essential (Peter Duffell 1982). David Puttnam produced — his second for Channel 4 on the theme of First Love — though that is not necessarily any recommendation. **(C4)**

Chris Bohn



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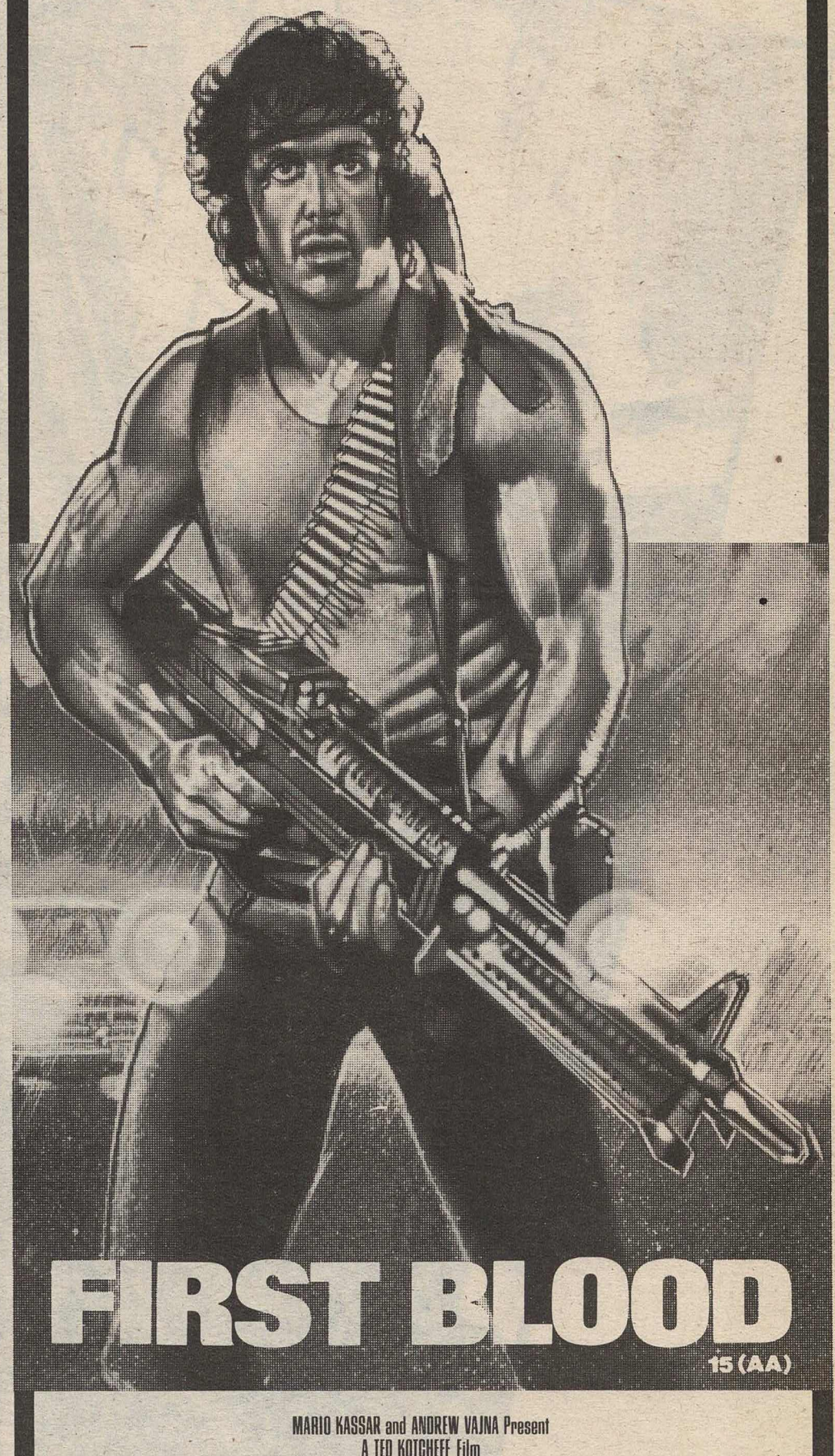
This time he's fighting for his life.



FIRST BLOOD
15 (AA)

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A TED KOTCHEFF Film
SYLVESTER STALLONE FIRST BLOOD RICHARD CRENNA
Starring BRIAN DENNEHY · Music by JERRY GOLDSMITH · Director of Photography ANDREW LASZLO
Executive Producers MARIO KASSAR and ANDREW VAJNA · Co-Executive Producer HERB NANAS
Produced by BUZZ FEITSHANS · Screenplay by MICHAEL KOZOLL & WILLIAM SACKHEIM and SYLVESTER STALLONE
Based on novel by DAVID MORRELL · Directed by TED KOTCHEFF DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES
Song "IT'S A LONG ROAD", Music by JERRY GOLDSMITH, Sung by DAN HILL, Lyrics by HAL SHAPER
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FROM

Donna Summer, once the siren of the G-spot, has grown up to become a wholesome American woman with a religious conscience. Now she's searching for a new musical baby . . .

INTERVIEW: BARNEY HOSKYNS PHOTOS: PETER ANDERSON

"He's okay
He's paid his rent, he's president
She's all right
She's on your TV screen tonight"

DONNA SUMMER hates Hollywood but tonight she's sitting in its very TV heart.

She's on *The Merv Griffin Show*, the mid-evening parley session hosted since before you were in diapers by the prime-time personification of homely, silver-haired slickness. Out of all America's TV personalities, only

SEX GODDESS TO BAD GIRL TO AMERICAN SUPERWOMAN

Donna on The Merv Griffin Show

Johnny Carson has asked more celebrities more meaningless questions than Merv.

There's an hour to go till taping time, and in her dressing room, making-up from an enormous bag of tubes and pencils, Donna Summer is cursing the trappings of womanhood. Somewhere inside there's still a tetchy Boston tomboy; you can feel the petulance in her sharp, nasal voice. There's no Bel-Air languor, no heavy-lidded resignation to the lifeless ritual that awaits.

If Hollywood is the last intact American community, Summer hasn't settled in. For her, stardom is just a job.

In an adjoining room sit a manager, a mother, a baby and a bodyguard. Baby fails to observe the thin line that divides family from showbiz and tries to bust her way into the dressing-room; Donna's mom, a short, sagacious lady wrapped in a well-to-do ball of matronly plumage, keeps the infant in check.

On this side of the line, Summer slaps some more rouge into her cheekbones.

"This whole business is such a drag for women," she sighs. "A man can jump in the shower, wash his hair, and he's ready. For a woman, the preparation takes *hours*. Sometimes, y'know, I really *hate* being a woman."

STRANGE SENTIMENTS, you might think, from a woman whose career has run an entire gamut of feminine images from goddess to prostitute to the current nouveau American superwoman. Is the maternal Donna Summer her own girl at last?

"Well, I just want people to know me as I am. I don't want to portray any false images as a person. I don't think there are many sex symbols left — I hope people have a more realistic opinion of me now. It's important that they know that stars, in a worldly sense, have a very important role in life, and it's a big responsibility to other people to conduct yourself in an appropriate way, so that other people who become successful don't think you're supposed to act in a certain way.

"I think that when rock groups act violent or nasty or negative to other people, I don't condone it. It's no good to shun any kind of people, even when they get on your nerves."

THROUGH OLD lip-gloss, Summer's new worldly sense speaks loud, but has anything really changed for the better? Julie Burchill says "few things are such bets chartwise as a Bible-bashing black" but actually 'Donna Summer' isn't doing particularly well. Burchill advises Prince to haul his ass over to Summer's songwriter — but which one of the album's credited 17 does she mean?

Sex may not shock, but if truth is to be told, the last thing Donna sold was that hot Moroder stuff on Sunset Strip.

The fact that Britain has taken 'State Of Independence' to its heart doesn't in itself alter the obvious fact: that the extraordinary pneumatic icon created and patented in a German laboratory — a trans-American goddess of the computer age — has been reduced to a clothes-horse. Style has become a front.

In conjunction with God, inc, Quincy Jones and the Hollywood all-stars have pulled down Moroder's subliminal statue of liberty and given you — Donna Summer, A Woman. Like her transatlantic inversion Grace Jones, the former siren of the G-spot is just . . . living her life.

All very well, you might say. That Bad Girl riff was degrading, exploitative trash. It turned up some awful good sounds though, didn't it? I mean, like a whole world better than this set. You see, with Moroder and Bellote and Faltermeyer, Summer was part of a team and a perfect concept: *techno-sleaze*. Shove the ethics for a moment: it worked. More, it was one of the great moments of American history!

With Jones and Temperton, on the other hand (and as many Porcaros as you can fit in one studio), Donna Summer is just another *artiste* on another nobodaddy's books. 'Donna Summer' is the album where "the woman" steps out of her shell like Venus reborn from a recording console.

Mind, you could see it coming. 'The Wanderer' was an obvious if bizarre transition stage (a high fashion tramp waiting for the train to arrive), and Geffen scrapped a further Moroder-produced album that no one wants to talk about . . . but to give Donna Summer a once-over Diana Ross job, to make a tasteful superstar record even more brazen than 'Diana', that's nothing short of criminal waste.

Musically, 'Donna Summer' is another case of picking up on the swings what you lose on the roundabouts. A party bag of jarring, overdone tricks. If you don't like her rocking out with Springsteen (US Bonds meets Boney M), try her off-the-wall ('In Control'); or should you fail to appreciate the meticulous Donna-goes-'40s gloss of 'Lush Life', there's always the full-blown Hare Krishna Hollywood of 'State'.

Folks, there's sommat for everyone, but nothing for someone that worships the lost goddess of 'Once Upon A Time' and swims yet in the rapturous ethereal straits of 'Now I Need You' or 'Working The Midnight Shift'. For the bereft and abandoned, the only consolation is the late Patrick Cowley's 16-minute *'mega-mix'* of 'I Feel Love' — discreetly slipped out by Casablanca in a British-only release and clearly pointed at the flourishing meat market of Earl's Court.

ENOUGH OF PERSONAL grievances. Let's talk. As it happens, I don't get enough time to press my case with the lady herself. It would have taken a very gentle build up to argue that the hooker of 'Bad Girls' was a more liberated object of our attention than the chic Barby doll of 'Donna Summer'. Especially with a born-again Christian. So instead, I imagined to myself that I was reporting for *People* magazine.

Considering Giorgio Moroder replaced unpredictable humans with programmable machines, was it easier working with him or with Quincy?

"It was much easier working with Giorgio, for sure, because I kinda grew up with him and Pete (Bellote), and to make the transition to a new producer is very hard. It's like starting all over again, learning to walk again, learning what to say and what not to say."

Did you feel comfortable with all the songs, say 'Lush Life', which struck me as a little forced?

"That particular song was real hard. It broke my chops trying to sing it, only because you really have to try to complement the backing without making it something that it's not. I had never sung, nor personally heard the song before, so it became a real labour of love.

"As a matter of fact, Quincy produced that album with almost no help from me — which is unlike me, but at the time I was pregnant, so it's really more his album."

It doesn't surprise me. Did *you* invite the heavenly choir of Michael Jackson, Kenny Loggins, Dyan Cannon, et al?

"Um. No, Quincy did. When Quincy calls, people drop what they're doing."

'Lush Life' is a pretty cynical song, isn't it? *"Romance is mush, stifling those who strive / I'll live a lush life in some swell dive / And there I'll rot with the rest / Of those whose lives are lonely too . . ."* A lot of Americans today are lush — how many are just plain lonely? Or does love always find them in the end?

"I think generally an awful lot of people are confused about what love is. They're not able to give love because they've never really known it. What they consider love is sex, possessiveness, and juvenile infatuations that don't last very long.

"When I speak of love, I mean love as in 1 Corinthians, 13, which tells you exactly what love is and what it is not. Even now I'm reconstructing my point of view of love. People fight and kill each other in the name of love, and that's wrong. Love doesn't do these things, so they're not love. They're bitterness, they're hatred, they're anxiety."

Do you really believe what you sing in 'Livin' In America', that it's a country *"of the people, for the people, and by the people"*?

"That's not what I believe it is, but what it should be. What I believe is we have to go back to the beginning. We shouldn't lose faith because we are the people who can change it. We have the power and we should use it."

But when you sing *"You know the time will come / For each and everyone"*, you know that's not true . . .

"It's symbolic when I say that. Whether it's black or Chinese or Mexican their time will come and they're going to have to focus on that problem and deal with it — unlike, say, Germany, where if they don't like a certain kind of people they just get rid of them."

Woah! Talking of Germany, do you think the fabled Euro-disco sound was as innovative as most people seem to?

"I think in its time, yeah, it was very different, and I'm thankful that I was the person it was designed for. But I don't look back, I look forward, and what I'm searching desperately for now is a baby in music, a new musical baby, as if I was pregnant and waiting for the birth of a child."

What do you think of 'Once Upon A Time', in my humble opinion your incontestable masterpiece?

"You're one of the first people to have said that, but I think that was structurally the best album I've ever recorded."

Were you disappointed by the reception and sales of 'The Wanderer'?

"In my opinion the album did great, because prior to 'The Wanderer' album I had always gone out on the road with every album. I'd always been there pushing the record on TV and radio.

" 'The Wanderer' had no publicity of any kind, not in America at least, and I wasn't even there to give people a new image. As far as image went, it was a blank. It was riding on whatever momentum had been set for two years, plus I was in a law suit here and having babies there."

So you didn't feel like you were out in the cold?

"No, because you can't always do business. Sometimes your life becomes your life. For a couple a years I was playing real life!"

What's it like being a mom?

"Well, it's kinda confusing, it's hectic, but I still wish I'd started having kids earlier."

How do you protect your privacy?

"I find the older I get, the longer I've been successful, the easier it becomes. I guess because I feel more comfortable with *it*, people feel more comfortable with *me*. I have a bodyguard who lives with me, but he's more for my children. When I go out, I go out alone."

Does being the mother of three children mean you won't be performing live?

"I don't know. Right now I'm trying to recuperate from the last baby, and I try not to project forward more than a month at a time. If I was just a normal person who didn't have other worldly concerns, maybe it wouldn't be so bad."

Do you enjoy performing live?

"Oh, it's the best. It's instant reward — or instant disapproval."

Do you like LA?

"Nope. Not at all. I'd love to live in the country, by a lake someplace, where I could ride horses or just be away from it all."

Would you say you were a good businesswoman?

"My manager says, yes!"

Is your life isolated? How many close friends would you say you had?

"I have a lot of people that I love, but they're more like my family. Is my life isolated? Oh yes, there's certainly not a lot of freedom. You have to be careful what you say, and even if somebody's nasty to you, you have to be *exceptionally nice* to them. When you assume a role, you have to continue to portray something that you may not be, so as soon as you feel a person is watching, no matter who it is, you have to be acting that role out.

"But I think my manager would tell you that I'm pretty much the same person at home as when I'm out. I may have more make-up on, but . . . hey, don't I seem like a natural person to you?!?"

BEFORE I CAN plead ignorance of the meaning of the word "natural", there's an abrupt knock at the door. It's Nellie, her personal assistant, shouldering her way in and calling time in a curious Eliza Doolittle half way to refinement English accent. She informs Donna that Merv is waiting.

Two minutes later, on camera, Griffin blands out with a chat-show query to end 'em all.

"Tell me, Donna, is it true that every recording star needs an image?"

Openly grimacing at the banality of this question, Summer stalls, but quickly she composes herself to meet its bold challenge.

"Well, Merv, even a tomato has an image."

Donna Summer is no ordinary tomato, but her current phase lacks the necessary fatal glamour, perhaps even a certain subtle vulgarity. With her extra-curricular activities as a mother taking up so much time, nothing is coming from Donna herself. Perhaps the *musical* baby is a reunion with Giorgio Moroder.

As it says in Corinthians, *"when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away"*.

Mother and child

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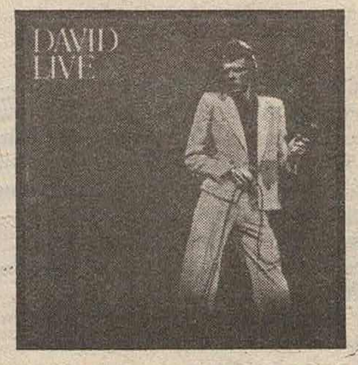

I O N S

Bowie

THE ALBUMS

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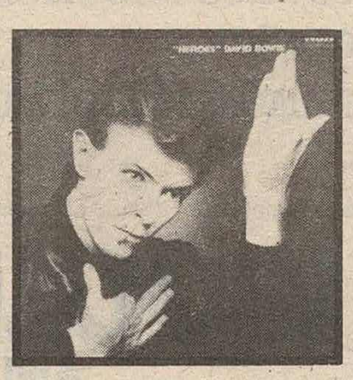

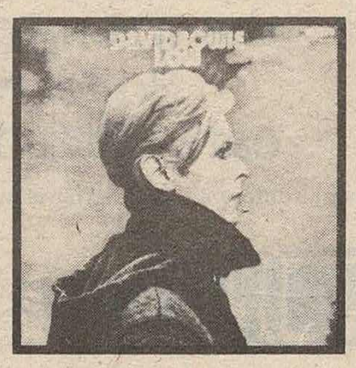

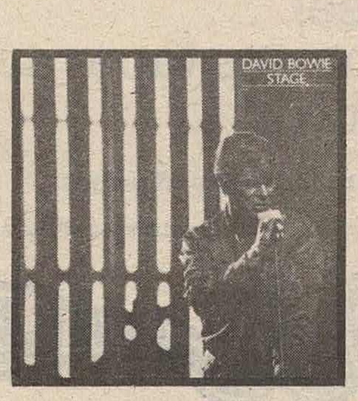

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AMERICAN CHART-BEAT

FOREIGNER

Records (Atlantic)

PART OF the problem in assimilating the modest but genuine crack in the chops which new American hard rock can deliver is environmental. Until you've actually heard the seismic KO of Loverboy or Billy Squier beating out of an FM wavelength in freeway transit it's hard to connect to the appeal.

It's easier if you're prepared to recognise the pop strain inside. The strength of US hard rock is its streamlined steel bullet-compressed into the wincingly tight, instant attention format of battlestar guitars and glittering keyboard grids, an armoured and screaming bastard of rock with a secret chart-beat in its core comes off the belt. Phoney and greedy, it can sound great — and it does on most of 'Records', the compilation of the arguable field -leaders, Foreigner.

When Mick Jones cobbled the group together from various Anglo-American stragglers in 1977, the chief option seemed to be to grind out corpulent boogie music in the post-Zeppelin manner; instead, Foreigner suddenly remembered pop music. 'Cold As Ice' and 'Feels Like The First Time' were brilliantly orchestrated assaults on the three-minute single: the chilling use of vocal parts as soulless doppelgangers to the guitar blam-blam sluiced metal conventions inside out, like a turpentine mouthwash.

'Dirty White Boy' took this chrome precision even further — the standard heavy two-chord strut, normally a mark of obese pomposity, slimmed into a delirious avalanche of supple electric strings overridden by Lou Gramm's rampaging vocal bravado. Gramm has the perfect voice for this music: ruthlessly massive in range without ascending to the operatic joke, nastily coarse without falling to the parodic leer.

Of course, these Conans have feet of clay, and they can't resist melting away their misogyny for 'Waiting For A Girl Like You', which would be hopelessly soppy if it weren't for the curious tinselly allure of the electronic surround. Foreigner aren't fools, as it happens. On 'Urgent' they show how they've been listening to the other pop musics orbiting their own dark realm — and how they can fuse bleep and beat as intelligently as many of their peers.

Truthfully, Foreigner struggle to keep it up. Their albums sag under an inconsistency of judgement that makes them digestible only as singles makers, but it's enough — this imitation of thick-ear muscle is a side of the dumbness of pop which shouldn't be forgotten. If you listen to the words you might start to wonder, for it *is* grim nonsense in its way — yet all I finally hear is the superbly rationalised energy, the crazed metal seizure. And on 'Juke Box Hero' I hear them sending themselves up — at least, I *think* they are. It helps if you've a sense of humour.

On the closing live rendition of 'Hot Blooded', a palpably demented Gramm incites a ranted singalong with a panache I can't fault. *"WE GOT THE AMPS — BUT YOU GOT THE NUMBERS!"* Well, how can I argue with that? File beside the Abba and Madness compilations for a three-ring circus of pop music.

Richard Cook

Lou Gramm *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

LEMON KITTENS

The Big Dentist (Illuminated)

I SUSPECT that the latest instalment in the career of Danielle Dax and Karl Blake aims to mine that seam of twilight consciousness 'twixt waking and sleep — its musical shapes are muted and vague, as if seen through gauze. Or else it's a mind-numbingly inane melange of shamateurisms presented with a studied evasiveness so as to give the illusion of depth.

To this end they employ forms and devices used to far greater effect by such diverse voices as Eno, Ivor Cutler, Annette Peacock and Robert Wyatt. This vocabulary, debased and invalidated by The Lemon Kittens, includes a subdued and melancholy piano sound; subliminal guitar noodlings; voices either intoning lyrics of unparalleled pseudery, or else abstractly rising and falling in the wash; random reeds, percussion, synths and so on.

Gestures deprived of meaning, they amount to merely a litany of trite and portentous whimsicalities.

If this album serves any useful purpose, it should be to remind would-be Bohemians of the embarrassing consequences of giving art a capital F. Hot air and a bad smell.

Mat Snow

VARIOUS ARTISTS

American Youth Report (Bomp International)

THIS cross-section of the current LA hardcore punk scene presents 16 bands of varying abilities and local status. Depressingly, it reveals the same ghetto mentality as now paralyses British punk.

Over the last few years groups and following have sprung up, chicken and egg style, to form a coherent hardcore underground, which is closely bound by a strict and unadventurous orthodoxy. That orthodoxy reproduces the British ramalamadolequeue rock morass of '76/'77.

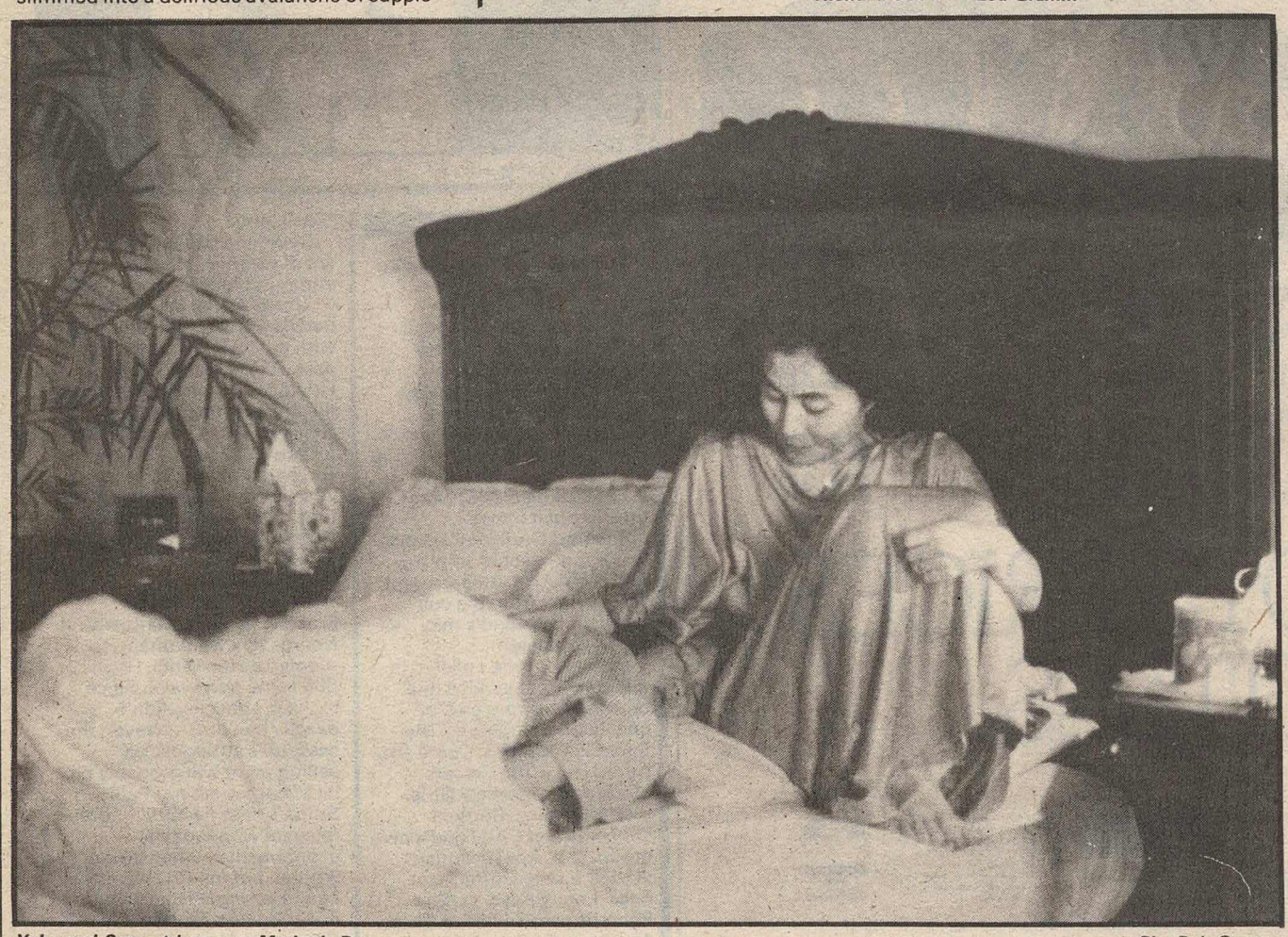
In the UK, it was soon realised that bands have either to experiment and diversify, or else become repetitive priests of an elite religion where the correct performance of the ritual replaces the meaningful expression of its original spirit.

But in LA convention grips tight, and precious few have broken out. Black Flag's 'Damage' is one of the only successful products of Los Angeles' hardcore. A poor show for a movement no longer in its first youth.

I still look forward to hearing more from Social Distortion, 45 Grave and 100 Flowers, who all featured on the 'Hell Comes To Your House' compilation, but the efforts on 'American Youth Report' are less encouraging.

Only six out of 16 are worth a second listen. Best are Minutemen's 'Working Men Are Pissed', Legal Weapon's 'Pow Pow' and Lost Cause's 'Born Dead'. A further two cheers for Rhino 39, Channel 3 and Red Kross. The others have a long way to go.

Mat Snow



Yoko and Sean at home on Mother's Day *Pic: Bob Gruen*

A FINE INTELLIGENCE

YOKO ONO

It's Alright (I See Rainbows) (Polydor)

THE OPTIMISTIC second side of this LP contains some of the most consummately melodic music I hear all year.

And even where some regret successfully counters this same spirit of positive uplifting as engenders much of the Lennons' recorded work during their years together on the album's opening tracks, still is there something benevolent and hopeful in the *mantra chori* of Yoko Ono's songs, a fine intelligence is at work here.

Take the opening 'My Man', lyrically trite and indifferently read by the singer, yet with the most catchy concrete hook saying simply *"babalubabalubabalu, I love you"*; or 'Never Say Goodbye', which follows, a karmic rebus with an imaginative lyric, which Ono remarks with apparent disregard and then partially redeems on the title chorus.

'Spec Of Dust' is interesting for its reference to her late husband — who's depicted as a ghost in Central Park on the album's cover — and poses the tuneful question *"why do I miss you so if you're just a spec of dust floating endlessly amongst the billion stars?"*

The remaining two tracks, 'Loneliness' and 'Tomorrow May Never Come' — the first an untidy bash and the other a further karmic homily — are more ordinary.

Side two, as I say, is beautiful. It opens with 'It's Alright', a song as joyous as any '60s expression of hope or Bob Marley singalong, follows with the gentle reggae 'Wake Up' *("the sky is up telling today is the first day of the rest of your life")* and climaxes with the LP's outstanding track, another tune in which the ghost of John Lennon is abroad, a brief gospel chant with overtones of 'Swing Low' entitled 'Let The Tears Dry', claiming *"the trees will grow where you laid your tears/river will flow, river will flow where you rest your fears."*

'Dream Love' provides a mellow interlude and the closing 'I See Rainbows' is once again marred by some clumsy reading of its lyric.

Interspersed throughout the set are a variety of effects, some of which work and others irritate, including an impressive but unnerving aural assault at the close of 'Never Say Goodbye'.

Penny Reel

ALEX CHILTON

Live in London (Aura)

ALEX CHILTON is the former lead guitarist of the Box Tops (whose 'The Letter' hit in 1967, paving the way for successful covers by the likes of Joe Cocker) and founder of '71-'74's acclaimed big star.

These 14 solo tracks somehow slapped down during an evening's engagement at Dingwalls in 1980 of weird, entirely wretched noises are obviously aimed at his longtime cult following.

Among this following is critic Max Bell, whose *NME* Live review has been appropriated as liner notes, yet which serves also as some indication of the further damage a patchy performance was accorded by this recording.

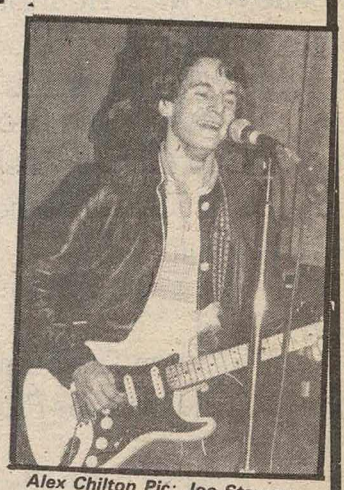
Fans are also warned that those sitting in (the Soft Boys' rhythm section as was; 'additional guitarist' Knox) seem able to coalesce only on three numbers: 'Rock Hard', Jimmy Newman's 'Alligator Man' — a great idea for the Cramps' repertoire — and Johnny Burnette's 'Train Kept A Rollin'.

The latter, like all the listenable moments on this platterful of squeaks, squeals, plods and arbitrary endings, simply brings home how the attitudinal links between punk and rockabilly have once and for-now-anyway been co-opted by The Cramps, meaning anybody else whose current stuff reflects this better find something else to call their own.

Chilton comes across here as coarse, simplistic, and entirely soulless (a particular must to avoid is his selfconscious rendition of 'The Letter', which sounds as if the singer is advertising sandpaper on late-night TV by exercising it against his larynx).

Rolling, dumb, thump'n'hump bar fare in short — all too typical of one's worst Dingwalls memories. Maybe you had to be there; but not with a tape recorder.

Cynthia Rose



Alex Chilton Pic: Joe Stevens

THE GLADIATORS

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LOVERS IN CONTROL

GREGORY ISAACS

Lovers' Rock (Pre)

ABOVE ALL, Gregory Isaacs is a man who *knows* how to wear a hat. Round-brimmed, tilted high, circling the crown like a halo. But the man has other talents, and those are extraordinary as well.

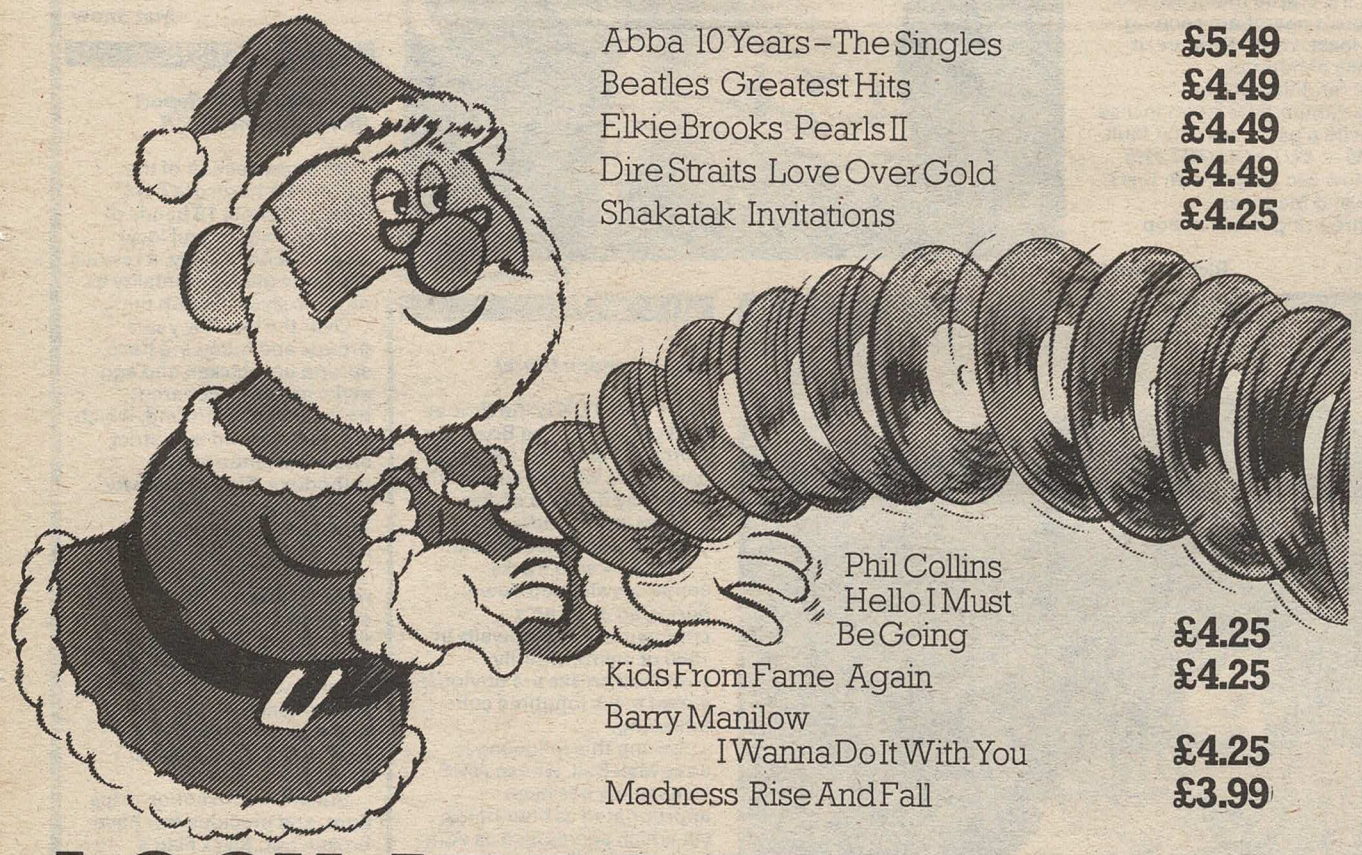
Notably, Gregory Isaacs has one of the truly special voices — a lilting, lovely sound to tug at the heart and melt ice-cream at 20 paces. His career has crossed several years and as many labels, but the present collection is an attractive sampling, even if it doesn't represent his absolute peak. This, in fact, is a double LP, and it comprises a re-issue of the two albums he cut for Charisma's Pre outlet: 'The Lonely Lover' in 1980, and 'More Gregory' in 1981.

Reggae is Isaacs' field, of course — more specifically that melodic, lighter style called Lovers Rock — but his appeal has potential to move a much wider audience. A smooth and soothing soul sound, his music is romantic rather than militant, suffused with a sly and sexual tenderness. Universal moods. The Cool Ruler's singing manipulates your emotions with delicate craft and perfect precision.

Now all this wouldn't count for nearly so much, were it not for the fact that Gregory can write so beautifully too. This compilation, for instance, contains no shortage of memorable tunes, matched with lyrics of astute simplicity: again, all guaranteed to cut a path, straight and true, to the doors of the hardest heart.

Paul Du Noyer

Gregory, getting ahead — *Pic: Arnold Williams/LFI*



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So much more for Christmas

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Great New York Singles Scene (ROIR)

THIS ADDITION to the cult side of the ROIR cassette catalogue represents a two-year labour of love by Tom Goodkind, current proprietor of the Peppermint Lounge in New York. Figuring that "by '79 or '80 that NY scene had died and it was time to put it to bed", enthusiast Goodkind set out to compile a set of suitably representative underground singles/hits from the cult faves of the island's mid-'70s music explosion.

Consultants he enlisted in this consumer service (the tape features rare and/or unavailable singles by The Speedies, Mumps, Come-On, Nervus Rex, The Erasers, Marbles, Theoretical Girls, Model Citizens, Student Teachers and Goodkind's own group, U.S. Ape) included WNEW's Meg Griffin, 'Doc Rock' Lenny Kaye, ex-Sire Records prez Seymour Stein, and Terry Ork.

All of the bands on the roster have now broken up (and one single, the John Cale-produced 'Animal Instincts' by The Model Citizens, was never even released). But at the end of '77 and beginning of '78, when most of 'em were alive and scrambling, *New York Rocker's* Readers Poll noted that 720 readers replied 'yes' when asked 'Are you basically happy?' — as opposed to a mere 260 'nos'.

Part of the reason may be heard on this smooth-running set. For Britons it's a pleasant — if somewhat posthumous — exposure to the likes of Disneyland (contemporary with and similar to early Devo), the charms of Erasers' vocalist Susan Springfield, the pure pop harmonies in Nervus Rex's 'Don't Look', or the parody of scene-making architected by The Marbles' 'Red Lights'.

Goodkind has provided a set of copious, precise demographics for each band — which will let you in on details if you aren't familiar with the finer points of this past. (Television's Richard Lloyd, for instance, produced the Erasers' track; here's Glenn Branca immortalised for posterity as the Theoretical Girl he once was; Mumps vocalist Lance Loud was at the time a hot contender for the *New York Rocker* Readers Poll award for 'Sexiest Person in the New Wave').

Circa '77 and '78, the Erasers, Mumps, Marbles and Nervus Rex were often mooted as the White Hopes of that same new wave. Since those prophecies didn't exactly pan out, however, the cassette's strongest UK selling point will probably be its 3 'star' numbers: Patti Smith's 'Piss Factory' (more relevant with today's economy than when it was written, but my God! does she sound *young)* Richard Hell's never-beaten 'Blank Generation' (which will achieve new importance when *Smithereens* justly makes Mr Myers a movie star), and three-minutes-43-seconds of Television's 'Little Johnny Jewel' as remixed by Verlaine himself last spring.

Past or present, excellent stuff arranged in presentable running order. And this tape's only the beginning; you can expect a "Peter Max-style" photo-poster by Roberta Bayley (featuring portrait shots of '74-'79's stars), a complementary videocassette compilation incorporating plenty of rare old footage, and even a book — comprised of interviews with folks like Stein, Ork, and Lenny Kaye.

Further info from: Reachout Int'l, Suite 215, 611 Broadway, New York, New York 10012 USA (Tape $10 which includes air postage).

Cynthia Rose

ECCENTRIC UPPER CUTS

Special remixed early Associates snap *Pic: David Corio*

THE ASSOCIATES

The Affectionate Punch (Fiction)

BACK IN 1980, when 'The Affectionate Punch' was first released, it was a bold and brilliant opening flare, with its molten mix of film theme atmospherics and quick-silver sensuality.

In retrospect, though, especially in the light of the series of 12 inchers released between it and the superior 'Sulk' LP, it took on a distinctly muted hue — seeming sunk in hopelessly hazy arrangements when compared to the cataclysm of the likes of 'Kitchen Person'. Hence this album, part re-recorded and totally remixed in the summer of this year, and standing, for the moment at least, as the last collaboration between Mackenzie and Rankine.

Whether this escapade was undertaken due to a nagging perfectionism or a momentary lack of forward inspiration I don't know, but having heard the final result I am convinced that it was a valid exercise. Far from being the repackaged, vaguely-fiddled-with 'creation' we've come to expect from remixes, this is a radical reinterpretation. Mackenzie and Rankine have painstakingly polished hitherto hidden aspects of the previous work to a dazzling sheen and the results are breathtaking.

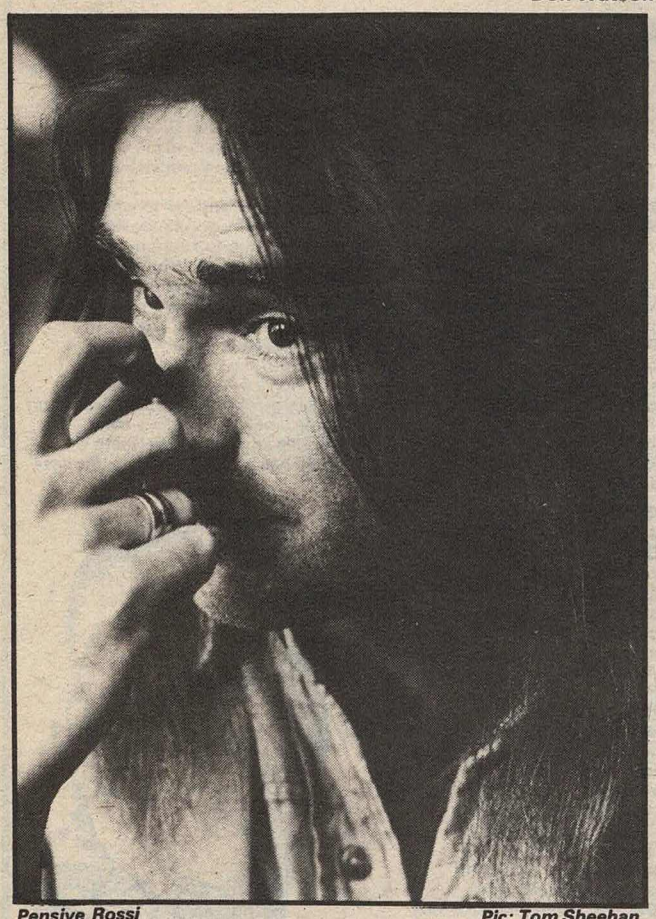
'Amused as Always', which previously loped along in a likeable manner, now leaps out of the speakers with a manic enthusiasm, with Mackenzie's surrealistic scream harnessing far more energy than before in an hilarious assault on the boundaries of the song. The title track hits home with more punch and less affection; 'Paper House' is more edgy, wild and unpredictable; 'Deeply Concerned' soars more than simpers and 'Bounced Back' resonates more resoundingly with the destructive humour that The Associates were all too rarely given credit for.

The sole disappointment is the rework of 'A Matter Of Gender', not because it fails to surpass the original, but because it fails to scale the devastating heights of the definitive version (now sadly consigned to the John Peel session archives). Elsewhere, though, each song achieves an unparalleled level of eccentricity and imagination, the dark musical humour leaping far more clearly from the highly visual soundscapes.

Such an essential reworking leads us to pose the inevitable question: What happened to the spirit of The Associates? Especially after Mackenzie's failure to whippet up the charts with the B-Movie surrealism of his solo swirl 'Ice Cream Factory'.

This album is an intriguing rewrite of the past, but I'm waiting for someone to rewrite the future. Billy? Alan? Are you out there?

Don Watson



Pensive Rossi *Pic: Tom Sheehan*

STATUS QUO

From The Makers Of . . . (Vertigo)

I SAW Status Quo when I was 13, and I had a great time. Later the same week I purchased a copy of their 'Hello' LP. This turned out to be a poor investment. It was a laugh for a fortnight, but I finally concluded that here we had a very uninteresting group indeed. Sadly, I can only draw the same conclusion from the contents of 'FTFO'.

Still, since the package makes great play of bio-facts and statistics, let us react in kind. There are two ways of purchasing it. You can buy it in a cardboard box, or in a round, PIL-style canister painted blue. Not only the "definitive collection" but perhaps also the definitive hubcaps. Inside there are three long-playing records and a lot of information and pictures. Two of the records contain chronologically arranged hit singles and popular LP tracks, beginning with 'Pictures Of Matchstickmen'. The third presents extracts from the famous recent concert at the National Exhibition Centre, viewed of course by HRH Mammoth Lugholes Himself.

All this speaks for itself, but there are a couple of points. Firstly, Status Quo are *not* entirely formulaic. There's been that handful of awful ballads, and these days acoustic guitars are seeping into the formerly robust boogie. May I add that 'Down The Dustpipe' is pretty good, as is the guitar bit on 'Accident Prone'. Further, Status Quo should be recognised as the ultimate pop group, and not considered harmful in any way.

Dave Hill

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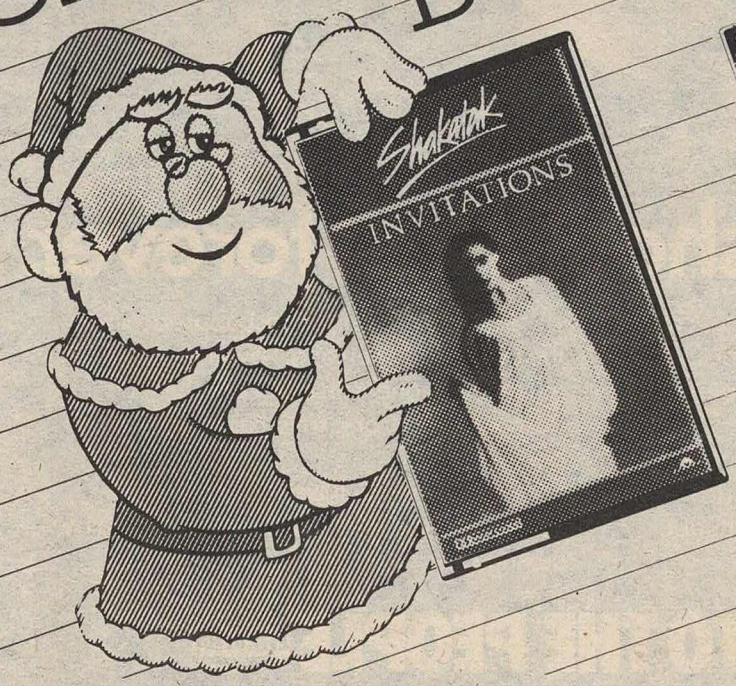

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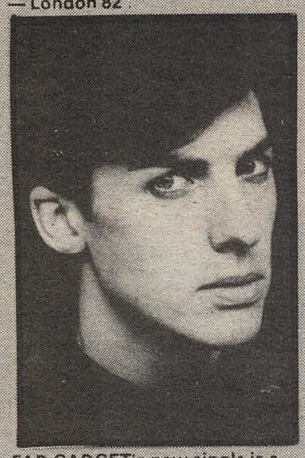
So much more for Christmas

TANGERINE DREAM have a live album rushed out by Virgin this week, recorded at London's Dominion Theatre during their UK tour last month. It features the new composition they unveiled during that tour, titled 'Logos (Parts 1 & 2)', and it occupies both sides of the record. Full title of the LP is 'Logos — Live At The Dominion — London 82'.



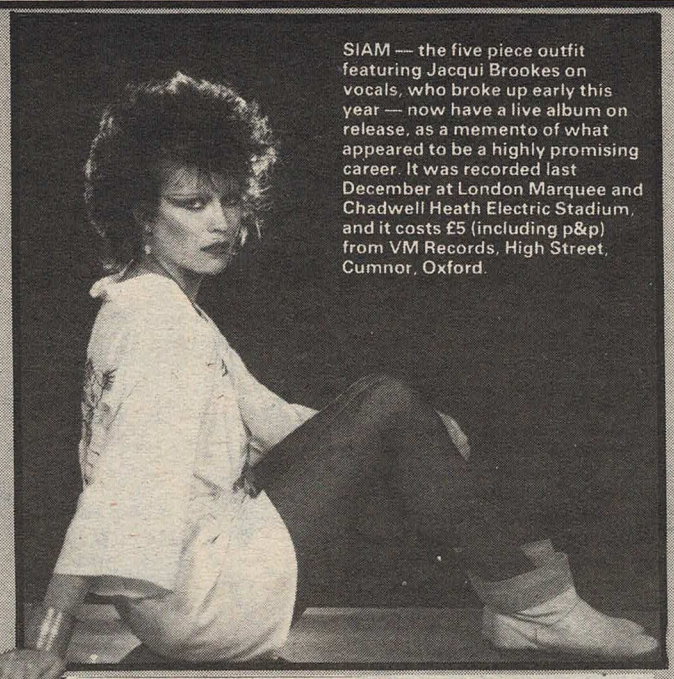
FAD GADGET's new single is a remixed and re-edited version of 'For Whom The Bells Toll', coupled with 'Love Parasite', and it's released by Mute Records on December 28. Newly confirmed to support Depeche Mode in a London Christmas show next week (see *Tour News*), Fad will also be playing a few headliners from late January onwards — details to follow soon.

ROD STEWART's current 'Absolutely Live' album contains many of the items featured in his TV special *Rod Stewart Live At The Los Angeles Forum*, to be fully networked by ITV on Sunday, December 26, at 10.30pm. It was filmed last December, and includes guest appearances by Tina Turner and Kim Carnes.

KOOL & THE GANG have their album 'Kool Kutz' available this month, and there's a new studio album from THE SWEET called 'Identity Crisis'. They're both on IMS, the import branch of Polygram — as are 'The Best Of Atlanta Rhythm Section', 'The Best Of Julie Driscoll', and the first UK release of the ten-year-old 'Lonesome Crow' by THE SCORPIONS.

HARRY SIMEONE CHORALE, who had the original hit version of 'Little Drummer Boy' in 1959 (which was co-written by Simeone), have now re-recorded it.

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN's 1974 hit 'I Honestly Love You' is reissued by EMI in remixed form next Monday (20), available in both 7" and 12" editions. This is because it provides the climax of her own hour-long TV special, to be screened by BBC-1 on December 21. The B-side of the single is a live 7½-minute version of 'Physical'. Incidentally, Olivia can also be seen on BBC-1 co-starring with John Travolta in the film *Grease* on December 28.



SIAM — the five piece outfit featuring Jacqui Brookes on vocals, who broke up early this year — now have a live album on release, as a memento of what appeared to be a highly promising career. It was recorded last December at London Marquee and Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium, and it costs £5 (including p&p) from VM Records, High Street, Cumnor, Oxford.

Record News

DIRE STRAITS reissue their 'Sultans Of Swing' hit to coincide with their current UK tour, this time in a limited edition 12-inch format, with a colour sleeve featuring the front cover painting from the band's debut album. The B-side has two tracks — an otherwise unavailable live version of 'Eastbound Train', plus 'Southbound Again' from the 'Dire Straits' LP. It's available through Phonogram.

THE MARINE GIRLS will have a double A-sided single released by Cherry Red in January, featuring 'Don't Come Back' and 'You Must Be Mad'. It was produced by Stuart Moxham, formerly of Young Marble Giants, now of The Gist.

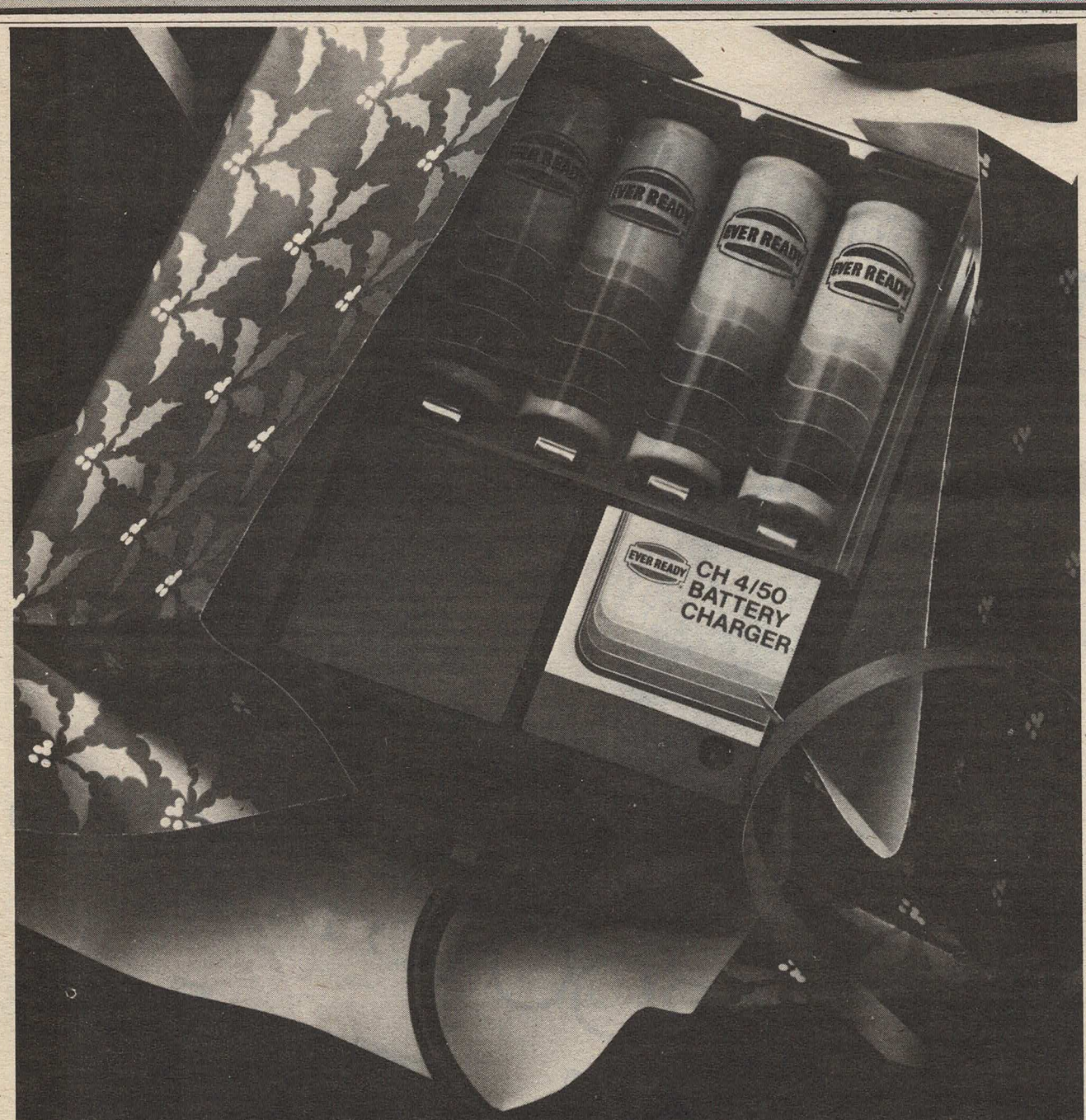
JOHN COUGAR follows his recent hit 'Jack & Diane' with a double A-side single, for release by Riva Records on January 7. The tracks are 'Hand To Hold On To' and 'Hurts So Good', and it's already a Top Thirty hit in the States, where his previous two singles have reached No. 1.

SPEAR OF DESTINY, who now half-own Burning Rome Records with their manager Terry Razor as the other partner, have signed to CBS — and it's via this outlet that we can expect their debut album, the recording of which caused the postponement of their autumn tour.

THE TWINKLE BROTHERS release their first-ever dub album this weekend, a ten-track set titled 'Dub Massacre'. Out at the same time is a 12-inch single coupling 'Everybody Needs Somebody' and 'More Dub'. Both releases are on the Twinkles label, through Jet Star and Ruff Lion.

KISS bring out a special three-track 12-incher on the Casablanca label (through Phonogram), featuring a Dark Side and a Bright Side. The two titles on the former are 'Killer' and 'Love It Loud', while the "brighter" offering on the coupling is 'I Was Made For Lovin' You'.

BOBBY M is a saxist and flautist who was previously with the Maynard Ferguson Band, and who now has a solo album released titled 'Blow . . . Rick James Presents . . .' Despite this title, the LP is not produced by Rick James, though he did discover the artist and designed the album cover. The most significant aspect of this release is that it marks the introduction into the UK of the near-legendary Gordy label, 20 years after it was formed in the States — and upcoming releases will feature the likes of The Temptations, Rick James, High Inergy and The Stone City Band. The label is named after Motown's founder Berry Gordy, and is available through Motown.



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POWER TO THE PEOPLE EVER READY

Pink Floyd's final cuts?

EMI RECORDS whet the appetite for the coming year with news of some of their upcoming big-name albums. For instance, **Paul McCartney**'s new studio set — with contributions from Michael Jackson, Ringo Starr and Eric Stewart — is scheduled for April release. **Pink Floyd** are currently working on 'The Final Cut' *(a significant title maybe?)* for tentative spring release, and **The Rolling Stones** are busy recording a new studio album in France for summer release. **Classix Nouveaux** interrupt their world travels to record an L P in the New Year — and there are spring albums due from **John Miles** and **Don McLean**. More imminent is the 20-track compilation 'The Very Best Of Cilla Black', to be issued on January 17.

A BUNCH OF CHERRY REDS

CHERRY RED have scheduled three worthwhile albums for the beginning of January — 'North Marine Drive' by **Ben Watt** (who is Tracey Thorn's partner in the group Everything But The Girl), 'Beautiful Extremes Et Cetera' by **Kevin Coyne** and 'Cantame Esa Cancion Que Dice Yeah, Yeah, Yeah' by **Five Or Six** — this latter being the band's second LP, which was recorded mainly in Barcelona and Seville, hence the Spanish flavour of the title.

● There's been some controversy in the Press recently as to whether disc-jockeys should make records — normally they don't play them on their own shows, but they usually receive over-the-top support from their colleagues, arguably giving them an unfair advantage. Which means you'll probably be hearing quite of lot of the re-working of the Chris Montez hit 'Let's Dance' by **The Rockolas,** featuring Radio 1's **Mike Read.** It's on Loose End Records, through MCA, and it's out this week.

● Shanghai Records (through Spartan) release the album 'Robot Woman 2' by **Mother Gong,** the second part of the trilogy launched earlier this year — it features Gilli Smyth, Harry Williamson, Guy Evans and Didier Malherbe, and it comes with a large double-sized poster telling the story as a strip cartoon. From the same label comes a five-track mini-LP by **Daevid Allen,** running 20 minutes and titled 'The Death Of Rock And Other Entrances' — and this also has a large poster, in this case drawn by Allen himself.

● With the film *Camelot* due to be screened by most ITV regions on December 30, Warner Brothers are re-launching the original soundtrack album. The movie stars **Richard Harris** (who is also currently appearing in the London stage production at the Victoria Apollo), **Vanessa Redgrave, Franco Nero** and **David Hemmings.**

● **Danny & The NoGoodniks,** whose zany stage show has been making quite an impression around the London circuit, have their first single released by Chrysalis this weekend — it is 'Bike' coupled with the instrumental 'Spaghetti'. The group will be occupying most of BBC-2's *Riverside* show next Monday (20).

● **Dambala** are a six-piece group of African and Jamaican musicians, who've been working extensively in Europe for some time. Their debut album 'Azania', recorded in Holland, is released this weekend on their own Dada Music label — with distribution via Rough Trade and Jet Star.

● Five-piece Leighton Buzzard band **KajaGooGoo,** who were recently signed by EMI, will have their debut single released via that outlet on January 10 in both 7" and 12" formats. It's called 'Too Shy', and a sequence devoted to the recording of the single can be seen in a new Channel 4 series on January 8.

SEETHING WELLS

● Two multi-track EPs released this weekend by Radical Wallpaper Records, distributed by Rough Trade and The Cartel, couldn't be more appropriately titled. They are 'The Rising Son Of Ranting Verse' by **Seething Wells & Little Brother** and 'Dub Ranting' by **Benjamin Zephaniah.**

● A ten-track cassette titled 'The Greatest Story Ever Told' by **God's Gift** is now available at £1.95 (including p&p) — from Terminal Music, 28 Church Lane, Prestwick, Manchester M25 5AJ.

● 'Ghosts Of Christmas Past (Remake)' is this year's seasonal compilation from Crepuscule Records, distributed through Rough Trade. It features some old favourites, as well as several newcomers, and the line-up comprises **The Hillcrest Club** (aka The Rhythm Of Life Organisation), **Antena** (a trio from Paris who additionally perform on the LP with **Winston Tong**), **The French Impressionists, The Pale Fountains, Mikado, Paul Haig, Cabaret Voltaire, Aztec Camera, The Names** and **Tuxedomoon.**

● A dozen up-and-coming hard rock acts are featured on the compilation LP 'Heavy Metal Heroes Vol. 2', released this week by Midlands label Heavy Metal Records. They are **Lionheart, Jess Cox, Mantle-Swallow-Palmer, Overkill, Shiva, No Quarter, Twisted Ace, Witchfinder General, Persian Risk, Mendes Prey, No Faith** and **Pallas.**

NEWS

JACKSON JANUARY JOURNEY

JOE JACKSON — who has suddenly become a hot property in the States, where his album 'Night And Day' and single 'Steppin' Out' are both Top Ten smash hits — returns from his current American tour in the New Year to begin a four-week European schedule. This will open with three major UK concerts — at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (January 10), London Hammersmith Odeon (11) and Portsmouth Guildhall (14).

All three dates will feature a two-hour show by Jackson and his band, with no support act. Tickets are on sale now, priced £4.50 and £3.50 at Hammersmith, and £4 and £3 at the other two venues. As reported last week, he's expected to play further dates here in March.

Jackson will also be recording the original score he has written for the soundtrack of a new movie called *Mike's Murder*. It's being produced and directed by Jim Bridges, whose past credits include *Urban Cowboy* and *The China Syndrome*, and it's scheduled to be premiered in mid-1983.

and Joan's jaunt — in full

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the early spring tour by Joan Armatrading, plans for which — including details of her two major London shows — were revealed exclusively by *NME* last week. As reported, the UK leg is part of a seven-month world tour, which will also take her to Europe, North America, Australia, Japan and the Far East. She is currently completing work on a new album, which will be released by A&M to coincide with her outing.

Her full British schedule comprises Southampton Gaumont (April 2), Brighton Centre (3), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (4), Oxford Apollo (5), London Wembley Arena (6 and 7), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (9), Manchester Apollo (11), Newcastle City Hall (13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Aberdeen Capitol (15), Edinburgh Usher Hall (16), Bristol Colston Hall (18), Cardiff St. David's Hall (19), Portsmouth Guildhall (21) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (22).

Tickets are available now, except at Bristol where the box-office opens on March 7. Postal application may be made for both Wembley and Birmingham to Joan Armatrading Box Office, P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — prices for both venues are £6.50 and £5.50, plus 30p per ticket booking fee (and enclose SAE). Readers should check at individual box-offices for prices elsewhere.

Stranglers addition

THE STRANGLERS, who begin their previously reported UK tour at the end of next month, have added a second show at Birmingham Odeon due to heavy demand — it's on Thursday, February 3, and tickets are available immediately. With their debut single for Epic Records 'European Female'/'Savage Breast' already set for Christmas Eve release, it's now confirmed that their new album 'Feline' will be issued on January 14.

STILL MORE 1983 PLANS

IRON MAIDEN go into the studio early in the New Year, to start work on a new album with producer Martin Birch. It's due out in the spring, and the band will be touring the UK to coincide with its release.

KRAFTWERK have spent almost a year working on their new album, and now it's virtually completed with release scheduled for early spring. They'll be promoting it at that time by way of a string of UK concerts.

SCORPIONS are also returning to Britain, though their visit isn't due until late summer. They'll also have a new album out to coincide — in their case, the follow-up to their successful 'Blackout' LP.

CLIFF RICHARD's five-week season at London Victoria Apollo next autumn, revealed by *NME* last week, will be part of an extensive British tour. We're told it will be a very special tour, celebrating his 25th anniversary in the business.

SHEENA EASTON's tour plans have been the subject of many enquiries received at *NME's* offices — and we can now tell you that she will be undertaking a lengthy tour here but, owing to overseas and recording commitments, not until next autumn.

Wembley's C&W bash for Easter

THE ANNUAL Country Music Festival is being staged for the 15th year at London Wembley Arena over the Easter period, and promoter Mervyn Conn this week announces the main list of artists taking part. The 1983 event reverts to three days, after extending to four days for the last couple of years, which means that Good Friday is now excluded.

All the acts are American, but this time there's no room for the more contemporary or up-beat artists (like Emmylou Harris and Jerry Lee Lewis), as Conn maintains that the bulk of the Wembley audience consists of C&W purists. Highlights include a Grand Ole Opry and Bluegrass day (Saturday); the reunion of Tammy Wynnette and George Jones, following the latter's collaboration with Elvis Costello (Sunday); the return of The Burrito Bros (Sunday). The schedule is:

SATURDAY, APRIL 2: Roy Acuff, Hank Snow, Porter Wagener, Roy Drusky, Bill Monroe, Jim & Jesse, The Dillards, Jeanne Pruett, Billy Walker, Connie Smith and Ronnie Prophet.

SUNDAY, 3: Tammy Wynette, George Jones, John D. Loudermilk, Tom Gribbin, Tompall & The Glaser Brothers, Narvel Felts, Sylvia, Lee Greenwood and Linda Cassidy.

MONDAY, 4: Boxcar Willie, Billie Jo Spears, Bobby Bare, Ed Bruce, Burrito Bros, Rattlesnake Annie, Leon Everette, Earl Thomas Conley and Margo Smith.

One-day tickets are £15.50, £13.50, £11.50 and £8.50; three-day tickets are £45, £39, £33 and £24. As usual, the show will be covered by BBC radio and TV, though Conn has had to drop his Silk Cut sponsorship as BBC-TV refused to be associated with cigarette advertising — even though it regularly covers John Player cricket matches! Conn will also be presenting condensed one-day versions of the festival in Sweden, Holland, Germany and Switzerland.

THE ENTRY OF THE GLADIATORS

THE GLADIATORS, whose upcoming UK visit was revealed by *NME* two weeks ago, open their tour at London Brixton Ritzy Cinema on December 23 — it's a show backed by Lambeth amenities for local youth groups, and tickets are just £1. They have a Christmas Eve special at Manchester Unity Hall, and on New Year's Eve they play Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall. Another new booking is at Luton Drill Hall on January 7 and, as already reported, the following night (8) they play London Kensington Commonwealth Institute with Michael Prophet.

Luther's Valentine

LUTHRER VANDROSS, one of the most influencial figures on the Amercian funk scene, comes to London to headline a St Valentine's Day concert (February 14) at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road — tickets are priced £5, £4.50 and £4, and they're on sale now at the box office and usual agencies.

ROMAN HOLLIDAY play a series of pre-Christmas dates, billed as their Turkey Breath Tour. They visit Ayr Flicks (tonight, Thursday), Glasgow Third Eye Centre (this Saturday), Falkirk Burns Bar (Sunday), London Islington Hope & Anchor (December 21), London Camden Palace (22), Nottingham The Asylum (23) and London Battersea Pavilion (Christmas Eve).

GLEN TILLBROOK, the former Squeeze luminary, is to host The Yow! Club at London Deptford Albany Empire every Tuesday from January 11 to the end of March. It's basically a disco dance club, with bar facilities, though there will be occasional live music. Admission is £1.50 (or £1 for the unwaged).

THE MEMBERS play three London dates over the holiday period — at Riverside Studios (December 22), Covent Garden Rock Garden (December 23) and Camden Dingwalls (28) — prior to leaving for a three-month US tour. During their absence, a new single titled 'Boys Like Us' will be issued on January 24 by Genetic Records (through Island), also available in 12-inch form with an extra track. Their American album 'Up Rhythm Downbeat' is to be released in the UK in the early spring, and will include some new tracks — produced by Martin Rushent — not on the US original.

TOM ROBINSON, who played a sell-out show at London Stratford Theatre Royal earlier this month, returns to the same venue — by popular demand — to headline another concert on Sunday, January 16. Advance tickets are available now at £3, and on the doors they'll be £3.50. Robinson also plays London Hammersmith Riverside Studios next Tuesday (21).

SARACEN are having to come off the road for four weeks, because lead singer Steve Bettney is suffering from strained vocal chords, and doctors have advised him that rest is necessary to avoid the risk of permanent damage. The Chesterfield five-piece were midway through a 12-week one-nighter tour, but they now play their last 1982 gig this Saturday (18) at Chesterfield Brimington Tavern. They've re-arranged their schedule to resume at Bradford Pile Bar (January 13), Stafford Riverside Centre (14), Tonypandy Naval Club (15) and Neath Talk Of The Abbey (16).

ETTA JAMES, who was forced to cancel her two projected shows at London Camden Dingwalls on December 7 and 8 due to a severe attack of 'flu, now plays that venue this Thursday and Friday (16-17) — and existing tickets for the original dates remain valid.

THE FLYING PICKETS play a seven-night season at London Deptford Albany Empire from tomorrow (Friday) to December 23, with Debby Bishop supporting throughout — plus a second support act, including Trimmer & Jenkins and The Oblivion Boys, changing every other night. The Pickets also have their album 'Live At The Albany Theatre', recorded on October 18 and 19 this year, released this week by AVM Records.

THE SUN are a new band launched by Tony Poole and Iain Whitmore, formerly the nucleus of Starry Eyed And Laughing — and they've been joined in the line-up by well-known drummer Nick Trevisick, who's previously worked with the likes of Tom Robinson, The Kinks and Moon. They'll be making their live debut by way of a series of London dates in the New Year.

HELDEN, a duo comprising Ultravox drummer Warren Cann and electronic musician Hans Zimmer, are to give two spectacular laser concerts at the London Planetarium on Tuesday, January 11 (7.30 and 9.30pm). They'll be playing material from their upcoming 'Spies' album (due in the New Year), plus film themes, Ultravox tracks and personal favourites — all combining lasers and the Planetarium's own custom stereo PA system. Tickets at £4 are available from the box-office at the London Planetarium, Marylebone Road, London N.W.1, either in person or by post (with SAE).

GASPER LAWAL Africa Drum Oro Band, announced last week as one of the acts in the Afro-Caribbean evening at London Brixton Ace this Saturday (18), have now been named as the New Year's Eve attraction at London Covent Garden Rock Garden.

Q-TIPS, who've played nearly as many gigs since their "disbandment" as when they were officially still in existence, are the headline attraction at London Victoria The Venue immediately before Christmas — on December 23 and Christmas Eve. Tickets are £3.50.

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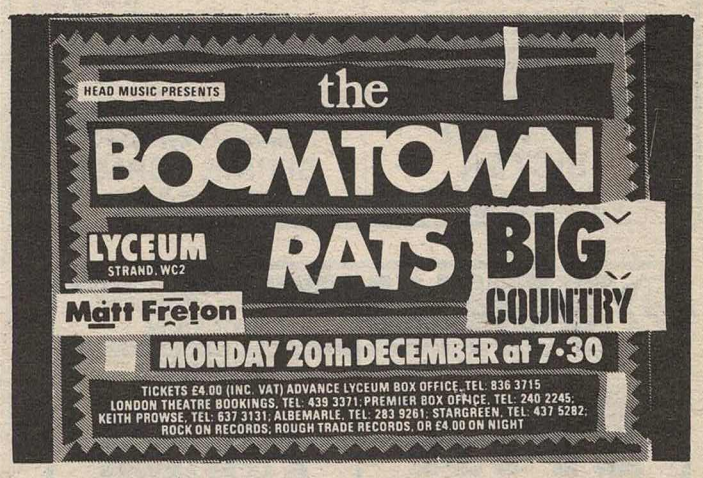
ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR £4.00 ON NIGHT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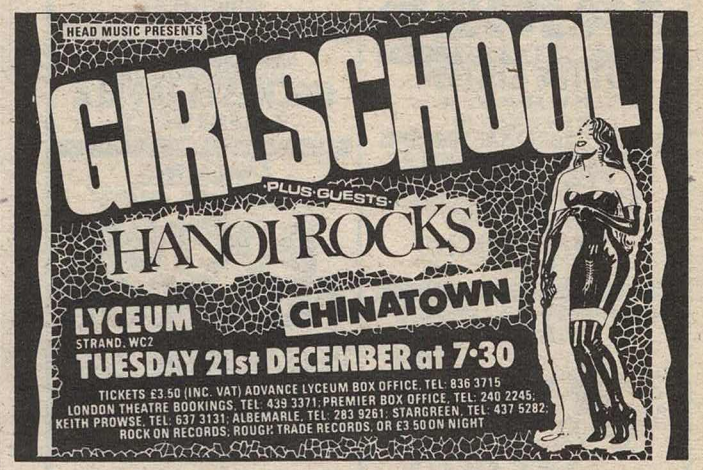
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PLUS GUESTS
HANOI ROCKS
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WITH GUESTS
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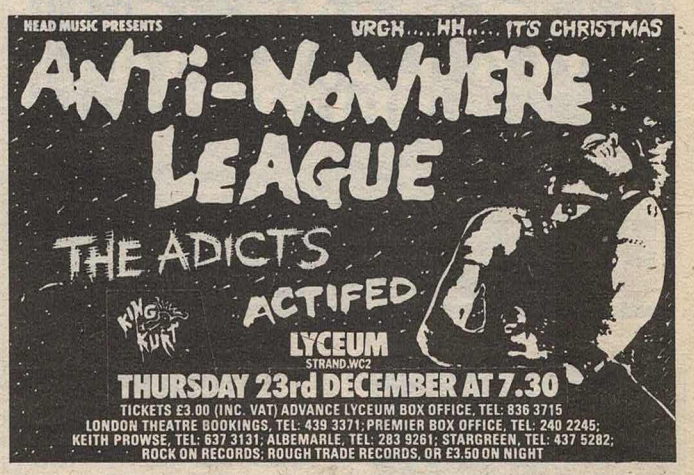
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nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 16th

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Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Southern Death Cult / Ourselves Alone**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Drifters** (until Saturday)
Birmingham (Water Orton) Grimstocks: **Silly Wizard**
Bournemouth Royal Exeter Hotel: **Shriekback**
Bradford Caesar's: **The Kinks**
Bradford College: **Bad Manners**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Doll By Doll / Venus In Furs**
Brighton The Centre: **Dire Straits**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **Chelsea / The Defects / Subculture**
Cardiff St David's Hall: **Cliff Richard Gospel Concert**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & the 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **The Bootleg Beatles** (until Saturday)
Coventry General Wolfe: **Hot Snacks**
Coventry Hope & Anchor: **Furious Apples**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Dartford Flicks: **Animal Nightlife**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Cry Wolf**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Morrissey Mullen**
Edinburgh University: **Maximum Joy**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Ghost**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barfly**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Gt Yarmouth Big Apple: **Mickey Finn**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Reaper / Low Profile**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Rock Squad**
Hickstead Cinderella's: **Thomas Dolby**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Lazy**
Hull Duke of Cumberland: **Tony McPhee Band**
Hull School of Architecture: **The Ivory Coasters**
Leeds Queen's Hall: **Ozzy Osbourne Band**
Leeds Warehouse: **Killing Joke**
Lincoln College of Art: **The Ties**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Blancmange**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Rhino Edwards / Repercussion**
London Barbican Centre: **Pentangle**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Popsicle**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **The Remipeds**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Spear Of Destiny / Big Country**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Etta James / Little Sister**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London City University: **Mungo Jerry**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Subtitles / Jailbirds**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zerra I**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Jimmy Witherspoon** (until Saturday)
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Trendy Wendy**
London Fulham Greyhound: **True Life Confessions / Mark & The Martians**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Jazz Sluts / Kokomo**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Run Run**
London Hackney Corwainers College: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot at the Clarendon: **GBH / The Busnines / Play Dead**
London Hammersmith Lyric Stuido: **Mike Westbrook Brass Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Icarus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Screamin' Lobsters**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Searchers**
London Marquee Club: **The Damned**
London Norwood Nettlefold Hall (afternoon): **Nasty Rockers**
London N7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Slip Stream**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **The 4-Skins**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers** (until January 1)
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Tim Bat / Atilla The Stockbroker / Felix & The Cats**
London Southgate Pink Elephant: **Hot Quisine** (unitl Saturday)
London Stepney White Swan: **Twelfth Night**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Jabba**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Tottenham Lord Morrison Hall: **Steel And Skin**
London Victoria The Venue: **Iggy Pop**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Willesden Spotted Dog: **The Directors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Superchange / Escortz**
London W1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **East-West Effect / The High Life Internationals**
London W1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **The Cherry Boys**
London W1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Illusionz**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Lindisfarne**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Don Rendell**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Room/ An Occasion**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Blaster Bates**
Newcastle Bier Keller:: **Off / Between Night And Day / Congo Jive**
Newcastle Benwell Mitre: **The Toy Dolls**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Red Performance**
Northampton Black Lion: **Suppose I Laugh**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Poole Arts Centre: **Ultravox**
Poole Sloop Hotel: **Crossfire**
Preston Polytechnic: **Streets Ahead**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **First Offence**
Sheffield City Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Simple Minds**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/ The Fighting Tikkas**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Imagine Norway / Boll**
Tonbridge The Harvesters: **The Caners**
Wakefield Tickles: **Room 101**
Whitehaven Whitehouse Disco: **Chinatown**
Wokingham Angie's: **G.T. Moore & The Outsiders**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 17th

Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Nightingales**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Dire Straits**
Blackpool Empress Ballroom: **Modern Romance**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Brighton New Regent: **24 Hours**
Canvey Island Gold Mine: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Saracen**
Colchester Woods Centre: **Mungo Jerry**
Colwyn Bay The Pier: **Drama**
Chipping Norton Heythrop College: **The Nashville Teens**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Tony McPhee Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Star: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
Deal Yew Tree Inn: **Joe Stead**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Whitesnake / Samson**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Cry Wolf**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Spys**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Simple Minds**
Dunfermline Chimes: **Hill 61**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **The Genes**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Southern Death Cult**
Glasgow Technical College: **Maximum Joy**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Household Name**
Harrow Leisure Centre: **The Cimarons / Danny Ray & Shirley James / Roy Alton**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Kingston Old Leather Bottle: **The London Apaches**
Kingston The Swan: **The Coup**
Leeds University: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Lincoln Technical College: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Room**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Nik Malham**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Eat The Beat**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Milkshakes**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Fallout Band / Tony Allen / Tim Bat / Felix & The Cats**
London Brixton St. Matthew's Meeting Place (afternoon): **Ujama Players**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Etta James / Little Sister**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doc K's Blues Band**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **The Zen Abbatoir**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham 101 Club: **King Kurt**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Killer Wales**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Debby Bishop / The Flying Pickets / Trimmer & Jenkins (also Saturday)**
London E.14 The White Swan: **The Cobras**
London E.C.1 East/West Centre: **Shriekback / Tymon Dogg**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Les Girls / Levers / Holy Goat**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice / Fortune**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **A Bigger Splash / Jiff Boy Jive**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Slade**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Doll By Doll**
London Marquee Club: **The Dancing Did**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Tony Goodacre / Frank Jennings Syndicate**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Beatroots**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Alan Skidmore / Chris Laurence / Tony Oxley / Pete Thomas' Jivin' Jump / Derek Wadsworth's Musique**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Blues Band / Dave Kelly Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Gillan / Wishbone Ash / Spider**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Shakatak**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **K. K. Khan**
Maidstone Mid-Kent College: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kukurudu**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Blancmange**
Manchester The Gallery: **George Borowski Et Al / The Floating Adults**
Mansfield (High Oakham) Rock Club: **Demon**
Milbourne Port Tapps: **The Man Upstairs**
Newton Aycliffe Recreation Centre: **Lindisfarne**
Northampton Black Lion: **Precious Little Idols**
Oban Smugglers: **The Grip**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Blackfoot Sue**
Porthcawl Dixieland Bar: **Night Heat**
Preston Guildhall: **Showaddywaddy**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Talisman / Red I**
Retford Porterhouse: **Thomas Dolby**
Salisbury College of Technology: **Supercharge**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **The Kinks**
Southend West End Bar: **Rent Party**
Stafford Riverside Centre: **Dagaband**
Stanley Smugglers: **The Toy Dolls**
Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre: **Lindisfarne**
Totnes Civic Hall: **Orchestre Jazira**
Wentworth Rockingham Arms: **Bob Fox & Stu Luckley**
Whitworth Rawstron Arms: **Ik**
Wokingham Angie's: **Micro**

saturday 18th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Simple Minds**
Ashford Castle Club: **English Rogues**
Barnstaple North Devon Motel: **Hot On Your Heels**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Dagaband**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Fundamental**

CONTINUES OVER

IAN McCULLOCH of The Bunnymen

January deadline

IF YOU wanted to make a Gig Guide entry for the Christmas and New Year holiday period — well, sorry, but you're too late. But here's a reminder that gigs for our first issue of 1983 must reach us by the middle of next week. This covers the Gig Guide period from

JANUARY 6 to 12

If you want your gigs listed on this page for that particular week, please note that details must be received by us not later than

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22

That's the absolute deadline. So don't put it off — bear in mind the postal delays usually incurred at this time of year, and remember that December 22 is less than a week away. Mail your January 6-12 details at once to NME Gig Guide, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG — and make sure you're not disappointed.

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN are the only major act to begin a full-scale tour in this week before Christmas — they play seven dates before the holiday, then pick up the remainder of their schedule later in January. They'll be previewing material from their third album 'The Happy Loss', which follows in the New Year, when they open their itinerary at Glasgow (Thursday), Leeds (Friday), Hanley (Saturday), Chippenham (Sunday), Poole (Monday), Nottingham (Tuesday) and Aylesbury (Wednesday).

Of course, several other important tours come to a climax this week — the present GILLAN band play their farewell gig before splitting at Wembley on Friday, and they're followed at the arena by a string of DIRE STRAITS concerts; ELTON JOHN continues his marathon stint at Hammersmith Odeon, taking a break on Friday and Saturday to allow SLADE to play a couple of Christmas shows; and LINDISFARNE begin their traditional Christmas season at Newcastle City Hall on Sunday.

There's also a large number of Christmas specials — too numerous to mention, so we'll confine ourselves to picking out a few highlights. Like the only remaining SPEAR OF DESTINY date (London, Thursday) after the cancellation of their projected tour; the last two shows by THE BLUES BAND before they break up (London, Friday and Saturday); MODERN ROMANCE gigs at Blackpool (Friday) and Basildon (Sunday); and a rare appearance by ROBERT PLANT in Leeds on Wednesday. And by deft use of the index finger on the accompanying listings, Londoners can also track down party-type gigs by PENTANGLE, DAVE EDMUNDS, THE THE and VICE SQUAD. Plus a special festive season at the Lyceum — see over the page for details.

ONE OF the highlights of the Christmas period in London is a string of six special shows at the Lyceum Ballroom, the first four of which fall into this gig week. They open on Sunday with the stage comeback after a year's absence of IAN DURY (right) and The Blockheads, with THE BOOMTOWN RATS taking over on Monday. GIRLSCHOOL, whose Kelly Johnson is pictured below, follow on Tuesday — and THE KINKS headline on Wednesday.

Furniture / Alternative Route
Brighton New Regent: **The Higsons / Standard Issue**
Brighton The Centre: **Cliff Richard Gospel Concert**
Bristol Granary: **Demon**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **A Bigger Splash / Spellbound**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **Scarab**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Saracen**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeanies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Chuck Farley**
Croydon The Star: **Tony McPhee Band**
Cummock The Dumfries Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Deal Astor Theatre: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs / Tesheka**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Supercharge**
Edinburgh The Coral Reef: **Halcyon Daze**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Torpedoes**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Pallas**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Household Name**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Horsham Capitol Theatre: **Scarlet Party / The Europeans**
Hull Wellington Lane Centre: **My Silent War / Music For Evenings / Bushfire**
Launceston White Horse: **The Man Upstairs**
Leamington Spa Centre: **Streets Ahead**
Leeds Queen's Hall: **Whitesnake / Samson**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Visa / Marshalle Howe**
London Barbican Centre: **Pete Townshend / Ralph McTell / John Williams / Bert Jansch**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Dolly Mixture / Agent Orange**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Gasper Lawal Africa Drum Oro Band / Ekome / Spartacus / Ebony Steel Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Truth / Small World**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Micky Jupp Band**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Seething Wells / Youth In Asia / The Apostles / Faction**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London E.14 The White Swan: **The Gymslips**
London E.C.1 East/West Centre: **Shriekback / Tymon Dogg**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Kokomo**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Screamin' Lobsters / The Catatonics**
London Fulham Kings Heat: **Salt**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Great Mistakes**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The East West Eeffect**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Slade**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Steel an' Skin / Victor Romero Evans / Benjamin Zephaniah**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr Clean / Roland Muldoon**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Brian Knight Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Pete Saberton & Friends**
London Marquee Club: **The Alarm**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Juice On The Loose**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Tim Bat / Atilla The Stockbroker / Fallout Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Tommy Burton's Sporting House Quartet**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Battlefield Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Beryl Bryden / New Era Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover / Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Tim Whitehead's Borderline**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Blues Band / Dave Kelly Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Dire Straits**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **Little Brother / Pete Zero / Andy P. Poet / Outbarsqueek**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Speed Queens / Bare-Footin' / Twelve Inch / Dial Chug Chug**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Nicholas Partock**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Snake Davis & His Alligator Shoes**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **The Fall**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Chameleons / Gammer & His Familiars**
Middlesbrough The Cavern: **The Toy Dolls**
Northampton Black Lion: **Where's Lisse? / The Jazz Butcher / In Embrace / The Walking Floors / Bron Area**
Nottingham Asylum: **Thomas Dolby**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **Sex Gang Children / The Business Of Pleasure**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **Howard Jones**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown**
Peterlee White House Community Centre: **No Fun / Rebel Waltz / Zag Zig Zag Zig**
Retford Porterhouse: **Bernie Torme & The Electric Gypsies**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Scunthorpe Sherpa Hotel: **Product Of Reason**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Ivory Coasters**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Blancmange**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Skegness Sands Showbar: **The Nashville Teens**
Southampton Park Hotel: **Crossfire**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Ultravox**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Ed Banger**
Stockport Merseyway Precinct: **Belgique**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Come Natural**
Torquay St. Mary Church Town Hall: **Chapter 29**
Washington Biddicke Farm Arts Centre: **Tom McConville & Kieran Halpin**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ruthless Blues**
Yeovil The Gardens: **The Searchers**

sunday 19th

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Phoenix/Editions Of You**
Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
Basildon Festival Hall: **Modern Romance**
Birmingham Odeon: **Slade**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Kinks**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Rippin Trifles/Wet Dreams**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cheriton Golden Arrow: **Taildragger**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Medium Wave Band (for a week)**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The London Apaches (lunchtime)/Mungo Jerry (evening)**
Croydon The Star: **Dave Kelly Band**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **The Record Players**
Dudley J.B.'s: **The Corner Boys**
Dudley The Crown: **Lady Killer**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Simple Minds**
Fleetwood Marine Hall: **The Searchers**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Ozzy Osbourne Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Central Hotel (lunchtime): **One O'Clock Jump**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station Hotel (evening): **Volunteers**
Leeds Warehouse: **Thomas Dolby**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Showaddywaddy**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/Skinners Rats (evening)**
London Batterseas Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Hee Bee Gee Bees**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Swamp Creatures (lunchtime)/The Zodiacs (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Shadowboys**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Debby Bishop/The Flying Pickets/The Oblivion Boys (also Monday)**
London Finchley Torrington: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Directors**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Kings Head; **Johnny G. Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Rock Squad/Ghost**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Shakatak**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Swinging Hoovers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Thin Line with Brian Knight**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Kim Lesley Band (lunchtime)/Dennis Fields Hot Jazz (evening)**
London Soho Polytechnic: **Gordon Giltrap**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stevie Smith, Steve Waller & Friends**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Nico**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **Richard Digance & Friends**
London Wembley Arena: **Dire Straits**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Fallout Band/Tony Allen/Tim Bat/Felix & The Cats**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Johnny Parker's Goodtime Jazz with Beryl Bryden**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Martin Turner's Bamboo/Triple Echo**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Freshies**
Neath Talk Of The Abbey: **Demon**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Friendlies Club: **Precious Little Idols**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford The Coven: **Slick Nick & The Dancability Gang**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Energy**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Martin Carthy/Abalon**
Reading Top Rank: **Twelfth Night**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The 45's/Capt. J. J. Waller**
South Shields Legion Club: **The Toy Dolls**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Stockport Manchester Arms Hotel: **The M.A. Blues Legends**
Sunbury-on-Thames The Goat: **The Nashville Teens**
Tillecoutrie Ochill Hills Rock Club: **Pallas**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Alistair Anderson**
Wath-upon-Dearne Red Lion: **Hot Pot Belly Band**
West Bromwich The Bush: **Ocean Bridge**
Witney Palace Theatre: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**

monday 20th

Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre: **U2**
Birmingham Odeon: **Slade**
Birmingham The Junction: **The City Lights / The Set / Adverse Wares**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Shakatak**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Good Friends**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Tokyo Treatment**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Whitesnake / Samson**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Kinks**
Hitchin The Regal: **Weekend**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Static**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Ozzy Osbourne Band**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Geordie / 13th Chime**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Keith Christmas**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton Ace Cinema: **Pigbag**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Rimshots**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **The The / The Ravishing Beauties**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Starry Eyed & Laughing**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Pete Thomas Jumpin' Jive Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Liaison**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gymslips / Visual Aids**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Isaac Guillory Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Amazing Aunt May Dance Band / Triple X**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Blancmange**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Darts / The McGann Bros**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Holloway Allstars**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Johnny Dyani's Witch Doctor's Son**
London Putney Half Moon: **Maxi & Mitch**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Laughing Gravy Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Shaw**
London Soho Polytechnic: **Ova Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Rhie Happy & The 4/4 Beat**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Boomtown Rats**
London Wembley Arena: **Dire Straits**
London W.1 (Conway St.) Adams Arms: **Elton Dean**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Airstrip One**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Manchester (Chorlton) Joe's Place: **The Freshies**
Manchester The Gallery: **Paul Young Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Poole Arts Centre: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Portsmouth Cambridge Hotel: **Deceased**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Thomas Dolby**
Stafford Riverside Recreation Centre: **Demon**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **The Magnificent Everything / A Handful Of Snakes**

tuesday 21st

Birmingham Odeon: **Slade**
Birmingham Power House: **The Meteors**
Bradford University: **Demon**
Brighton Dome: **The Kinks**
Brighton New Regent: **Flesh For Lulu/Greeting No. 4**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Cleo Laine/John Dankworth Quintet**
Croydon The Star: **Hank Wangford Band**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Radical Shieks**
Derby Blue Note: **Thomas Dolby**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Whitesnake/Samson**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Simple Minds**
Hitchin The Regal: **Weekend**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers.**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Prime Cut/Fast Forward**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Jamie Rowan**
London Battersea The Pavilion: **Fowler & Miller**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Jackie Lynton Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis/Whirlwind**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Symbolix**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Masked Orchestra**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Debby Bishop/The Flying Pickets/Pauline Melville (also Wednesday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Liaison**
London Fulham Greyhound: **TV Personalities/Direct Hits**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny Pinko**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Blue Midnite/The Impossible Dreamers/The 012**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roman Holliday**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Eastern Alliance**
London Marquee Club: **Tenpole Tudor**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Johnny B**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Vice Squad/Flowers Of The Past**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **The Spinners**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Jools Holland & His Supastars**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Soho Polytechnic: **Maggie Nicols/Jan Allain**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chip Shop Bar Show**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Girlschool/Hanoi Rocks**
London Thamesmead Urban Farm Auction: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dave Edmunds Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Dire Straits**
London W1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Bonsai Forest**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Manchester Terets Club: **The Freshies**
Manchester The Gallery: **Live For The Weekend**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Northampton Five Bells: **Soldier**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Track-2/Primitive Use Program**
Nottingham Rock City: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Shakatak**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Doll By Doll**
Torquay Palk Arms: **Chapter 29**

wednesday 22nd

Aberdeen Valhalla: **22 Beaches**
Aylesbury Friars: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Demon / Dagaband**
Brighton New Regent: **Mango**
Broughton The Crown: **Tony McPhee Band**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Harlem Spirit**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Corby Grampian Club: **The Taxx**
Coventry Queen Inn: **Halcyon Days**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Derby Blue Note: **Cat Wax Axe Co / Canker Opera**
Derby Gossips: **Mungo Jerry**
Dudley Prole Club: **Virus / Midnight Ramblers / Spontaneous Human Combustion**
Dunstable Wheatshef: **Solstice**
Eastbourne Kings Country Club: **Bad Manners**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Chinatown**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Robert Plant**
London Adlib at the Kensington: **Stylee 22**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Screaming Lord Sutch**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton Ritzy Cinema: **Roger McGough / Brian Patten**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Shakin' Pyramids**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Orchestre Jazire**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Shakey Vick's Blues Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **King Kurt**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture / The Liquorice Allsorts**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basil's Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Here & Now**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Elton John**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W. 2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **The Spinners**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **The Seven Aces**
London Scala Theatre: **Thomas Dolby**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Kinks / Idle Flowers**
London S.E.1 Purcell Rooms: **Earl Okin**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dave Edmunds Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Soft Heap with Elton Dean**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Victor Brox Blues Band with Balis Novak**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **A Certain Ratio**
Manchester Lesser Free Trade Hall: **The Fall / The Gay Animals**
Mansfield Civic Theatre: **Geddes Axe**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Pulsaters**
Nottingham Hardy's Wine Bar: **No Tears**
Nottingham Rock City: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Cleo Laine / John Dankworth Quintet**
Portsmouth Civic Hall: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Haze**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Panza Division / Jackie Lynton Band / Whamma Jamma**
South Woodford Railway Ball: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockport Brookfield Hall: **The Freshies**
Swindon Solitaire: **Moskow-Heat**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Souls Valiant**
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Tuesday 21st December
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SATURDAY. 18. All female reggae band who are, said Melody Maker, "a lot more than just pretty faces... they produce a rousing set which smacks of hard work perceptive talent & a strong sense of purpose."

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FRIDAY 24. to MONDAY 27.
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December 27, 28 & 31

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16 G.B.H.
16 Spear of Destiny
17 Gillan & Wishbone Ash
17, 18 Slade
19 Ian Dury
19 Shakatak
20 Boomtown Rats
20 Blancmange
21 Girlschool
22 The Kinks
23 Anti-Nowhere League
23, 30 UK Decay
24, 27 Elvis Costello
26 Christmas on Earth
26 Imagination
27, 28, 31 Haircut 100
28, 29 Siouxsie & The Banshees
30 The Damned
30, 31 Kids From Fame
31 Haircut 100

JANUARY
3, 4, 5 Whitesnake
6 Whitesnake
6 Thompson Twins
8 The Gladiators & Michael Prophet
15 Gary Moore
21 Pat Benatar
24 Echo & The Bunnymen
29 John Cooper Clarke

FEBRUARY
15, 16 Stranglers
18, 19, 20 Sky

MARCH
9, 10 Thin Lizzy

APRIL
6, 7 Joan Armatrading
7, 8, 9, 10 Leo Sayer

MAY
11, 12, 13, 14, 15 Johnny Mathis
16-29 Liza Minelli (not 23rd)

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LPs EXTRA

Dream Syndicate

FREUDIAN SIPS

DREAM SYNDICATE

The Days Of Wine And Roses (Ruby)

EVERYONE SAYS the singer's voice sounds a lot like Lou Reed's and that the band sounds like some kind of LA tribute to The Velvet Underground. And yes, it's true that Steve Wynn does vocalise a lot like old Uncle Lou in many places — he's the guy who's finally going to take the critical heat off Human Switchboard's Bob Pfeiffer in that regard.

But the impression of impersonation is superficial and passes the moment one recognises the compelling content of these songs. For this is a record full of alternative interpretations, a record in which a lot of things aren't as they appear at first. It's a record that certainly possesses its own voice, a record that seems dark at first but then lights up to reveal unique and savage beauties.

This is a pop face that is not made-up, and not pretty, but it is wonderful to contemplate.

We don't believe in gestures that are merely learned. We take them as an academic exercise, not a personal voice, and we dismiss them.

Dream Syndicate take learned gestures, time-tested signs of emotional involvement, and invest them with the power of personal (re)discovery. So they sound like this and that, so they recapture the vitality of one of the best pop sounds ever. They don't recycle, they aren't just indulging themselves. One feels they are driven towards those classic signs and forms by personal need that could not be denied.

It keeps them honest and keeps us entertained, involved, moved and troubled rather than just amused or lightly tickled. This is a hard sounding record that can be inspiring or disturbing but it is not likely to be taken lightly.

And another thing about Wynn's voice. It makes you imagine a face to go with it, an expressive face on which could register the various emotions contained here. This stuff is anything but anonymous.

These are songs mostly of life and love gone wrong. They are sometimes hurt, sometimes hopeful, sometimes cleverly cynical and ironic, sometimes precariously vulnerable.

There are angry words that ricochet like wild bullets around guitar noises that are brutal and harsh as unpleasant truths. There are descriptions (musical and verbal) of near psychosis and tragedy that resolve into choruses of unexpected delicacy.

There are narratives that snarl and hiss at every veneer of normality, and there are narratives that tenderly, wistfully long after a kind of normality or stability of emotions that the singer seems to know is not his lot in life.

Hard guitars, hard feelings, hard to ignore.

Richard Grabel

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Atomic Cafe (Rounder)

HEY, LET'S hear it, folks, for *pro-nuke* songs! They might be dumb, but they're sure as hell unusual.

You get a couple of pro-nuke numbers on this peculiar compilation, while the rest are anti, or not-so-sure, or else just looking for a catchy song title. 'Atomic Cafe' is the soundtrack LP to a documentary film of the same name. Both the movie and the record explore the cultural fall-out which swept across America in the 1940s and '50s, as that nation lurched (taking the world with it) into the age of the Bomb with the big B.

If nothing else, it's the oddest collection of music you'll hear all year. The 17 tracks encompass country, swing, blues, folk, rockabilly and croon — with a bizarre spectrum of attitudes to match. The earliest cut, from 1944, is by Sonny Boy Williamson (the inferior of the two bluesmen to trade under that name) and he's just dying to whack those Japs to kingdom come. Eight months later came Hiroshima, so maybe Sonny Boy died a happy man in 1947.

"Little is known," according to the excellent sleeve notes, of hillbilly act Jackie Doll And His Pickled Peppers. This is no large pity. In their 1951 charmer 'When They Drop The Atomic Bomb', the combo fantasises gleefully about the prospect of wiping Korea off the map. However, country compatriots Sons Of The Pioneers strike a balance with 'Old Man Atom', an early forerunner of the folk-protest style. Meanwhile, Lowell Blanchard with his Valley Trio snuck into the debate with a message from the great Sponsor in the sky: 'Jesus Hits Like An Atom Bomb'. Glory hallelujah.

On a less elevated plane of consciousness, but more entertaining, are primitive rock'n'roll gems like 'Atom Bomb Baby' by The Five Stars (1957), and Skip Stanley's 'Satellite Baby' — here the nuclear connection goes no deeper than simple gimmickry, but it's fun. Same goes for the inimitable Slim Gaillard, whose 'Atomic Cocktail' is a delight, typical of his comic jazz style.

Of course, it's literally the grimmest subject on earth. But by charting the responses of popular music, from the indignant to the idiotic, 'Atomic Cafe' wrings a wry smile and a wealth of insight from its material.

Paul Du Noyer

KISS

Creatures Of The Night (Casablanca)

MUCH HAS changed since the salad days the original Kiss enjoyed in the early '70s — not least the unexpected death of Neil Bogart, original whizzkid Prez of the Casablanca disc-disco-film empire and later head of Boardwalk Productions.

The 'new' Kiss (remember which guy got replaced? Huh?) cement their claims to complete tastelessness by dedicating this LP of graveyard garbage to Bogart in a line on the back of the sleeve.

You hardly need to listen if you've heard Kiss before — Gene Simmons' halitosis-from-Hell vocals have never sounded uglier, nor has every scratch, scream and growl ever been more earsplittingly immortalised.

Higher production values, however, do not a *coup* make in themselves — the lyrics of this stuff are SO clumsy and confused they can hardly be slammed home by a drummer who sounds like he's on 'ludes (or maybe he is; he's been assisted by four separate people according to the credits). The guitars, by contrast, sound like Flintstones-go-glam: dinosaur-style screeches and flashy feedback.

This is as anticlimactic apoco-porn as a viewing of 'Vice Squad' — although that film's theme song about *"everybody swimming in the neon slime"* (sung by star 'Wings Hauser') is better Kiss-as-Creatures of the Night material than anything on this LP.

Cynthia Rose

MISSING PERSONS

Spring Session M (Capitol)

MISSING PERSONS are not Blondie, the Cars, the Motels or Pat Benatar, but Capitol Records Inc think they've seen a niche and have found the very people to fill it.

The marketing concept is plain to see. Singer Dale Bozzio is blonde, wafer-thin, a faintly androgynous sex-kitten. Husband Terry on drums and guitarist Warren Cuccurullo played with Zappa in the mid '70s providing instant musical credentials.

The keyboards are standard American pop-rock blips and swirls, prominent enough to get airplay alongside The Human League, but not so dominating as to crowd out that reassuringly bland rock-guitar crunch. Yup, not too much of that fancy Limey stuff, Missing Persons sho' can kick ass.

Forgetting her manifest charms, Dale substitutes all manner of squeaks and trills for the ability to sing particularly well. But the lyrics provided reveal that set of preoccupations central to LA's great tradition since at least the Doors: agoraphobia, narcissism, egomania and road transport.

But does Missing Persons' debut album give, or even promise, any mindless pleasures? Precious few, and they're hardly orgasmic. 'Destination Unknown' and 'Words' are easily the most catchy and memorable songs and have already been minor Stateside hits. Otherwise the material ranges from pablum to crap. If that's what Joe Public wants, let him eat shit.

Mat Snow

LIVE ADS

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Late Bar 9-2 am

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PHIL COLLINS

FROM PAGE 17

cringe at . . . which is why I like Steve Martin, the way he deals with that. I mean, I've never seen the Barry Manilow show, but my rigger's just come off a tour with him, and he said you don't have to like it but it is a very professional thing . . . it does what it's supposed to . . .

I call that middle of the road, but then middle of the road has got a bad image like entertainment. Middle of the road; well, *my music is not extreme* . . .

In the days of A Certain Ratio, Southern Death Cult and the Banshees, then you are decidedly middle of the road.

Mmmm . . . but that's also because people assume that if you're 31 and play in a group like Genesis then that's what you are . . . that's what you become. I think that's very unfair. I don't think that 31 is old.

I've got my slippers on — right? — but . . . I mean, shit, I started off doing coke; *I go out and do things other people of 20 do* . . . it's not as if I'm suddenly a different person . . .

You don't seem to have much of a rigour, a disgust about mediocrity.

I hate mediocrity as much as anyone else.

Take away the safety barriers and perhaps you are mediocre.

Well, sure . . . but if you talk to musicians I'll think you'll find 99 per cent of them say that we've done . . . something. Mediocrity and sitting on the fence is something I have a great aversion to.

But I've got no real reason to spite Barry Manilow. I don't listen to his records. I would probably feel pretty spiteful if somebody locked me in a room and made me listen to all his albums, then I'd probably think, bastard, what's he doing this for? There's enough room for everything. *Everything serves its purpose.*

DO YOU CRY EASILY?

Yes. Oh yes . . . That's an interesting remark . . . It's curious, part of human nature, that if somebody is depressed they do not put on a happy record they put on an even more miserable record to make them even more depressed . . .

And although I went through a lot of pain — I don't mean Lennon pain, but I did go through an awful lot of bad times when my marriage broke up . . . cos I went to school with my wife, and I went out with her on and off since I was 13 . . . and every man wants an heir and I had a fantastic son, and I have a daughter as well, and I couldn't believe it . . . I spent hours and hours on the phone when she left here . . .

Oh, I cry at the end of *Romeo And Juliet*. It is easy for me to do that. I don't know why, cos it's not as though I had an unhappy childhood or anything like that. I am a romantic person, which is why a lot of my songs are cosy, as you say . . .

From a man who cries so much can we expect anything more?

Aaah . . . I don't know about that, it just happens that crying is something I'm very capable of doing.

I AM constantly reminded by things . . . what a lucky boy I am to be in this position.

WHAT NOW would be the adventure?

Well . . . I mean, my, it sounds funny to think of adventure and then bring it down to *the morose level of records* . . . I would dearly love my next record to be radically different, but then you would probably not agree that it was radical . . . A lot of people have asked me to produce them . . . The Nolans, Manhattan Transfer, Air Supply . . . loads of them . . .

You are seen as the new expert at MOR production, turning shit into chocolate.

Oh, I hope that's not why they're asking me. But maybe you're right. It would be interesting for me, a further development in my capabilities as a record producer . . . to go into the studio with someone like The Nolans, or whoever, and try and make something *worthwhile . . . oh, there's that word again* . . .

God! I don't think I'm middle of the road. I mean, I've got a normal shirt on, a normal pair of trousers, maybe it's just that I'm so normal. Maybe I am middle of the road . . . oh, but I don't think I'm that middle of the road.

Maybe not.

Maybe not . . .

Do you think you're funny?

I like Hancock, Steve Martin, Cleese . . humour as opposed to jokes. I've introduced comedy into my show. If Steve Martin ever pops over here I'll have to re-think what I do . . .

Erm, yes, I think I'm funny. But if I was reading that in print, Phil Collins thinks he's funny, that would embarrass me . . . because there's plenty of people *who don't think I'm funny at all*. It's something I enjoy, that side of the set every night.

I would say, Phil, that you're funny in a middle of the road sort of way.

Thanks . . .

PHIL COLLINS has been asked to produce Victoria Woods' LP. Amongst the many photographs of entertainers decorating the walls of his house there are signed photographs of Norman Collier and Steve Martin. As I say goodbye to Phil Collins I keep a straight face and refrain from crying by imagining Bernard Manning producing his next LP.

© Paul Morley/Soaring Performance 1982

LIVE!

THE FALL OF PROLE ART

THE FALL
DANSE SOCIETY
FELT

Lyceum, London

FELT COMPLETELY belied the promise of their single 'Trails of Colour Dissolve/My Face is on Fire' by playing a truly appalling set. On record Lawrence does a fair Lou Reed impression, intriguingly accompanied by acoustic guitar and lashings of muted psychedelia.

On stage all nuances of phrasing and texture disappear. Felt are reduced to thudding rhythm, harsh and trebly guitar, and the occasional half-heard word piercing the gloom. It's crashingly dull. Why do they sell themselves so short?

By contrast Danse Society play to their strengths and thus look set to emulate the success, not to mention the style, of Theatre Of Hate, Bauhaus and Southern Death Cult. That ponderous, righteous sound emphasises the bombastic and preeningly self-important ethos central to Danse Society and their ilk. It's not just the dry ice that bridges the gap between Danse Society and Deep Purple.

Relentlessness is an element in The Fall, but it has always been intertwined with a violence and mischief that guarantees drama and twists. But this performance was drained of colour and inspiration, so that little was left bar the mercilessly powerful double drumming and Mark Smith's sullen and vitriolic persona.

As recently as last March at the Hammersmith Palais, they played a concert bursting with energy, electricity and ideas. So I suspect tonight's drabness is simply a momentary lapse and not the Beginning of the End.

Much of the set was unfamiliar. New songs like "Living Room" hint at a more sombre direction. Of the older numbers, 'Casino Soul' and 'Joker Hysterical Face' packed a wallop, but 'Mere Pseud Mag Ed' was crudely and perfunctorily thrown away. And what has happened to Kay Carroll and the pink prole threat himself, Alan Pellay? The Fall are greyer and grimmer without them.

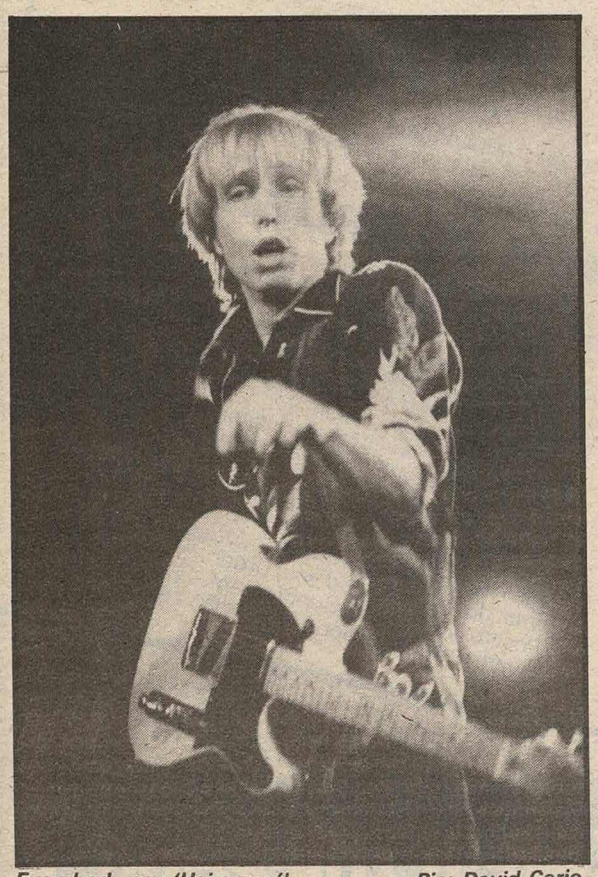
The final impression was that the repetition which The Fall have gleefully teased and toyed with over the last five years tonight got the better of them. Hence much of the time they were brutal and boring, whilst Mark Smith's usual charismatic acerbity had slumped into distant and lacklustre self-parody.

But haven't you ever had an off day?

Mat Snow

The little alien, Mark E.T. Smith, lost somewhere on a Spielberg set. *Pic: David Corio*

WHOA! ALLRRRIIIIGHT! EVERYBODY SAY HERPES!



Everybody say 'Hairspray'! *Pic: David Corio*

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS

Wembley Arena

THE CREDIBLE face of US rock returns to the isle whose heart has seemingly always preserved a soft spot for this flaxen-haired songsmith. The test, however, is to gauge how stardom and parallels with Springsteen might have shifted Tom Petty away from the Anglophile new-wave flirtation apparent in his first visits. Being a sort of passive fan, I was hoping to have all my expectations rewarded, while also being prepared for the worst . . .

Any concert at Wembley is going to suffer, and I feared that the subtlety inherent in so much of Petty's work would be lost in the bombast necessary to communicate to such a mass of humanity. Ultimately, though, whereas many a 'star' would be happy to just play to the stalls, the warmth of Petty's personality and enthusiasm reached the farthest corners of the hall.

Doubtless hardened by the rigours of the coast to coast stadium circuit Tom Petty utilises every cliche of the US hard rock set in the book, while retaining an immaculate sense of intimacy — every windmilling arm, cross stage run, 'whoa' and 'alriiiight' is countered by self-effacing smiles and a wry attitude of pastiche.

The sound is crystalline and tautly muscular (though not quite loud enough for some of the headbangers at the back) with the Heartbreakers providing a no-frills, tried-and-tested backdrop for Petty's vignettes of bitter romance. There are some true gems lurking in the set — 'American Girl', 'Refugee', 'The Woman's In Love' . . . the list goes on and no-one's likely to have left disappointed.

Despite Wembley, Tom Petty provides a pure entertainment wavering between the twin emotional landmarks of hardest despair and gentlest tenderness.

How about a couple of nights at somewhere smaller, though, next time, Tom?

Graham K. Smith

FUNKAPOLITAN
LAUREL AND HARDY

The Venue, London

"LEFT, RIGHT, get in the back; you're nicked!" may be an everyday occurrence in South London, but the song's not typical of today's reggae. Laurel And Hardy are fun, yet serious, Clapham not Kingston, bubbling not Babylon. Skanking around the empty stage with the grace of two Mecca bouncers, these Homepride toasters, complete with bowler hats and bow ties could be reggae's answer to Cannon and Ball. Hopefully, these pop-up toasters will pop into Musical Youth's footsteps.

Funkapolitan have not been heard of for some time. Those curious to find out whether they have progressed from trendy Wimpy Bar gatherings were treated to watered-down War, mixed with diluted Darnell.

Their weak melodies rely heavily on rhythm and beat, and suffer from soul-less vocals. The audience were scolded for being boring and responded by trying to jig to 'As Time Goes By'.

Time *has* gone by, and left Funkapolitan behind.

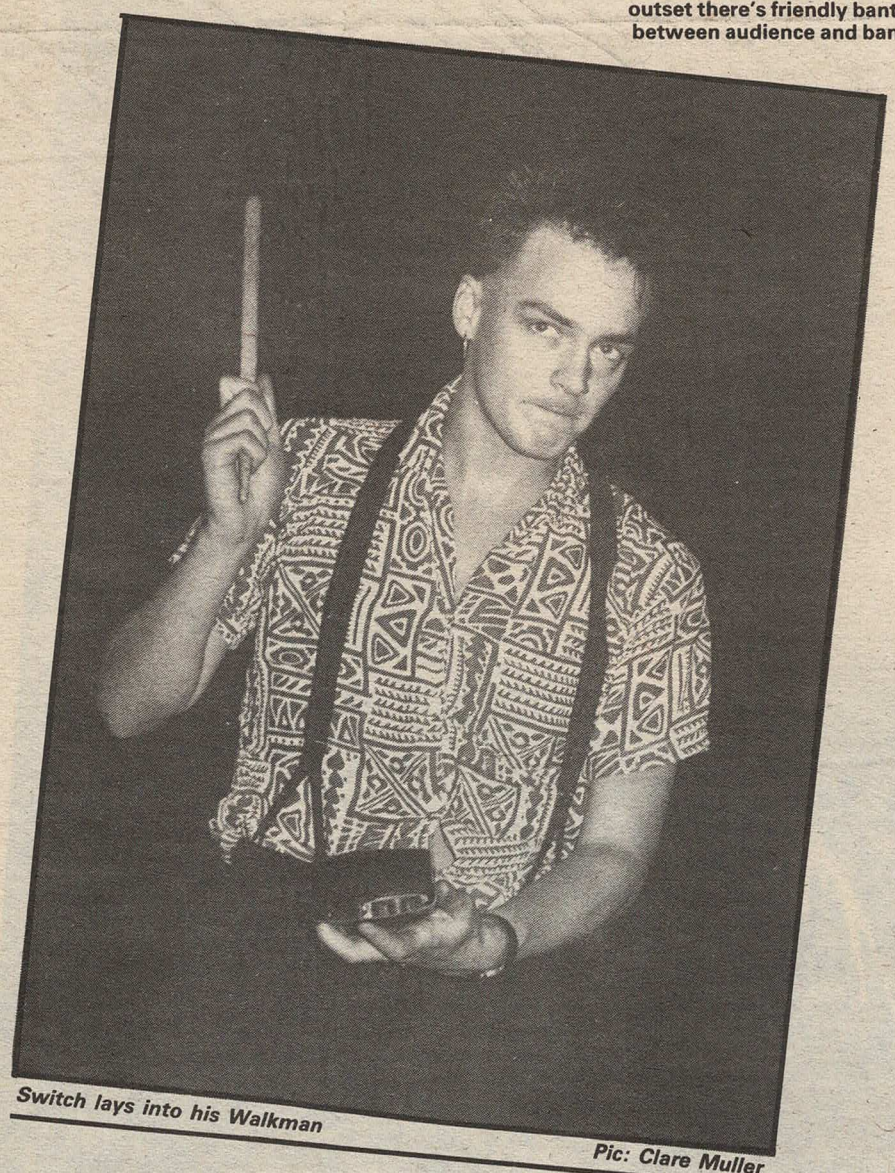
Alan Marke

LIVE!

LET'S HIT IT!

THE HIGSONS

University of London Union.



Switch lays into his Walkman — *Pic: Clare Muller*

THE HIGSONS appear. Completely confident, relaxed and totally at ease, from the outset there's friendly banter between audience and band.

Vocalist Switch intones: "This is a hell of a song to dance to." And leers: "Which can be interpreted in a number of ways."

Byrne's inspired vocals over the bands pumping but edgy funk base are strengthened by powerful backing vocals, especially during a confusing 'Born Blind' which features Switch seconding on trumpet while erstwhile trumpet/guitar player Terry moves to sax.

Titles are scarce as songs are introduced with random half sentences. Switch bounces backwards and starts a fast litany of assassinated persons with "Who shot JFK/We have proof it was the CIA".

From the beginning, the audience are hanging on his every word, excited by The Higsons' controlled, spasmodic bursts of energy. Switch walks to the microphone again, introduces another song by screaming "No! No! No! No! No!" The band are het up and febrile and back up his menacing orders to *"Take my money/Take my money/Take my money/Take my soul."*

By the last song the audience are going crazy and, of course, an encore is demanded. The stage is overrun by over-zealous followers who snatch cabassas, vibraslaps and any other percussion instruments that happen to be lying around. One appears awkwardly clutching The Corporation's conga!

But The Higsons are in command and allay the bouncers' fears. The Higsons are arrogant and competent — calm, calculating and clever.

Regine Moylett

A PLODDING PANTOMIME

TOYAH

The Lyceum, London

THE FATHER of 'new wave' must be jangling his chains in helpless anger at the sight of the bloated cripple his baby has now grown up to be. To consider that Toyah Willcox was once blessed with a credibility not dissimilar to that of a Siouxsie or an Ari makes her resounding fall from grace all the more wretched — for now she has definitely touched rock bottom.

The 1982 Toyah show represents the final shedding of any worthwhile vestiges this 'star' may have picked up on her grimy travels from the year zero (1976) — nay, not just a shedding, more like a manic *shredding* as she backpeddles furiously to land in the primaeval rock swamps (ie, about 1973).

Willcox shows no embarrassment in this crass celebration of olde worlde rock cliche, so tired you can virtually hear the creaks. A bunch of workhorses behind her churn out the hackneyed rock noise — not sure if it's supposed to be Plod or Pomp — and settle on the path of least resistance.

Toyah, like some caked-up pantomime dame, cajoles and bullies her 'kids' in some other worldly fantasy, replete with tales of "Warriors' and 'The Universe' (one tune is called 'The Jungles Of Jupiter'!) — extolling them to hiss and boo at bad old mum'n'dad, to shake off society's cruel shackles, to be Free — all the while incarcerating them in the dark dungeons of her own money-making invention.

Ultimately, Toyah's own dumb rhetoric proves a more indigestible concept than those she rallies against — the only losers, though, being the ones who always have to pay — Brian and Tracy Rockfan — the number one targets in Toyah's corporate attack of Music, Make-Up, Clothes, etc, etc. . .

Graham K. Smith

ROMAN HOLLIDAY

Camden Palace

ROCK A BOOGIE hep cat daddio and away we go was the zealous cry tonight as two London colleges held their end of term ball at the Palace. Yes, work is over for the year and now it's time to play; heads down no-nonsense, no-holds-barred revelling was the order of the day and Roman Holliday epitomised the spirit almost exactly.

They played a boppy brand of sax and trumpet-fuelled jive music that says nothing at all but can mean everything if you're in the mood. And the kids here tonight were certainly in the mood, shuffling around to Glen Miller records that were played as a prelude to the band. Roman Holliday are a '40s and '50s nostalgia band, in the same vein as The Darts and The Stargazers although more authentic than the former and less kitsch than the latter.

Their whole bag reminds me of the first swing revival that happened in the early summer of 1976 when some of us innocently tried to recapture the stylish ambience of our forefathers.

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THE PAPER YOU CAN HEAR IN THE DARK

That little time warp was, thankfully, wiped out when the great rousing beast punk rock came along and even now, especially now, there are too many bands that are actually saying something 'real' and positive in an exciting and enjoyable way for retrospection to mean much outside a close of term students' bash.

Holidays are fine but there is such a thing as taking a vacation out too far — a Roman Holliday is just about far enough.

Richard North

CROSSTALK A/V
BAMBOO FRINGE

Liverpool Left Bank

A BRAVE attempt to make live music accessible to under-18s, with a Saturday afternoon alcohol-free matinee. Two of Liverpool's less fashionable groups provided the first of what should be a regular event.

Crosstalk A/V are an incredibly normal looking foursome: jagged guitar edges, loose loopy bass, choppy drums, unobtrusive keyboards and clipped, concise vocals. Their unassuming and unpretentious brand of intelligent pop/rock is hopelessly unfashionable, and they'll probably have to resign themselves to a worthy obscurity.

The three men of The Bamboo Fringe, on the other hand, play some very commercial synth-pop which charms and warms. They're like an early Tubeway Army with a bit of feeling as well as a real pop sensibility (if you can stretch your imagination that far). Handsome charismatic Gerry Garland provides fervent vocals (as well as occasional atmospheric sax) which works well on both the brighter numbers and the more moody things.

Kev Mc

CPGB (M-L) COMEDY!

ALEXEI SAYLE

Leeds University

AS A non-rock act patronised by the music crowd, Sayle has snatched attention with his smash and grab brand of comedy only to discover that in the fast turnover world of rock and roll (phew) the shelf life of humour is strictly limited.

Now he's stuck with the job of keeping on the hop long enough and fast enough to avoid an exit as violent as his entry. Hello, 'Lex — gotta new set?

What it comes down to is the same old story of the cult following slinking away in disgust as soon as their hero hits a wider audience. His slot on the maggot-ridden OTT may have been growing mould in the minds of the few thousand who had seen the Comic Strip show, but in that context the material reached uninitiated millions.

What's more, now that Sayle's developed — his show contains a good 50 per cent new material and features sometimes radical rearrangements of the rest. He's managed to take a wide cross section along with him. He's a mainstream comedian, but as such he's infinitely superior to the competition.

While he may joke about the whole wetness of the idea of having a non-sexist, non-racist comedian he is still funny without resorting to Jim Davidson-type crap.

What he is is a comedian capable of attracting a wide audience and confronting them with a set that is partly a scalding dismissal of all they hold in comtempt and partly a storm of invective in their own direction.

Johns, trendies, lefties, students — they're all represented in Sayle's audience, and at any one point, along with the howls, there's always the sound of laughter choking in someone's throat.

No target is left untouched in Sayle's set — let alone Alexei himself.

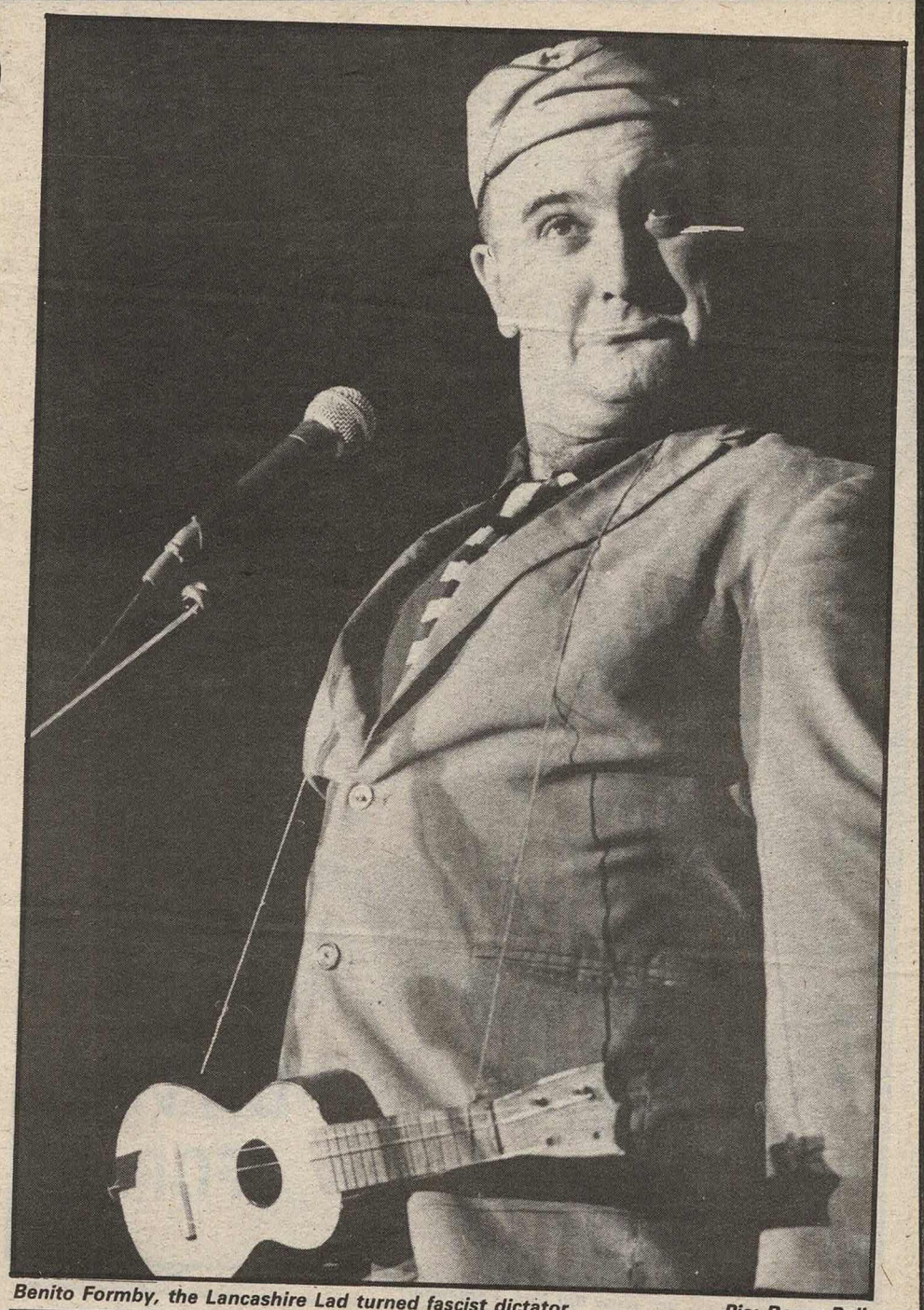
Alexei's critics have always suffered from taking the man too seriously, a mistake he never makes himself. Sayle is not *becoming* a parody of himself, he's never been anything else.

He's the ex-art school kid who kicks the hell out of arty pretension, the lefty who lays into the undeniable wetness of the majority of the left. But, behind it all, however well disguised, there is a direction that comes simply from an awareness of what's going on.

Take a look, if you can stomach it, at British comedy. It's either some pathetic, nostalgia-soaked throwback to music hall or some gum-sucking, inadequate attempt at political satire. (Ho, ho, isn't it jolly aren't we being so wicked).

Alexei Sayle and Bradford's Little Brother are the only comedians with genuine BITE, and that's two reasons, if not to be cheerful, at least to laugh.

Don Watson



Benito Formby, the Lancashire Lad turned fascist dictator. *Pic: Roger Ball*

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BERLIN ATONAL FESTIVAL

LIVE!

A PRELIMINARY note on decay: Far away from the Christmas lights of Kurfurstendamm and Berlin's g(u)ilt-edged shopping streets, there stands a solitary, yet imposing entrance to . . . nothing. The immense dimensions stubbornly refuse to be dwarfed by the surrounding expanse of wasteland where once the bustling railway station called Anhalter Bahnhof stood.

Today, the ruined gateway — its crumbling edges worn smooth with time — is a lonely reminder of Berlin's grander, pre-war city centre, whose mainstreets were abruptly cut in two by the erection of the Wall. Formerly flourishing thoroughfares of the '20s now fizzle out as they approach the borderline into rows of empty lots, rundown shops, bricked up windows and forlorn little cafes.

Though I do my best to follow Joseph Beuys' sensible advice to stop thinking so much about The Wall, I inevitably come up against it, and want to even relishing it, because it's The Wall that makes Berlin what it is today. It is The Wall that has preserved Alt Berlin (mostly in the Eastern Sector's suburbs, which mercifully remain protected from the ravages of rampant consumerism), while at the same time forcing the town Senate to constantly rejuvenate the city, if the flow of young people westward is to be stemmed.

In order to render Berlin an attractive proposition to the young, the senate has come to recognise the energy created by the chemical reaction of decay and is presently looking to harness it for its own ends. Thus we are treated to the absurd irony of a surprisingly progressive (culturally speaking) conservative council selling its city as a *Sehenswert* on the strength of its dissident artist population. The tourist office will provide you with a list of artists' ateliers in the decomposing Kreuzberg district — a vibrant hive of activity ranging from Turkish street markets to squatters' meets to countless groups rehearsing in converted warehouses and lofts — where you can watch painters at work! Similarly it has underwritten the Berlin Atonal Festival to the tune of £2500.

Regular readers will have noted my suspicion of the German ability to institutionalise opposition by financially supporting it. In this case I'd suggest they're not quite sure just what kind of monster they're feeding. A festival headed by the *Geniale Dilletanten,* a loose grouping of Dadaists, non musicians and cacophonists dedicated to the idea of the imminent Fall, which, over three nights, will satirise, savage, scorn and ultimately destroy the notions of stability upon which authority is built, paid for by the state? Why not?! Take the money and run!

THE EXTRAORDINARY achievement of the *Dilletanten,* led by Einsturzende Neubauten, loopy genius Alexander Borsig, Sprung Aus Den Wolken, expatriate British comics Die Unbekannten and Frieder Butzmann, and (in apposition) Malaria! and Die Haut, is their popularisation of a difficult, normally unpopular proposition: anything goes. Music is nothing. Noise is all. Depending on how you apply it. The *Dilletanten,* in packing the bleak and ugly club S.O.36 with a mass of heaving, sweaty and excited bodies, have proved that absolutely everything is possible. So long as you clear the way first.

The *Dilletanten's* destructive character is the very thing that draws the crowds. The act of destruction not only cheers the participants, but also the onlookers. They reduce the structures of music to ruins, not in order to rebuild, nor, one suspects, to fulfil some strange vision of utter devastation, but possibly to create space. In a besieged city such as Berlin, space is, of course, at a premium. Nowhere else in Europe is the urge to reclaim it so powerful. I am not being fanciful.

The *Dilletanten* have used their music/noise to burst boundaries — both metaphorically and in reality. A group such as Einsturzende Neubauten, for instance, has become so deeply addicted to the sheer physicality of what it is doing that it is no longer willing or able to separate art from life.

Thus are the participants of Einsturzende Neubauten the most consummate performance artists: their concert is the most astonishing spectacle I've ever seen.

On the junk, metal and steel they've dug up from the city's rubble tips they hammer out ferociously loud, necessarily primitive rhythms, getting totally lost in the animal act of beating objects. The muscular bulk of F. M. Mufti Einheit and bassist Marc Chung (both also in Abwarts) establish an inexorable, inescapable momentum, leaving third participant Andrew Unruh free to roam around his machines.

One moment he is showering cascades of sparks across the stage with a black and decker on miked up steel, which in turn emits anguished yowls into the density of noise. They are matched by the harrowing vocal of Blixa Bargeld, a painfully thin, yet most compelling figure, whose improvisations contain the substance of geniune urban blues.

By this time the audience is both tense and exhilarated, filling the rare silences with nervous, excited chatter, waiting for release. It's not long in coming. As a final act, Andrew Unruh appears atop a shakey PA system, tottering under the weight of a

pneumatic road drill, with which he bores a hole in the wall. For an encore the frantic Turkish hall owner, not appreciating the finer aspects of modern art, races to the back of the stage to administer slaps all round. Einsturzende Neubauten, you'll recall, translates as Collapsing New Buildings.

And all the while, local celebrity punk Jenny stands stage right, stroking the pet rat on her shoulder.

A personal favourite, Frieder Butzmann's bizarre fusion of an advent mass, German Christmas kitsch and bleary-eyed religious mysticism isn't given a chance either by the sound mix or crowd impatient for Die Haut and Malaria! Die Haut turn out to be a revelation — a guitar instrumental group that undermines Lounge Lizard aloofness with goofy Venturesome tunes, two such seemingly opposite poles being brought together by the enthusiasm and audacity of the players.

Malaria!, meanwhile, provide confirmation of their awesome potential. Since they last appeared in Britain they've found the power to match their purposeful exploration of emotional turbulances. Malaria! lead you through the realm of passion, exposing you to both pain and pleasure. They're also very funny: Their next single is likely to be called 'Thrash Me'.

SO, JUST where can the *Geniale Dilletanten* lead their increasing mass of followers? Simply on a guided tour through Berlin's future ruins? Let's not deny the fearful, heart-in-mouth, yet magnetic attraction of an apocalyptic landscape.

On the other hand why not draw positive relief from their recognition of an imminent condition? For, as Walter Benjamin says: "Only a view that acknowledges downfall as the sole reason for the present situation can advance beyond enervating amazement at what is daily repeated, and perceive the phenomena of decline as stability itself and rescue alone as extraordinary . . ."

Chris Bohn

★

THE MILKSHAKES

Rock Garden, Covent Garden

THE MILKSHAKES are one of the most honest, most English, most self-deprecating bands I've seen in the past five years and they rarely fail to move an audience.

Though co-vocalist Billy Childish learned his licks off Chuck Berry records (and drummer Bruce apprenticed himself via "beat books on how to play the drums"), what the band offers is a blissfully Anglo response to the rhythmic cliches of American R'n'B, the like of which hasn't been heard much since The Beatles came home from Hamburg.

The Milkshakes' set gets louder, faster and happier but *no more self-important,* and what a pleasure it is to be treated like a music-loving listener rather than someone being primed for the checkout queue at a Virgin emporium. So all power to these beserk enthusiasts and herewith I recommend the enshrinement of the newer repertoire on the LP '14 Rhythm And Beat Greats'.

My personal listening taste runs to the tougher stuff — instrumentals like 'Red Monkey', a great live version of Link Wray's 'Jack The Ripper', a raucous 'I Want You', and Mickey's emoting on 'Cadalina'. Plus, not since the early Stooges have I heard a teen-anomie anthem any better than Billy's 'I Need No-One' . . . which isn't, I stress, to imply that The Milkshakes are in any sense revivalist.

It's more that they've got a sort of spit and spirit I was beginning to think had deserted these isles altogether. So I'm pleased to join the ranks of those devoted and/or plastered fans they've been accruing for years — 30 of whom were turned away from the door at this very gig, because they "looked scruffy".

Cynthia Rose

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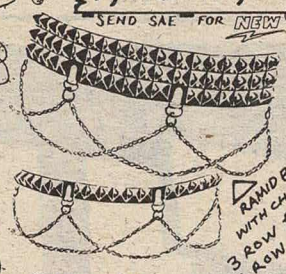

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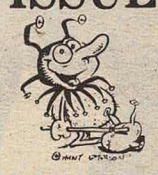

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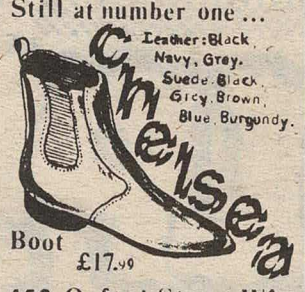

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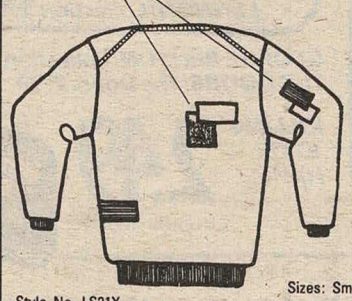

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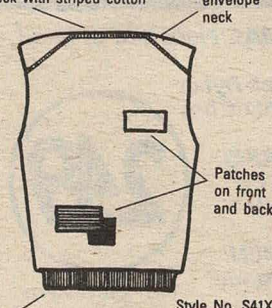

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BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN magazine — Candys Room — no. 4 50p. A4 s.a.e. includes poster. 74, Winskill Road, Liverpool, L11 1HB.

"FIRST NIGHT" — Steve van Zandt news - letter. 25p/A4. S.A.E. from: Helen Dunbar, 1 Glenbrook Road, Higher Blackley, Manchester, M9 3PP.

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SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES — swap 2 tickets, Wednesday 29th for Tuesday 28th December. Phone Pete, 01-261 6207 (day).

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WASTED YOUTH sorry about the break-up. "Think of the future and make it grow". I'll remember you. Good luck, Ken, Darren, Nick, Andy, Rocco. Love Rita. x x x.

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

● DIRECT ACTION of the sort so recently and impressively assembled at Greenham Common on December 12 and 13 may be called upon again to halt the construction of the controversial nuclear power plant at Sizewell in Suffolk. It may be Britain's largest anti-nuclear power group — the Friends of the Earth — who call out the protestors, as they have warned Secretary for Energy Nigel Lawson in a letter sent this week.

The Friends are complaining that the government's decision "not to finance any objector to the £1,300 nuclear power project at the public enquiry beginning next month has led objectors to feel that the dice is already loaded against them — and has produced a deep disillusion with the public enquiry system."

The Friends agree with other official objectors, the Council for the Protection of Rural England, that "if protest against civil nuclear power takes the same path as opposition to nuclear weaponry, then we can look forward to the possibility of widespread disorders and civil disobedience".

The Sizewell decision is of vital importance, because the Pressurised Water Reactor concerned (of American design) is the same type whose potential for problems was revealed at Harrisburg. Yet one virulenty anti-PWR lobby, the East Anglian Alliance Against Nuclear Power (which embraces 60 separate opposing groups), has already been forced to announce it must withdraw from the public inquiry as it cannot afford to fight the case.

The Central Electricity Generating Board, who stand to build the plant at Sizewell, will be spending £2,500,000 on 'defending' their position.

● THE LEAKED report that Mrs Thatcher's government has granted a go-ahead for construction of a new wartime command station (which, according to the *New York Times,* will be based at High Wycombe) has caused outrage among the peace campaigns of the UK. "We think it's exposed another completely undemocratic decision," said a spokesman on behalf of CND, "It gives further credence to the belief that both nations are adopting a nuclear war-fighting posture. We are certain this will mobilise even greater peace protests both here and abroad".

New York Times reporters (citing sources in Washington, DC) also claim the new US bunker will be able to house 1,000 in 'war time'. This location has yet to be confirmed at presstime, but the financial tag on the package is £8 million — with few of the jobs involved going to Britons. The money is alleged to be the amount needed to strengthen the existing bunker at High Wycombe so that it can withstand "anything other than a direct hit by a nuclear warhead".

Reports that America intends to re-locate her European HQ — EUCOM — in Britain have, however, yet to be confirmed. They are not contingent upon her investment in the bunker at High Wycombe — or at any of the other American bases already located in the UK.

● This Sunday will see a small follow-up action in support of the Greenham Common Peace Camp's women protestors: a benefit performance at London's Roundhouse on Sunday, December 19. The programme will be a varied one of music, theatre, poetry and song. It will be presented by Paolo Pionisotti, Elaine Loudon, the Guest Stars, Juliet Stevenson, Vi Subversa, Ova and Female Trouble. The concert begins at 7.30 and admission is £3 (£2 unwaged); with tickets available from both box office (01-267 2564) and on the door.

● CND Sales are also raising a few funds at Xmas via the sale of their three Christmas cards. Two — a European Nuclear Disarmament steamer painted by END member Kurt Willy-Kuhl and Raymond Briggs' 'Red Alert' cartoon — are colour. There's also a black and white photo of a CND symbol scrawled in the snow, by Angus Laing. Proceeds from all cards, at 15p and 20p each or £1.50 per ten plus 25 p&p, benefit CND. For full info send an sae to CND, 11 Goodwin St, London N4.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

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REGGAE RUNNINGS

Slatemix

UPFRONT in All Saints Road off Westbourne Park are distributors of the Mobiliser label and a pair of new **Tapper Zukie** productions on slate, his own remonstrance on the legend of 'Raggy Joey Boy' (MM 44) and a duet of harmonic counterpoint adapting 'Reflection' (MM 45) from **Barry Biggs** and **Ruddy Thomas.**

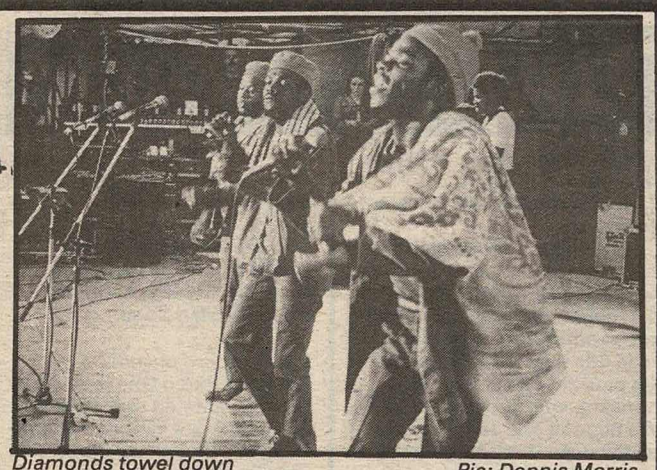
The Jah Shaka — King Of The Zulu Tribe imprint carries a further repatriation plea on slate, this from **Junior Brown** vocalising the **Shaka Ridim Section** 'Travelling Dub' rhythm for 'Fly Me Away' (829).

Also new on 10": **Lloyd Robinson,** 'Candy Girl' (Pama — PMD 3223) — produced by L Hill (Tanka); **O'Neil Dyer,** 'Robbery' c/w **Radics,** 'Aggravation' (Cha Cha — CHAD 50); **Barry Brown,** 'Rasta, Man Of Dignity' c/w **General Echo,** 'Afrikan National Heroes' (Mandingo Hot Steppers); **Wailing Soul,** 'Grabbing And Running' (Cha Cha — CHAD 51); **Valerie Stuart** with **Black Heart,** 'Flirt' c/w **Sammy Black** and **Sister V,** 'Maureen' (Darkstar — DR1) — produced by K Chambers; and **Papa Tiny,** 'Angela Baby' (Classic Roots — CBR 006).

Discomix

LATEST 12" discomixes include a departure for London singer **Eli Immanuel** with adaptation of Slim Smith's 'Turning Point' (Silver Camel — SC 020); **In Crowd** with two new Fill Callender compositions 'Add A Little Light' c/w 'Honey Boy' (Smokey — SMJD 009) — produced by Phil Matthias; **U** c/w the singer together with **Militant Mikey,** 'The Wicked Them' (Jet Sounds — JS 011); **Junior Delgado,** 'Part Time Lover' (Art & Craft — ACD 23); **Ruddy Thomas,** 'Nice And Easy' c/w **Sound Inc,** 'Groovy Feeling' (Hawkeye-HD 45) — arranged by Franklyn "Bubbler" Waul; **Bim Sherman,** 'Happiness' c/w **Yabby Youth,** 'DJ Hit Song', the toaster current mike mc with Unity Hi-Fi, produced by S Thomas and S Hughes and issued on Jah Shaka (830); **Marcia Griffiths,** 'Untrue Love' c/w **Nigger Kojak,** 'Come Inna Dis' (Intense — INT 004) — produced by Clive Hunt; and **Pepper & Maureen,** 'Windsong' c/w **Aquizim,** 'Dub Is The Answer' (Hollycone — HC 101) — produced by the Love Laboratory.

Brown toasting 'Tu Shung Pen', a John Kelly production issued on Tad c/w **Solgie** supplying 'Killer Dub Part II' (TRD 31182); **Naggo Morris** — currently in town alongside The Heptones — waxing a pair of sides for S&G, 'False Rasta' c/w 'Two Time Girl' (SG 23) — produced by Sandle Fay; **Keith Douglas,** 'Try Love Again' (Fashion — FAD 014); **Twinkle Bros,** 'Everybody Needs Somebody' (Twinkle — MG 651); **The Techniques,** 'Play Girl' c/w **Super Cat & Brok Bat,** 'Mr Walker' (Techniques); **The Cool Notes,** 'Morning Child (Radio Mix)' c/w '(Club Mix)' (Mass Media Music — MMM12-1011); **Errol Bellot,** 'Don't Joke With Love'



Diamonds towel down *Pic: Dennis Morris*

Diamonds Deh

RELEASED on the Music Works label is a new LP by The Mighty Diamonds vocal trio for producer "Gussie" Clarke entitled 'The Roots Is There' (MWRT 11984).

Featuring 10 tracks, the set dispenses a version of B B Seaton's song for The Gaylads 'Red Rose' plus loose adaptation of Bernard "Abyssinians" Collins' 'Declaration Of Rights'. The remaining eight titles are all Diamonds originals and include L Ferguson's currently popular 'Unruly Pickney' and also 'Everybody Has An Accent', 'When The Right Time Come' and 'The Poor Man's Prayer', two from D Shaw with the title track and 'Part Time Love', F Simpson's 'The Breadwinner' and a joint Ferguson-Simpson effort 'Live For Today'.

Eli Immanuel

ONSTAGE in Surrey on Friday are Bristol's *Talisman* plus *Red I* from Croydon from 8 until 11pm at the Lakers Hotel, Redstone Hill, Redhill — 200 yards from mainline station. Admission on the door is £2 for members and £2.50 others.

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

OBSERVER STATION UNDERGROUND reporting — flashing weekly from a semi-frequency — our Flouds-Queen *Thames* for Ships & Swans is crowned . . . this Thursday evening — from 7pm till late — Lambar's Disco presents DJ Bloundie and FBI for a Hackney College Students Union promotion at 95 Kingsland High Street, Dalston, E8. Bars fully licensed. Dress casual but smart. Tickets £1 or £2 at the door . . . **and stately *Severne* for her Shoare is praysed** . . . also on Thursday at 7pm African National Congress presents Heroes Day at Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Speakers from ANC, SWAPO, AAM plus revolutionary songs and poetry . . . **the Crystall *Trent,* for Foords and Fish renowned** . . . on Friday — 8pm to 3am — a Caribbean Christmas Special grand show and dance at Harrow Leisure Centre, Christchurch Avenue, Wealdstone, Harrow presents live onstage Cimarons in concert with Danny Ray & Shirley James plus Zagada soca band and the orbitone Roy Alton. Sounds by David Rodigan. Tickets £6. Tel 01-863 5611 . . . **and *Avon's* Fame to *Albion's* Cliffes is raysed** . . . a come as you dare Christmas Party is celebrated at the Cosmopolitan Country Club, 210a Haverstock Hill, Belsize Park, NW3 on Saturday from 9pm till 4am. Live stage performance by Cruzial. Personal appearances: Erica Gale, Eli Immanuel, Lady Sherry, Tex Johnson, Donna Rhoden and Belinda Parker . . . *Carlegion Chester* **vaunts her holy** *Dee* . . . ravers night on Saturday at the Caribbean Club, 31 Rectory Road, N16 from dusk till dawn. Sound by Challis — Musical Inchanter with lovers, soul and Studio 1 . . . *Yorke* **many Wonders of her** *Owse* **can tell** . . . a grand Christmas dance is held at Norwood Hall, 38 Knights Hill, SE27 — 8pm to 3am — on Saturday featuring live onstage One Blood and also introducing Infinity. Sounds by Observer Downbeat ever so mellow, ever so sweet. Food. Bar. Tickets from NK Records, Lee Sound City and Daddy Kool . . . **the *Peake* her *Dove,* whose Bankes so fertile be** . . . onstage at Dougie's Hide-Away, 114 Junction Road, Archway, N19 on Saturday is African band Highlife International . . . **and *Kent* will say her *Medway* doth excell** . . . and at the Ace in Brixton on Saturday is an Afro-Caribbean evening with onstage Gasper Lawal Africa Drum Oro Band, Ekome, Spartacus and The Ebony Steel Band. Tickets £3 from box office 01-274 4663 . . . *Cotswold* **commends her *Isis* to the *Tame*** . . . also on Saturday at Compton Hall, Compton Park in Wolverhampton there will be a performance by Umoja Afrikan Drama Group exhibiting all aspects of their work from 3.30 to 10.30pm . . . **our Northerne Borders boast of *Tweed's* faire Floud** . . . the Carib Sports & Social Club invite you to their Sunday session — 12 to 3pm — at the New Ambassador Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, WC1 with music by the fabulous Masquerade steel and brass orchestra also Lord Sam Soca Way. Licensed bar. West Indian dishes . . . **our Westerne Parts extoll their *Wili's* Fame** . . . early sessions for the youth every Sunday 7-11pm at Wessex House, Clapham Junction with Lloyd Coxsone. Admission: £1 . . . **and the old *Lea* brags of the *Danish* Bloud** . . . dance for children at the Ferncliffe Centre, E8 every Saturday at 10.30am. 50p . . . *Arden's* **sweet *Ankor,* let thy glory bee** . . . jazz cabaret at the Arts Theatre Club, 7 Great Newport Street, WC2 every Thursday at 8.30pm with swing, comedians and jugglers. Low price food and drink. Admission £2.50 members £1.50 . . . **that faire *Idea* onely lives by thee** . . . finally, having a party or dance? Aquarius mobile disco will entertain you and your guests with the latest imports in reggae, soul, calypso and juju music in halls, houses and clubs. Call your DJ on 01-403 4547 . . . **One Love** . . .

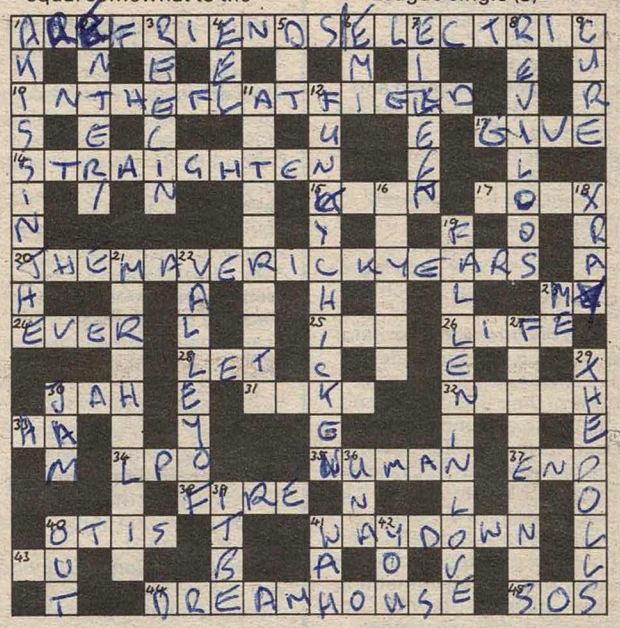
CLUES ACROSS

1 So was it just Gary Numan's mates who were turned on by his power? (3-7-8)
10 Bauhaus album somewhere among the daisies and cow-pats (2-3-4-5)
13 + **23D** + **38A** GBH single — new version of 'Have You Got A Light Boy'? (4-2-4)
14 + **40D** A number for the Stranglers, and all other criminals on the mend (10-3)
15 + **17.** See 43A
20 I meet Shaky craver, in a way, when listening to Pete Wylie's sound (3-8-5)
23 + **26A** Billy Joel's biggest hit in 1978 (2-4)
24 + **19D** Buzzcocks' biggest hit, also in 1978 (4-6-2-4)
25 'At Seventeen', Ms Janis —— (3)
26 See 23A
28 + **39D** *"For though they may be parted, there is still a chance that they will see, there will be an answer"* 1970 (3-2-2)
30 Warrior or Wobble (3)
31 See 11D
32 Hatfield and the ——, formed in 1972 from members of Caravan Gong, Matching Mole, Egg (5)
33 What the clown said — twice! — to Manfred Mann (2)
34 Large band (very) associated with Louis Clark (1-1-1)
35 Supposedly now a new man, but just a replica? (5)
37 '—— Games' — coming first Last For Everything (3)
38 See 13A
40 American soul man (deceased), sounds like he could be at Reading though (4)
41 Where Elvis Presley (deceased) may be appearing, as in the words of his last UK number one (3-4)
43 + **17A** + **15A** 1978 Steel Pulse single (2-4-4)
44 See 1D
45 1975 Abba hit (1-1-1)

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

CLUES DOWN

1 + **44A** It's a smacker from Siouxsie (1-4-2-3-10)
2 Current Peter Hammill LP (5-1)
3 '—— In The Years', Steely Dan (6)
4 —— Pie, recording studios (3)
5 1976 top ten hit from Pluto Sherrington (3)
6 Duran Duran, Talk Talk label label (3)
7 Kevin Rowland's girl for last summer (6)
8 They sang 'Top Of The Pops', though not necessarily on that prog (8)
9 A forest and a hanging garden were cultivated by this band (4)
11 + **31A** 10cc's follow-up to 'I'm Not In Love' (3-3-4-4)
12 In 1970, Rufus Thomas concocted this dance, equal somewhat to the shameful Birdie Dance (5-7)
16 + **27D** One of Cream's singles (6-3-6)
18 The sort of spex to wear on the day the world turns day-glow (1-3)
19 See 24A
21 Talk Talk singer singer (4-6)
22 + **29D** 1979 Generation X single (6-2-3-5)
23 See 13A
27 See 16D
29 See 22D
30 This band had three successive hits with the word 'World' in the titles in the late '70s (3)
36 1975 King Crimson album (1-1-1)
39 See 28A
40 See 14A
41 Pete Wylie and chums (3)
42 'For ——', Anti Nowhere League single (3)



LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Up The Junction; 6 Argy (Bargy); 10 Skids; 11 Warrior Rock; 13 Alessi; 14 Orbison; 15 Out; 16 Eddie And The (Hotrods); 18 Sunset, 19 Nightporter; 21 Theatre (Of Hate); 24 Dream; 26 Rat Trap; 27 Bargy; 28 Lies; 29 Can(Can); 30 That (Lady); 32 Eddy; 34 Jackie; 36 War; 37 Sea; 39 Lady; 41 The; 42 Can; 43 (AC)DC; 44 Hotrods.

DOWN: Upstairs At Erics; 2 Toiler On (The Sea); 3 East Side Story; 4 New Gold (Dream); 5 Throbbing Gristle; 7 Rio; 8 Yakety; 9 I Ran; 12 Instant Karma; 15 Of Hate; 17 Dion; 20 Roxy; 22 Elton John; 23 Exploited; 25 Waterloo (Sunset); 31 Twist, 33 Dudes; 35 City; 38 Ash; 40 AC(DC).

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BEASTBAG

NICHE OR NIETZSCHE: THIS SPORTING LIFE

AN OPEN letter in defence of the eclectic writer (the term 'journalist' — apart from looking ugly — is infested with the semantics of the translation of truth rather than opinion). It appears to these lazy eyes that unwritten policy is to align oneself to a band or clique within the myriad of form and from there to study past, present and future developments. Paul Morley has his four boys, Amrik Rai his Cabs iconography, Chris Bohn his new Teutonic waves, X Moore his Red Flag Rock.

The logic of such stances is quite sound — to establish a niche from which to watch and take note and then use this position as a point of reference to relate what unfolds around them, giving the reader a stable progression of opinion and thought. The alternatives are pointless — the self-deification of watching the world as an estranged presence or the blinkered exclusionism of those that say "this isn't worth writing about" or "this is bad" merely because it doesn't reach into their niche.

It is because those writers above and the remainder of the *NME* contributors can control their eclecticism and the range of stances taken, each variously interlocked, that a wide if not full spectrum of opinion is interpreted. It is this that makes the paper readable and changeful. So how about letting a writer get away with saying something like — hearing 'Story Of The Blues' touches me deeper than seeing Tears For Fears on *TOTP* — without selling them to the wich-hunt? *Gasbags* full of trite letters bemoaning the eclectic writer are beginning to bore me.
Swerve, Bradford, Yorks.

NME is a "mare". Parts are just falling apart. For starters, what about the letters page? The page representing the greatest diversity of opinions is now the butt of *NME's* greatest narrow-mindedness.

Every week, every letter is linked under the same derogatory theme. Basically the stance is this: *NME* thinks "This is pretty self conscious crap, readers must do better!" Fuck off! *NME* must do better.

There are so many expletives to describe your attitude. Unimaginative, regressive, elitist and insensitive are a few. *NME* may delude themselves that such a stance will provoke its readership into more creative, broader writing. This is evidently wrong. All that is happening is reaction. Angry letters come back cursing the *NME* or its own demise, generally, too right I say.

NME has been told many times that a lot of us would like longer reviews on bands live. And more reviews on more bands (at lesser venues) live. The reasons are obvious. Why do you ignore this plea? Have you no heart? Is it just sound economics?

Instead *NME* frequently dives for one big solo spot to fill its pages. Here we are presented with a prestigious name. A name with proven sellability. Now we are drowned by a mass of pretentious twaddle. Usually pages of it — eg Dave Sylvian interview. That is if you care enough to read it (and frankly who does, bar the already converted?).

Why not press these people? Make us all fans. It is most dubious, methinks, for *NME* to purport to socialist ideals and yet be consistently intimidated by such artists when confronted by them in person. Where's your bottle? Where's your desire to be provocative?
Nigel Godfrey, Stanford Hill, N.15

IT IS IN THE BREWING LUMINOUS

This X Moore chap speaks out of his left bollock. Far from being the innovation he suggests, I find *The Young Ones* embarrassing puerile tripe working on the principle that you can shock your audience into submission. *Fawlty Towers* set the standards for television comedy, standards that have never been reached since. I've sat through *The Young Ones* twice and never laughed once yet I did laugh at *The Odd Couple* on telly last Sunday afternoon. By the way, Richard Cook's review of the Abba album was spot on.
M. Cornwall, Maidstone.
I agree — RC.

Did anyone notice that in the recent movie *Moonlighting*, 'You Can't Hide Your Love Forever' posters were shown stuck on a wall or something. Since the story takes place in December '81 and the Orange Juice LP was released in February '82, there's obviously something wrong somewhere isn't there?
RDN, Oslo, Norway.
Well spotted. Always a pleasure to hear from Scandinavian moviegoers — RC.

This is my view on Robert Palmer on *The Tube*. Firstly he came stumbling on like a businessman late home from the office, then the band struck up the first song 'Some Guys Have All The Luck' — well Rob old bean, it's obvious you don't. The sound thrashed out by the doubtless ex-we've-been-everywhere-done-everything-twice superband was reminiscent of an aardvark waking from a deep sleep.

They then proceeded to play the same song over and over again with a hunchbacked midget playing drums while John Peel played keyboards. Robert — you're way over the hill down the road through the traffic lights round the corner past the *(OK, OK — Bag Ed)*.
Mr Hooper Hooper.
But Phil thought it was the best TV of the year! — RC.

I would like to point out that occupying a sentry box at Greenham Common *is a criminal offence and therefore the police must arrest and prosecute, as is their duty.* The police have to do what our democratically (but that's another story) elected representatives tell them to do. I submit we stop jumping to conclusions and start checking our facts — start with Dicey's 'Rule Of Law', separating police (executive) from parliament (legislature) — with the former subordinate to the latter — doesn't that make you feel better? What I'm really trying to say is lay off the Old Bill until they deserve it.
Mark W. Smith, Nottingham.

POST MORTEM — OBITUARY — HISTORY

The Jam didn't want to become our Rolling Stones. At Wembley they played mostly oldies that don't mean much to us except for old times' sake, what a great party! It sounds familiar.

And so it was that The Jam finally died, a long and painful murder by their fans. Our gift is still there, please let us accept it.
Paul W, Tunbridge Wells.

There is a young man who appears to have grown up faster than most in the music world. His own personal insecurity passed comparatively quickly *(don't you believe it! — RC)* and so there is no pretence or posing in his stance. He has realised that acceptance of people as individuals and that love of people is far more important and challenging than the rebel/ fashion stance of artists who have to assert themselves and their 'pose' to get ahead.

Paul Weller tried to create something new and refreshing — a youth 'culture' that could overcome (change) social differences (injustices) — in this way. We applauded his passion and sincerity, honesty, energy and integrity. We needed The Jam to show us the way. Don't forget they also made the best music of the last six years!
Julian Clean, London SW18.
May I politely disagree? Anyway, I don't see how any 'stance' can be free of 'posing'. In the midst of all The Jam wreaths, let us not forget . . . — RC.

I'd just like to wish the lads in Wasted Youth all the best for the future. They were one of the best live bands for years and put out some great records. "We're all survivors!"
T. Balfour, Ayr.
Amen! — RC.

OLD TIMERS

Last night I went to see Bow Wow Wow at Leicester University. Tickets said doors open at eight o'clock so I got there in the queue at 7.30. The doors didn't open till nine o'clock and we were all bloody frozen. Still, a few rums in the bar got the circulation going.

I am 55, am I your oldest reader?
D. S. King, Kettering, Northants.
No. Andy Gill is much older, for a start — RC.

Am I the only one of your readers who is old enough to remember that 'Johnny Rocco', reviewed recently by Charles Shaar Murray on the singles page, was originally recorded not by Adam Faith on the red Parlophone label but by Marty Wilde on the blue Philips label?
A. Gee, Bedworth, Warwicks.
You are correct — Philips PB1002, to be precise. The B-side is 'My Heart And I' — Memory Man Cook.

Every record played on National Radio One is safe adult orientated rock or disco (including the likes of Human League and Culture Club). This is not helped by your contempt for 'new punk' or some of the better heavy bands. Anyone would think '76 and '77 never happened when, unless a song is produced by Trevor Horn and written by Paul Weller, you hate it. Why do you think McLaren used Horn on his latest? He's still using you the same as he always did. Is all this Neil Spencer's idea or are your journalists old men?
Anon.
This simply isn't true — I think a Weller/Horn combination is more likely to result in communal groans, not cheers. To return to planet Earth for a moment, your 'new wave' logic defeats me. Where are these better heavy bands of which you speak? The heaviest music I know can be found on a Peter Brotzmann record, so go and have a listen to one of those — RC.

SOMETHING FROM OUR RESEARCH TEAM

Referring to a letter printed in *NME* of December 4 stating that unless David Bowie was now ambidextrous, a photo in *T-Zers* (30 October) had been reversed. After studying a few of my Bowie pictures and reading through my books I would like to put them straight on this small point. Bowie is at least left-handed if not ambidextrous — he writes with his left hand but plays guitar with his right. If one was to study the *T-Zers* picture of Bowie one would note you cannot see the spot above his lip as this is on the *right* side of his face so therefore he must be writing with his left hand. I hope this clears the matter up.
C.M. Bowie, Great Hyton, Cleveland.
This is diligence of humbling dimensions. Our deep, deep thanks for your wonderful work — RC. ***(I said go easy this week — Ed.)***

I think it's about time that last year's debate concerning the conditions in which we are expected to enjoy watching music being performed be re-opened. Certain groups have tried to come up with alternatives to the traditional rock concert and their efforts have been laudable if not entirely successful. Still, with concert attendances falling as standard rock presentation rapidly becomes old hat, why can't promoters and concert houses at least try to give value for money?

Every time I am seduced into attending The Venue by the attraction at the top of the bill, I leave with my wallet turned out and my enjoyment dulled by the aggressive discomfort of the place. The first British performance this weekend of Grandmaster Flash and The Furious Five was, for the management of The Venue, certainly an occasion to Go Low, Dig Deep. Tickets were £5 and they sold absolutely as many as possible — sardines weren't in it. There was no space in the cloakroom for your coat and no room at the bar for your elbow.

Quite apart from the difficulties that Flash and his crew are having in translating their act into a more commercially accessible format, The Venue contrived against them by packing bodies in like sheep in a pen and then fleecing them.

Perhaps *NME* could help by publishing a critical guide to the key places where music is performed in the capital and around the country. My contribution would be that The Venue, along with Hammersmith Odeon and Wembley Arena, is a decadent shit-hole that should be avoided unless it's imperative that you be there.
Russell Cronin, Kings Cross N1.
There's the rub, I fear. The way to make venues (or Venues) change is not to attend unless they're forced to improve — but who's prepared to do that? Go to the movies — they're in trouble too — RC.

WORDSWORTH SPEAKS

Reaper man, reap.
The virgins weep in the back of my van.
Golden green on chest so clean,
I am the man.

Fuck the thoughts that cross our minds daily.
I am not the man with the big pot belly!
That reminds me, pork for tea!

Reaper man, reap.
Squealing pigs sleep in the back of my van.
Blood red apron,
I am the butcher man.
Richard Dean Ward, Cleethorpes.
Stunning. I'm passing your address on to Monty Smith who is a great admirer of this sort of thing — RC.

THE MONSTER DEBATE: HIPNESS OR LOCH NESS?

Seven AM. My sense of ennui: a sign of approaching senility or a symptom of superfluous cynicism? Has rock'n'roll really, as postulated last week by one national, the vanguard of the faintly pink, "come full circle"? Or am I living in an age where rock and roll is the standard route to 'hipness', and where most of the small-time bands around *so desperately* want to be

RICHARD COOK wolfs down readers' agonies

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successfully rebellious pop stars that they incestuously plagiarise each and every hint of the aforementioned 'rebelliousness' that the video moguls and style arbitrators choose to define as such? I think you'd better ask Auntie Julie for me. Lowry's asshole alternativism isn't going to give anybody any answers and is probably 90% of the problem (my hangover may be the other 10%).
Rita O'Hara, Clifton, Bristol.

THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE

A plea to all you regular Peel listeners to put pen to paper and write to 'wonderful' Radio One. Our John's eight hours a week of the — for many of us — most relevant music on radio are to be axed in the summer 'facelift' of our fave channel. So now it's up to us to protest. Please, PLEASE write to those involved — if we could get a big enough response no-one could ignore it. A faceless moron playing MOR in these sacred hours would be unthinkable. Thanks.
Joanne, Rotherham, South Yorks.

ERRATUM

In Leyla Sanai's generally negative ACR album review she cites the lines *"Give it all you've got/And girl you've got a lot/Your body feels so good to me"* as lyrics of a song apparently worthy of our attention. Penned by some prat like David Coverdale these lines would no doubt have provoked no end of scornful hilarity. But sung by Topping, a buffoon of a different, hipper breed, Leyla deems them acceptable, hot stuff even, a bright spot on an otherwise disappointing evening LP.

Consistency may be boring, but crap is crap, even from people who wear the right kind of trousers.
W. Walker, Falkirk.
Have you considered context? — RC.

May I be allowed to correct some heinous errors perpetrated by the acclaimed Tyne Tees prog *The Tube* during the opening ten minutes of the November 26 transmission?

I wuz stitched. Yes, I was once Wavis O'Shave. My 'new' name is *not* Foffo Spearjig. I ditched that six months ago. This Tyne Tees clearly understood and were to have explained. As for my claim to be a 'genuine lunatic' you might have explained that I was born on the cusp of Cancer thus, astrologically speaking, making me a genuine lunar-tic. Notice the difference?

This is the second time Tyne Tees have moulded me to suit their own presentation. I only agreed to do *The Tube* if I were given the chance to play down my so-called lunacy in order to show a more serious side. This was cut from the final showing. Never again, Tyne Tees. All this appearance did was to perpetuate the lunatic myth — you people simply won't give me a fair chance, will you?
Roderick Stewart alias Wavis O'Shave, South Shields.
Are you still smoking tabs, Wavis? — RC.

A FEW WORDS FROM SANTA

About the best thing in *NME* of 4 December 1982 was a picture of Richard Famous on page 36, looking a lot like the manager of the Apocalypse Hotel.
Father Christmas.

Okay, so we all get the Christmas spirit but "Pete's a reindeer" — come on!
Santa, North Pole.
And here's my message: peace to you all at Christmas — RC.

STREET GANG TO TAKE OVER WIGAN

THOSE OF you who can remember the halcyon days of swing at Bernie Rhodes Club Left, may recall the crooning Vic Godard's backing band, Subway Sect. Well, they've now reappeared with a new singer, Dig Wayne, a native New Yorker. He's decided dinner suits and dickie-bows are definitely old hat; instead its older hats, Doc Martens, belts, braces and baggy trousers.

The group are now known as the Joe Boxers, and their US Depression boot-boy image may be a common sight in '83, if RCA have their way. They've already stirred up some attention with their appearance on Peter 'Street kid' Powell's Oxford Road Show, performing an interesting mixture of smokey bar jazz, and Northern Soul Swing! Boxer beat could be the street sleaze for '83. A single should be hitting the shops in the New Year, when maybe Kev Rowland will have to look over his shoulder.

Alan Marke

AS WINTER draws her mantle of snow over the land and **Jack Frost** slides ice across the nation's pavements, the Common Cold once again replaces herpes as *NME's* most popular disease. Icicles hang from the typewriters, and fingers stick to the keys of every machine in the office. Journalists and secretaries are forced to huddle around a bin of burning *T-zers* for warmth. Here follow the charred remains of all the **dots** could retrieve from that funeral pyre before they too were sacrificed to the all consuming flames . . .

Day 30: **Captain Oates** reporting. **Scott** keeps complaining about the **Rats** and I am now forced to believe that he is delirious. This morning, after our meagre breakfast of choc ice and chips, he told us all about the voices he keeps hearing. I discussed this with **Shackleton** during ablutions and he seemed seriously worried that the Captain is suffering from an advanced case of hype-othermia. It seems a King Rat told him that **Bob Geldof** (an early casualty of the expedition) had sent an angry letter to **Keith Allen** after the aforementioned impersonated **Paula Yates** on his Channel 4 show *W*** E*** Y** W*** (Censored — IBA Ed.)*. Could that really be the invention of our leader's warped mind? Later on, during "the - laying - on - of - hands", a method we have developed for warming our bodies by rubbing . . . *(here the manuscript becomes too burnt to read, but continues)* now relaxed I was amused to hear that another Rat, **Pete Briquette** has had his van stolen and that the reward is "a knuckle sandwich". I sighed, the thought of food being a bane to a hungry mind . . .

Day 31. Hope is fading fast. Will we never be rescued from this icy desert? We tuned in our radio for some succour, only to hear Radio One's *Newsbeat* delivering the next bulletin: "And later on the *Newsbeat* we'll be asking, Are Britain's civil defences capable of dealing with an all-out nuclear attack. *And* we'll be talking to the ice-cream man who plays reggae with his raspberry ripples!" What, I wondered, are nuclear attacks? What is reggae? Who cares about ice cream in this Polar waste? How long have we really been trapped in this tent at the end of the world? . . .

DAY 41: We are now down to the last crate of Vodka. I spoke to a polar bear this morning *(Oates seems delirious at this point)* who said he had news from the United States about Keith Richards, who is about to jump the broomstick with long time lover **Patti Hanson**. This, it seems, comes after a spate of octogenarian marriages in the Big Apple. **Steve Jones** has latched on and intends to do the same with **Nina Huang** on New Year's Day. Will **Rotten John** be best man again, I wondered. Can you believe anything that bears say nowadays? Scott swears that the bear was talking to a fox. Shackleton could only remark on the size of the glaciers hereabouts. Things are looking bad . . .

Day: £4.ip — My writing is disintegrating before my very eyes *(And before mine if I get a chance — Ed.)* as is the credibility of **Kid Creole's** tour manager **Greg** who proudly announced last week that he fought as a mercenary for **General Samosa.**

Good Samaritans abound though as the festive spirit is served in double measures. The **Camden Palace** has wiped its sin-slate clean by laying on a Christmas party for over 200 underprivileged London kids.

Prezzies, goodies and games were handed out by stars including **Steve Strange** (who judged the disco dancing competition), **Wham, Bananarama, Captain Sensible, Tik and Tok, The Belle Stars** and the **Eaton Rifle Dance Troupe.** Deejayed by **Gazzer Crowley** the event left nobody with dry eyes. **Imagination** played **Father Christmas** for the tots and **Junior** sang 'Mama' with backing from **Wham** and **Imagination** . . .

Other do-gooders don't always fare so well, as is the case with **Pete Townshend,** who recently battled to save a community music project from closing. Poor old Pete has just been summoned to appear before Richmond magistrates for the non-payment of rates (£102 — didn't he make anything from **The Who?**). On hearing this **Shackleton** ran into the snow, intent on inviting a group of lonely penguins back for supper. We stopped him at the last moment, thank **God.** I couldn't eat another penguin if I had to *(Can't get the wrappers off eh? — Ed)* . . .

Day 246. Scott has finally decided to top himself. I for one am bloody glad. His visions of a Christmas (it is always Christmas here) edition of the report were driving me crazy. All sorts of stars want to write for us, he kept telling me. Which by all reports is quite true. Christmas is coming (again) again and the boot is on the other foot, with hordes of Extremely Famous Pop Stars discovering what it's like to hack a living writing for the *NME*. The traumas of the deadlines, the rigours of the word count.

Champion over-writer so far has been **Soft Cell's David Ball**: asked to pen 400 words on electro-music 82, he found himself only a third of the way through his piece and already past the 1,000 mark! Will he trim it in time — or will some evil sub butcher it for him? There's only one way to find out — and it'll only set you back a measly 70p, so get saving . . .

Day today: Shackleton reporting. The food has run out. The beer is still okay but . . . *(again the document is unintelligible)* Scott agreed with me and finally lent a hand. Both of us are looking forward to Oates for breakfast. The blizzard has cleared and the transmitter has again started to splutter into life . . .

The funniest thing we heard was that **Dollar** are not splitting up. Arf a Dollar **David Van Day** said to the gutter sheets "It's a big problem in a double act when the girl is unhappy and hasn't got a boyfriend." David is also to star in a film called *Do You Believe In Fairies.* Scott said he did. I could only agree . . . **Boy George** was unavailable for comment . . .

The second funniest thing was that **X Moore's** diary of last year's Right To Work march was reprinted *(sans* permission or payment) in the official Soviet youth gazette. The quote of a lyric by Crisis — *No communists in the Kremlin"* — had, not surprisingly,' died, in a road accident' according to officials . . .

Day 2001. Oates was great! I am worried now about the way Scott keeps looking at me, though . . . what can he be thinking about? We might have a party but only if we're insured against gatecrashers. **Youth** of **Brilliant** and an ex-**Joker** obviously wasn't; much to his chagrin ex-*Blue Peter* presenter **Val**'special assignment' **Singleton** strolled uninvited into his flat, accompanied by an Underground buddy **Nico.** Don't OAP's have their own Xmas parties to attend? . . .

Day 2002. Scott reporting. Burp! Sorry chaps. Couldn't help but eat poor old Shackie . . . Everybody round here keeps talking about taking me to court if we ever get back . . . If we do then I'll definitely see the **Stones** who have just been fined £200 for playing 20 decibels over the limit at a gig in Bristol. I had heard that they were fined originally just for playing . . .

Or I could see **Gillan** about suing somebody for banning his topless dancing girls . . . Or I could just read the *Sun.* I'm going now, I'm going for a walk, everything seems so cosy outside. I think I'll have a good long walk . . .

(The report ends quite abruptly.)

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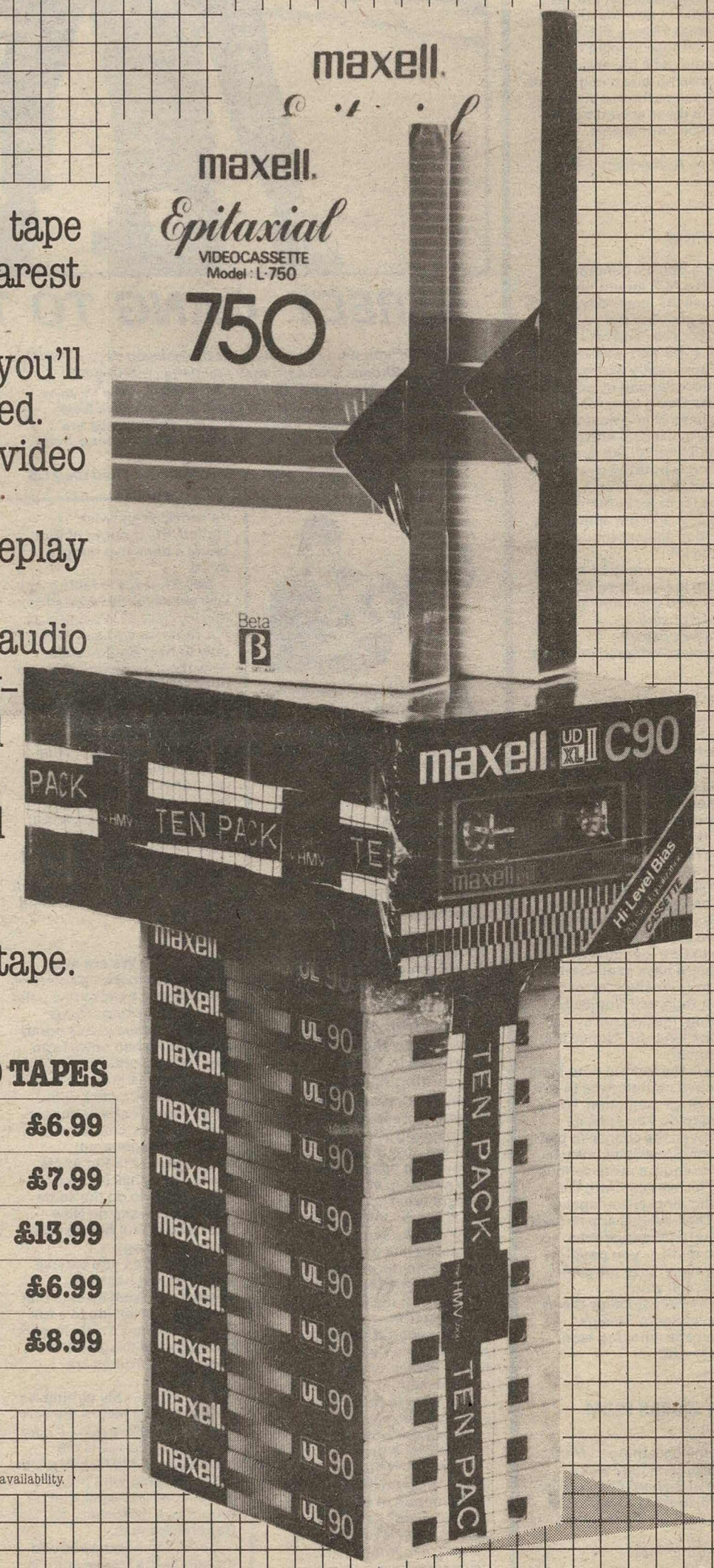

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